

PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and
FASHION
MAGAZINE of
the SCREEN

May

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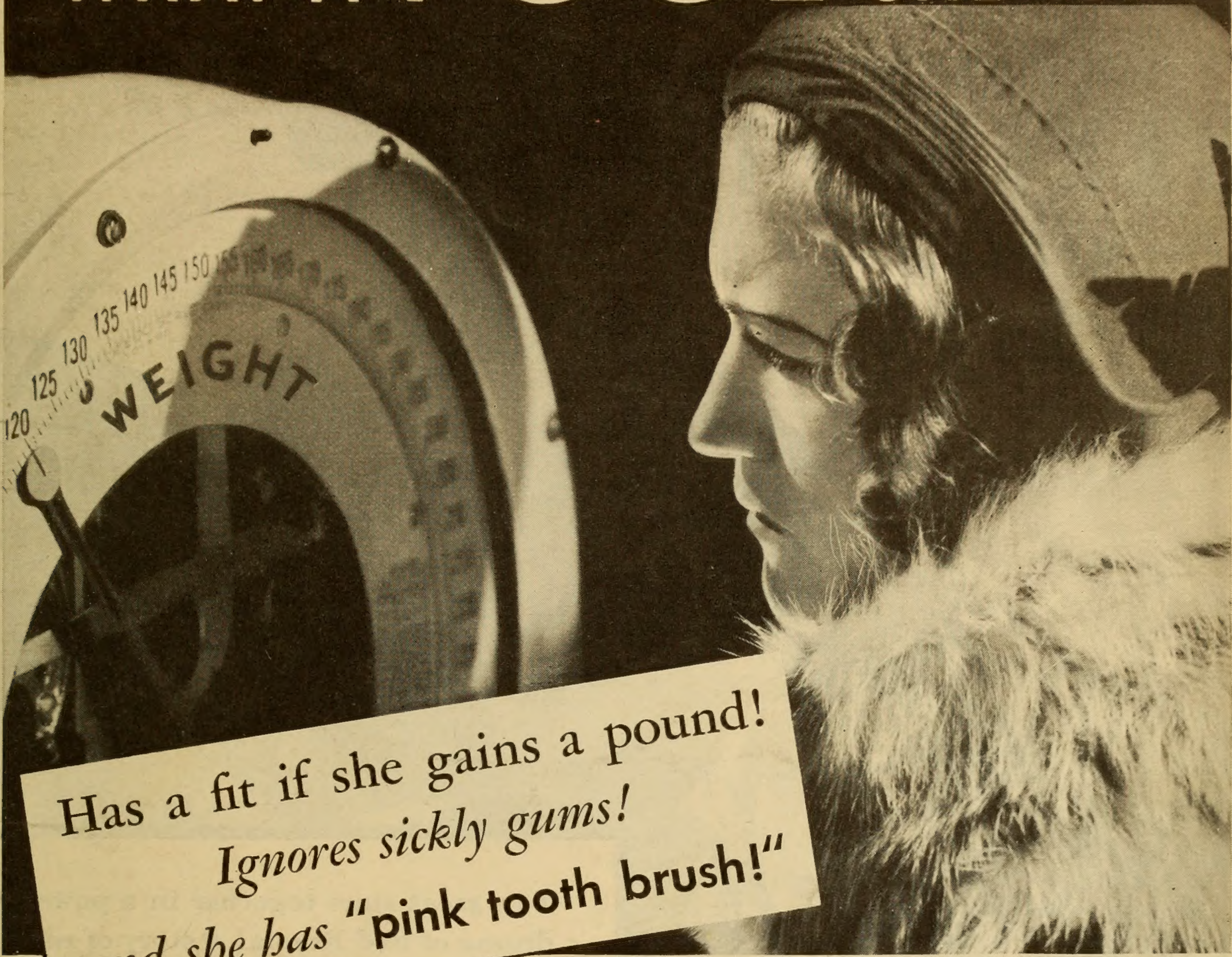
Sylvia

See Page 68

Discover
Yourself
Through
The Movies
You Like



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Has a fit if she gains a pound!
Ignores sickly gums!
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

OF course you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your *face*? What about your *smile*? You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention

to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they *must* have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

IPANA



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starring

GEORGE BANCROFT

with MIRIAM
HOPKINS



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Directed by John Cromwell

Paramount  Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 6

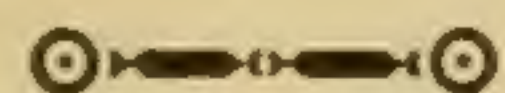
JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

May, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	



Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets	6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems	52
Hollywood Menus	80
Questions and Answers	82
Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY	94
Casts of Current Photoplays	120
Addresses of the Stars	126

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots	JAMES R. QUIRK	25
How Movie Babies Are Guarded	CARL VONNELL	28
Discover Yourself Through the Movies You Like	LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D., PH.D.	32
The Happy Lot		34
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood		36
The Hollywood Beauty Shop	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	52
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY'S Style Authority		61
The Unknown Hollywood I Know	KATHERINE ALBERT	65
One More Garbo Fan	CAL YORK	67
Quit Those Cocktails If You Want A Figure	SYLVIA	68

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	8
The Shadow Stage	48
Short Subjects of the Month	84

Personalities

Lupe Velez, Buddy Rogers and June Knight	27
Hollywood's New Lover	SARA HAMILTON 30
Down To Two Cents!	RUTH BIERY 40
"Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star"	SARA HAMILTON 45
Ladies and Gents, That's Love!	LEONARD HALL 46
The Story of the Girl Who Married Richard Dix	LEE HAVEN 58
The Story of the Girl Who Fought Odds—Alice White	LEONARD HALL 59
The Idol of Yesterday	60
Two New Exotics	74
Corinne Captures England	76

(Photoplay Radio Contest Coupon on Page 118)

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Audience Talks Back



"If every man, woman and child were forced to see 'The Man Who Played God' we would be a better nation!" That's how one letter writer felt about the George Arliss picture. In the same mail came a note which said, "Give Arliss better vehicles." And that's why producers get silver threads among the gold

Will nobody say a kind word for this poor downtrodden woman? Oh sure, plenty of kind words for Ann Harding, but a violent turning of thumbs down for her picture "Prestige." And one ardent admirer begged that Ann be the one star who can refrain from becoming smart and chic



THE \$25 LETTER

Not long ago I was visiting a cousin who is the mayor of his town. During my stay I noticed that every night we went to the movies for our recreation. On the sixth night I asked him why the talkies were his preference over all other amusements.

"Well," he replied, "back before we had this theater the parents of this town came to me day and night complaining of their children's behavior, saying they were getting into all kinds of mischief. Maybe the kids meant no harm but the citizens demanded that I put a stop to it. I was helpless, but by good fortune the theater was established and from then on I have had very few complaints. I owe to the movies more than I shall ever be able to pay, so I show my gratitude by attendance."

EDWIN PATTERSON, Enfield, N. C.

THE \$10 LETTER

The other night I was feeling very downhearted, having just lost my job. I spent my last money for a movie, hoping it would cheer me up. But it didn't, for in five minutes I was weeping right out loud in public, for the whole picture was about the troubles of a heroine whose husband had been killed. Now I ask you, is attending movies like that a way to forget your troubles? Everyone is blue these days.

I thought movies were for pleasure. Why do we want to see suffering on the screen? I think it is the duty of every motion picture studio to cut out the heavy drama and give us light, wholesome comedies.

HELEN PAYNE, Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE \$5 LETTER

Any more pictures like "Skippy" and "Sooky" and the discipline in our home is going to be completely shot. How can we stern parents hold out if the movies undermine our morale like that? As I sat there in the theater with my own two little boys, more than once I wanted to reach out and take old Doc Skinner by the hand. I knew just how he felt. His problems are my problems.

THIS month you folks are more concerned with the films than the stars in them. It's not the battle of the sexes, but the battle of sex. Everybody who wants hot sex eliminated from the movies says, "Aye." Your letters show there are many more against sex flickers than for them.

And what a flurry there was about "Freaks." The big majority thought it the worst picture they had ever seen. Those who liked it rose magnificently in its defense. What do the rest of you say? Is this your type of entertainment or not?

There were few kind words said for Ann Harding's "Prestige." But don't blame Ann—she didn't want to play in it in the first place. Remember, the spanking hurt her worse than it hurt you.

"The Passionate Plumber" brought a round of lusty cheers. We said you'd like it.

All the Garbo-maniacs rallied 'round their goddess and said it wasn't her height that gave her strange phobias. And anyhow, she didn't have any phobias. So there—but other folks still insist she's not divine. Not a lukewarm letter about Garbo yet!

Mae Clarke is the favorite girl this month—she even topped Miriam Hopkins. Gene Raymond is the nicest new lad, say the ladies. It is remarkable how new players can click with the public in a few good pictures.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

It's a man-sized job, raising boys, and union rules don't apply. We can't always understand kids, and I guess they almost never understand grown-ups and their ways, but from now on there's going to be more love and fun and play at our house, and less spanking.

C. L. PORTER, Chicago, Ill.

"FREAKS"

Well, I have seen that picture "Freaks" and I certainly think that whoever directed it should be ashamed to have put his name to it. I didn't mind its gruesomeness so much, but its cheap vulgarity is something that left a bad taste in my mouth. I cannot understand how anyone in his right mind could have conceived of such a picture. I am not easily shocked and do not hold with rigid censor laws. What amazes me is its frightfully bad taste.

ELIZABETH CONNER, San Diego, Calif.

I had a friend who threatened to sue the theater that showed "Freaks" for bringing such a picture to the place. For me, I thank the theater heartily, for it shows us that there are others who are much worse off than we.

JOAN MASTERS, Nashville, Tenn.

DOES ANYONE AGREE?

I think producers are wrong when they make feverish efforts to suppress all news of temperament, wild parties and fights in the film colony. As far as I am concerned these things are not bad publicity.

Temperament on the set should be taboo, for during working hours the stars should behave as salaried employees, but off-screen temperament only makes them more interesting. It's difficult to be enthusiastic over a quiet, modest little girl like Janet Gaynor, or a domestic type like Ann Harding. They are too much like the people we know in our own circle.

I like to admire someone whose beauty and brilliance are so outstanding that she can afford to be different, can dare to do things ordinary girls could not attempt. If she fights when she feels like it, and makes whoopee when

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

THE CROWD ROARS

It's a matter of
LIFE and DEATH!



Starring

James **CAGNEY**
Joan **BLONDELL**

with

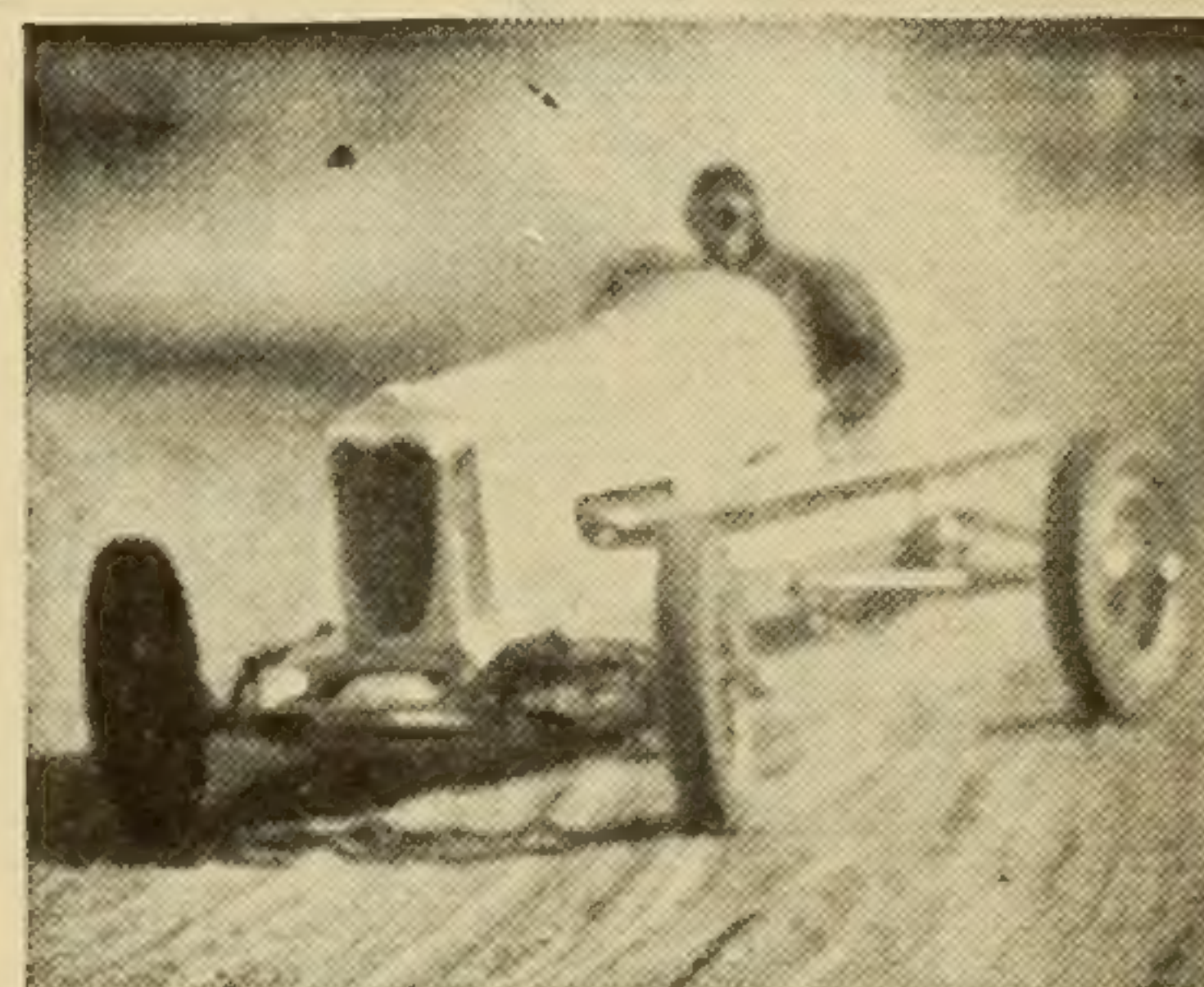
ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
Seton I. Miller

Dialogue by
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory...Grinning at death...laughing at love!...Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!...Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it...Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!



12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!



She fought for her man—
with every trick love knows!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

★ **ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathe.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heart throbs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (Dec.)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (Feb.)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.—Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

★ **CHAMP, THE**—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (Jan.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risqué. (Feb.)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (Jan.)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

You
Can Rely
on
PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE
Picture Reviews

COMPROMISED—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three"). Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (Nov.)

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

CONVICTED—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

CORSAIR—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (Dec.)

THE SWEETHEARTS BEYOND COMPARE!



Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET

GAYNOR

CHARLES

FARRELL

IN

**Rebecca of
Sunnybrook Farm**

Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**

From the play by **KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN** and **CHARLOTTE THOMPSON**
Screen Play by **S. N. BEHRMAN** and **SONYA LEVIEN**

FOX

No matter what critics write the



People got up and cheered because Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past" proved that a girl could be both interesting and nice. But others said it was ridiculous to try to imagine the poised Connie getting hot around the collar just because a man paid attention to her. Yet everybody liked the film. Here's the new naïve Connie with David Manners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

she wants to—so much the better. It shows a daring personality and makes her quite irresistible.

ELIZABETH ACKERLEY, London, England.

HOW ABOUT IT, FRANK FAY?

I adore Barbara Stanwyck; she is one of my favorites and I never miss her pictures, but why doesn't she quit talking about how much she loves her husband, Frank Fay? It's okay with me if a woman loves her husband, but why broadcast it continually?

Why doesn't she emulate the example of the great Garbo with her mystery and tragic love affairs or glorious Gloria Swanson who, although married several times, still seeks romance and is always in love with love?

MADGE DRAKE, Portland, Oregon.

DON'T GET CHIC, ANN

Please save Ann Harding from becoming chic, or whatever it is the studio wants her to do. Ann Harding is the one spirituelle star of the screen; the one person who re-establishes our belief in the purity of the human heart. We want her left just as she is.

KAAY WALMSLEY, Balboa, Calif.

THAT LADY'S PAST

I hope that the movie producers saw "Lady With a Past" and noted that it is quite possible for a girl to be good and interesting at the same time.

M. L. SMITH, Ft. Worth, Texas

LIFE VS. MAKE BELIEVE

Sex pictures do not appeal to me, but not for the reason that I think they will lead us to the wrong path. It is my opinion that any normal young person with even an ounce of common sense will not allow what he sees on the screen to turn his head. The reason I don't like these films is that sometimes they are so crude and raw that they are no longer enjoyable.

Some may say, "So is life." But we are well aware of that fact, and the principal reason we enjoy movies is because we may live for a few hours in a make-believe world.

Instead of giving us pictures that make us reflect on the wickedness of humanity, give us some good clean entertainment that will make us think instead that "this is not such a bad old world after all."

LIBIA TOLOMEI, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YES, MR. EXECUTIVE

While attending business college I also attended the movies regularly. Many pictures show business offices, business men and women, executives, etc. By watching I learned the difference between a good secretary and a poor one, also what to say and how to say it in a business-like manner and, at the same time, graciously.

I observed what is suitable for a girl to wear in an office and how to stand and to sit correctly.

In an interview for a first position all this proved valuable. And this may be a hint to other girls who wish to succeed in the business world.

NANCY HAGE, Seattle, Wash.

AT LAST! GARBO EXPLAINED

Greta Garbo doesn't avoid people because she is the victim of phobias and complexes. She does it because she is Swedish. Swedish people are the most reserved on the face of the earth. They are fiercely proud of their own independence and occasionally ungracious, preferring, for the most part, their own society. Colonel Lindbergh is precisely this type; so, apparently, is Miss Garbo.

It is this quality that has enabled the two of them to remain level-headed after having been raised to the dizzyest pinnacle of public favor.

MARCHETTE CHUTE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Here are a few facts that will make readers understand Greta Garbo better.

Reticence is an ordinary characteristic of her race.

The majority of Swedish girls attain their full height at the age of thirteen.

Five feet, six inches, is not an unusual height for a woman in Sweden and any woman under five feet, four is considered short.

In ordinary good society a person who avoids becoming conspicuous is called genteel, and a lady.

Therefore, we must assume that there are different rules for screen people, to account for the reporters hounding Greta Garbo.

MRS. J. SPARTIN, Chicago, Ill.

Yesterday I passed a florist shop and exclaimed at the unusual and beautifully colored roses in the window. As I drew nearer, I realized that they were not real roses at all, but just beautifully made artificial ones. These roses symbolized Garbo—artificial but so unusual, so beautifully formed and graceful that they were a delight to behold.

MRS. CARL SAHNON, Amsterdam, N. Y.

GARBO'S FANS WILL GET YOU

After all the high expectations it was pitiful to witness the exhibition of wooden and unconvincing acting in "Mata Hari." Lionel Barrymore furnished the only authentic and convincing moments in the piece. The rest of the cast were terrible. The expert Lewis Stone, usually so reliable, so competent, put on a false sternness along with that false chin whisker. The handsome Mr. Novarro, being so obviously good, so incredibly naïve, was without reality.

LOUISE BRADEN, Dubuque, Iowa.

I understand that they worked for months sewing sequins on Garbo's gowns for "Mata Hari." What I would like to know is, what was the scenario department doing all that time? Judging by the results—playing pinochle.

NATALIE KAY, Long Beach, Calif.

ARLISS ARGUMENT

What the American public wants and needs today are more pictures like "The Man Who Played God" with George Arliss. This is the kind of picture that leaves everyone something worth while to think about and one that gives every man, woman and child more faith in the Infinite.

LILLIAN B. WARNER, Charleston, W. Va.

I think it is a pity that an outstanding artist like George Arliss should be allowed to play in such a poor vehicle as "The Man Who Played God."

He is at his best in historical or symbolic plays like "Disraeli" and "Old English." "The Millionaire" was not good enough for him, but "The Man Who Played God" is worse.

E. GRIFFITH, Montreal, Canada

audience always has the final word

NO MORE WHOOPEE

My friends and I go with a crowd of girls who believe in keeping up with the modern times. A while back our families raised a kick because the girls seemed so brazen and acted too whoopee to suit them. This year, however, the girls have calmed down and seem much more refined.

The mother of one of the fellows asked what was the cause of the decided change in our girls and we told her it was because of the change in the movie actresses; that a year ago all the actresses were hey-hey, but now they were typifying the modern girl as a more sweet, refined type. The boy's mother was very much impressed and said that if that was true she wanted to thank the motion picture industry.

That goes for us, too. We like our girls much better in this new pose.

BILL RICHARDS, Urbana, Ill.

MORE SPICE WANTED

I'm sick of this continual cry, "Why don't they give us more pictures like 'Daddy Longlegs'?" I, for one, am perfectly satisfied with pictures as they are. Certainly no one in his right mind would care to sit through variations of "Daddy Longlegs" for the rest of his life. We need variety.

BILLIE REEL, Butte, Mont.

BUT NORMA SAID IT

Sara Hamilton's article on Norma Shearer was the peppiest I've read in a long time, but how can she say Norma doesn't like clothes? Both on and off screen la belle Shearer is exquisitely dressed. Not even the finest creator of fashions could make her the well gowned woman she is. It requires a certain amount of interest and good taste to wear the things that she does.

MARY G. SMITH, Rochester, N. Y.

YESTERDAY OR TOMORROW

Even Ruth Chatterton's most loyal fans cannot continue forever condoning poor plays for a favorite. It is safe to predict that many more "Tomorrows and Tomorrows" will relegate the inimitable Chatterton into yesterday and the day before yesterday. Today is the time to remove the gloom and give this fine actress and her fans a chance for a couple of smiles.

MRS. S. G. SCOTT, Phoenix, Ariz.

RIGHTO, MISS GREENE

There is no reason for anybody being ugly, dull or uninteresting. Most all of the stars have changed themselves into beautiful creatures. Why can't we try it?

MISS I. GREENE, Kokomo, Ind.

MURDERING POE'S MURDERS

I have just seen "Murders in the Rue Morgue" and I am horrified to see what Carl Laemmle, Jr., has done to Edgar Allan Poe's classic. Why invent that erratic figure, *Dr. Mirakle*, and those absurd experiments with gorilla's blood? No doubt the audience expects to find a few necessary changes in a well known story rewritten for the screen, but to keep the title, the names of some of the characters and the author's name is not enough.

JEANNE B. PRICE, Bronxville, N. Y.

ROMANCE EASY

Anyone can be himself. Any man can make love to a beautiful girl. Or any girl can be romantic when a handsome young man puts his arms around her. But it takes an actor to



See that long, slow look on Marlene Dietrich's face? Ladies and gentlemen—that's art, say lots of this month's letter writers. "Let the others rant and rave on the screen and call it acting if you like," one lad writes, "but Marlene's repression tells more than all the mad histrionics." Clive Brook and the Dietrich inspired clapping hands in "Shanghai Express"

be something he is not. It takes a Barrymore to be the arch fiend in "The Mad Genius" and a Lugosi to be the vampire of "Dracula." Let us have more of Edward G. Robinson, George Arliss, Lionel and Jack Barrymore and less of Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Buddy Rogers.

ARNOLD MCCOMBS, Hartford City, Ind.

TURN AROUND, JACK

It would be a treat to have John Barrymore turn around and look the camera in the eye. I am one of the many under the impression that Mr. Barrymore is a wafer-like person without a third dimension. That perfect profile has had its day. Barrymore can afford to meet his public "face to face." He might surprise us.

JOHN NUNGESSER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN DEFENSE OF NORMA

Why just because Norma Shearer is a devoted wife and mother shouldn't she enact the rôle of *Amanda* in "Private Lives"? A capricious, shrewish young woman I will admit—but what of it? Could you mention one other star with the sparkle and sophistication to play that same rôle?

BELLE SHILLIPC, Detroit, Mich.

MOVIES AND FAIRY STORIES

I said to my ten year old daughter, after taking her to see "Mata Hari," "There are some scenes in such a picture that I hate to have you see."

"Why, mother," was the reply, "the movies seem like a fairy story to me."

So perhaps a generation brought up on such grim details as the terrible punishments in-

flicted by the cruel stepmother, need not worry too much about the effect of the pictures on our children's minds.

MRS. ELLEN T. WOODS, Kent, Conn.

DON'T SOCK THE GIRL FRIEND

I hope that boys will not get the idea that it is the smart thing to do to slap an innocent girl vigorously in the face if he is provoked, as did Doug Jr. in "Union Depot." Boys are apt to take up such ideas.

MRS. WILMA STEIN, Goshen, Ind.

GARBO AND JOAN

Joan Crawford has been referred to as trying to imitate Garbo. Garbo should feel flattered. Joan has one thing Garbo can only imitate—personality. And she has another thing that Garbo will never have—beauty. I think Garbo is uninteresting.

GUSSIE CHAMBERS, Dublin, Ga.

NO GABLE JEALOUSY

We men have always been accused by the fairer sex of jealousy and secret envy whenever we have dared to express our disgust at their ravings over some of the marcelled, lollipop types of screen lovers.

Now the mighty Clark Gable, greatest female heart accelerator of all time, enters the movie scene. Are the "small minded" males jealous? No! I think it safe to say that most men wholeheartedly admire and approve of him. Does this prove that our criticisms are not based on jealousy?

RUPERT STEPHENS, Duncan, B. C., Canada

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

A Cross-Index of the World's Movie Opinions



So the battle raged! And the focal point of that not-very-private war was "Freaks." Boohs and hisses and shocked surprise accompanied lots of letters, while some of the writers felt it made blessing counting easier to see those poor unfortunates. At the left is one of the controversial scenes with Baclanova and midget Harry Earles

Atta boy, Jimmy Durante! Go to it, Buster Keaton! We said you'd like "The Passionate Plumber" and you did. The folks are always begging for comedies. "This sort of thing is what relieves the depression," one fan wrote. And isn't he right?



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

LOYAL TO NANCY

I'm a staunch Nancy Carroll fan. In my opinion she tops the list. What if she did get a divorce? Most of the stars have done that several times. Maybe her last two pictures weren't such big hits, but it wasn't her fault. Why don't they give her a good story and she will make a big hit?

RALPH GURLEY, Norfolk, Va.

BUDDY'S IDEALS

All the wisecracks of the Hollywoodians cannot change the opinion of a few people who stand for the clean things in life that Buddy Rogers represents. We girls would have to look quite awhile before we could find a friend who comes up to the standards and ideals that Buddy has instilled in our minds.

ALICE LANE, Fostoria, Ohio

LUCKIEST MAN

Who's the luckiest man in Hollywood? Douglas Fairbanks Jr., with a famous father; an opportunity to study in Europe; abilities as a poet, artist and actor and the most beautiful, alluring, charming and attractive wife—Joan Crawford.

F. LEGG, Plainville, Ga.

REAL MAN REX

When a man sticks by a woman, once so publicly adored, who suddenly finds herself losing favor with the millions, he must be real. That must have been what Clara Bow thought when she realized what it meant to have a lover who was also a true friend. Rex Bell has shown what it means to be a real man. This man had the courage to admit he loved Clara, and to prove it.

KATHERINE HAAFF, Indianapolis, Ind.

BUENOS AIRES VIEWS

Thank heaven for American movies. Even this city has American films in the vast majority. The natives don't laugh when I do, perhaps, but they are just as interested in Marlene Dietrich, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie

Cooper and Garbo as I am. You might think that the city would be crazy over Novarro, Velez, Cortez, etc., but, surprisingly enough, Argentina is very pro-French in its picture favorites. Chevalier and the great Menjou make big hits here.

LAWRENCE FIELD, Buenos Aires,
South America

TAKES WALLY'S PLACE

At last we have a successor to our beloved Wallace Reid in James Dunn. Not only does he resemble Wallace, but he has the same smile and natural charm that endeared Wallace Reid to thousands. Let us see more of him and Sally Eilers.

CONSTANCE ARNOLD, Brighton, England

MARLENE'S RESTRAINT

People think that just because Marlene Dietrich is beautiful and shapely it is enough. But she has great art as well. Because she never screams or makes queer facial contortions in her pictures people say she can't act. She makes us feel her part without resorting to these tricks. Her performances are always a perfect example of restraint, quiet forcefulness and good taste. Nor is her voice expressionless. See her latest picture "Shanghai Express" and maybe you will be convinced.

HARRY BIERMAN, New York City

AMONG HER SOUVENIRS

A girl friend of mine who is spending the winter in California and whose uncle works at the studios, has just sent me a hairpin which, she says, belonged to Marlene Dietrich. And am I thrilled! Doesn't that prove in a measure what power the stars have over us "everyday people"?

DAISY COVINGTON, Harrisburg, Ill.

GERMAN OPINION

If Hollywood does not want to lose the German market, it will be necessary to accommodate the versions to that which the German cinema visitors want to see—pictures without the typical Hollywood atmosphere and without exaggerated improbabilities, but players of flesh and blood like Sylvia Sidney, in

"An American Tragedy." Even Marlene Dietrich's pictures, especially "Morocco," have disappointed.

OTTO BEHRENS, Berlin, Germany

PERTINENT LINES

The actors in talking pictures are required to use English that is superior to that of some of our college professors. I speak with authority because I am a college man.

ORLANDO LA VARRE, Kansas City, Mo.

I have a sister in high school. When she goes to see Constance Bennett she walks around for days, her head high in the air and looks at everybody else like they were worms. Then if it's the Tashman lady she gets big ideas about clothes and tries to dress up in her best clothes for school. Sometimes she tries to fix her hair like Gloria Swanson. I sure give her the ha-ha.

I like regular guys like Wallace Beery, William Powell and Joe Brown, and I don't like the dames who just wear clothes and try to show off.

Marie Dressler is my favorite. You know she might shake you if your ears weren't washed clean, but she might hand you some molasses cookies afterwards. I like to read your magazine after the girls are through raving about it.

R. J. BALLARD, JR., Greensboro, N. C.

Judging from the title I thought "Lady With a Past" a suitable vehicle for Constance Bennett. And then I saw it and haven't recovered from the shock yet. Constance Bennett, the sophisticated, the glamorous, as a nervous, ill-at-ease young debutante! A great strain on the imagination, I must admit!

MARON GREER, Columbia, S. C.

The sweet part about "Emma" and "Hell Divers" is that you can take your girl and not get warm about the collar as you do when they show the sex stuff of so many pictures.

J. F. BARKER, Santa Barbara, Calif.

We are tired of hearing over and over that Garbo and Gable are good. We like George Arliss and Ann Harding and Fredric March, with their real acting.

ANN STEWART, Shreveport, La.

Directed by Hobart Henley

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN**—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (Jan.)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

GAY CABALLERO, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (Dec.)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

HOMICIDE SQUAD—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Dec.)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sydney does her best work. (Feb.)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (Feb.)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathe.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (March)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (Dec.)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Feb.)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Feb.)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (Jan.)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page
After Tomorrow—Fox	50
Amateur Daddy—Fox	90
Are You Listening?—M-G-M	48
Blonde Captive, The—Australian Expedition Syndicate	91
Broken Wing, The—Paramount	51
But The Flesh Is Weak—M-G-M	48
Careless Lady—Fox	50
Carnival Boat—RKO-Pathe	91
Cheaters at Play—Fox	91
Cohens and Kelleys In Hollywood—Universal	90
Crowds Roar, The—Warners	51
Dancers in the Dark—Paramount	50
Destry Rides Again—Universal	50

	Page
Devil's Lottery—Fox	51
Famous Ferguson Case, The—First National	90
Girl Crazy—Radio Pictures	90
Grand Hotel—M-G-M	49
Heart of New York, The—Warners	90
It's Tough to be Famous—First National	51
Keepers of Youth—Best International Pictures	91
Law and Order—Universal	49
Law of the West—Sono Art—World Wide	91
Miracle Man, The—Paramount	49

	Page
My Wife's Family—Best International Pictures	90
Play Girl—Warners	50
Scarface—United Artists	48
Shadow Between, The—Best International	92
So Big—Warners	51
Stowaway—Universal	91
Tempest—UFA	92
Vanity Fair—Allied Pictures	90
Wet Parade—M-G-M	49
Whistlin' Dan—Tiffany Prod.	91
Why Saps Leave Home—Best International Pictures	91
Young Bride—RKO-Pathe	50



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouser Bessie Love. (Jan.)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (Nov.)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the dol-drums. (Jan.)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

NIGHT RAID (Un Soir De Raffle)—Osso Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

NO ONE MAN—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The Sadie Thompson theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

PEACHO'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (Nov.)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE**—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (Dec.)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this hazardous yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risqué, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (Dec.)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (Jan.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (Nov.)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

★ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knut Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rolling tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathé.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is *Tarzan*. (April)

TAXI—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (Jan.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathé.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (Jan.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

★ **TOUCHDOWN**—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Hohum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (Dec.)

WAYWARD—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (Nov.)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathé.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (Jan.)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Jan.)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)



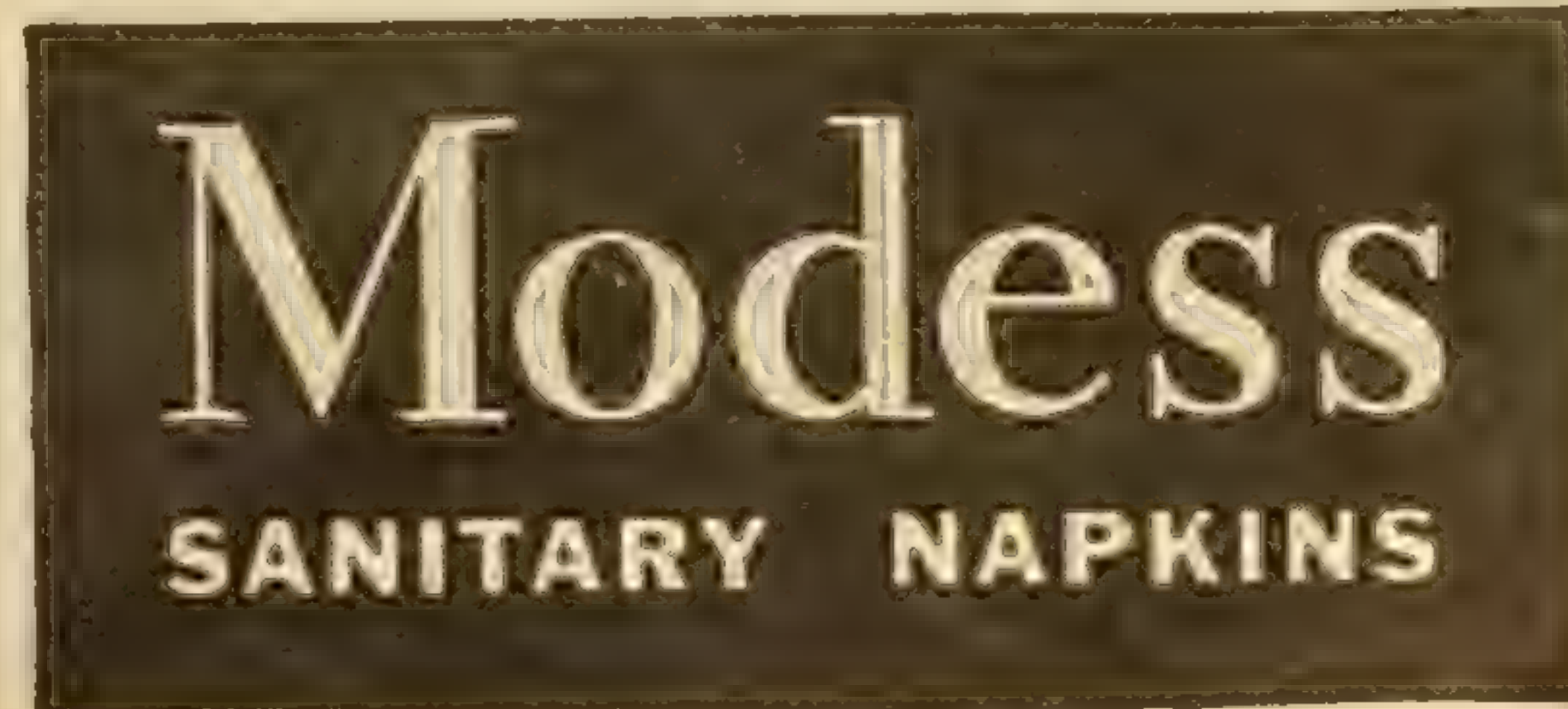
COSTS LESS THAN EVER

FOR fifty days or more of the year you need sanitary protection. Modess—the gently fluffed, surgically clean pad, with safety backing—gives you perfect protection and comfort during these extremely trying days.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U. S. A.



"READ THAT..."

...if you want the truth!"

Georgia had not meant to speak so bluntly to Leona. It was a brutal thing to do. After all, Leona was one of her best friends, and her room-mate. But when Leona accused her first of flirting with one of her men friends, and then hinted that Georgia was leaving her out of "double dates" with attractive men and asking some other girl, Georgia's Texas temper got the better of her.

"You know that isn't true, you little fool!" Georgia cried. "If you've been left out of things, it's your own fault. I've never had the nerve to tell you until now." And seizing a magazine, she flipped it open to a current ad. "There!" she snapped. "Read that if you want the truth about yourself."

And Leona read.

Maybe if more friends were as frank as Georgia, the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.

HE NEVER CALLED AGAIN

Often a charming and attractive girl finds herself unpopular and is at loss to explain it.

More often than not the cause is halitosis (unpleasant breath), although frequently body odor may also be to blame.

Halitosis, however, is the most common cause. It is the unforgivable social fault. You yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend hesitates to tell you.

Why not make sure that you do not offend this way by gargling twice a day with Listerine? Listerine halts fermentation, the cause of 90% of mouth odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves. No other mouth wash possesses such marked deodorant properties!

As to body odors—mere soap and water will not overcome them. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



MARIA ALBA thought her big chance had come when she was given the lead in "In Old Arizona." But her Spanish accent didn't register and Dorothy Burgess got the part. Heartbroken, she waited and waited. Now she's in the South Seas with Doug Fairbanks making "Tropical Knight"—a real break



Ferenc

WHEN that Blondell girl appears on the set, things start. "Come on, darling," she says to the director, "give that brain of yours some exercise today. Let's go." And all day long the other members of the cast wear themselves out trying to keep this peppy little dynamo from stealing the picture



Hurrell

OTTUMWA, Iowa, may well be proud of Karen Morley, who walked from Hollywood High School into pictures by helping in a screen test for Bob Montgomery. She delights in playing a different character in every picture, and she'll soon be seeing her name in electric lights. One of the quickest rises in film history



Hurrell

MADGE EVANS, the beautiful screen child, now grown up to sweet sophistication, is face to face with a big decision. Shall she marry that fine New York lad with whom she is in love, for the first time, or should she follow the lone trail of screen success which leads toward stardom? Difficult, don't you think?

TO YOU—

Enjoy a rest minute now
and then with ice-cold Coca-
Cola. Sixty seconds' worth of
wholesome cheer. A tingling
smack. A bright and breezy
sense of refreshment.

Such is *the pause that refreshes*.

Only 5¢. Always the same high
quality.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Drink
Coca-Cola

THE DRINK THAT MAKES A PAUSE REFRESHING



LUPE VELEZ. See her in
"The Broken Wing"

PERSONAL
Take a Life Saver to sweeten
the breath.

possibility of the

LIFE SAVERS EVERYWHERE

THE HOLE NEWS

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SPECIAL
EXTRA

PRICE 5¢

WEATHER FORECAST
Ideal for Using
LIFE SAVERS
Cool and Refreshing

The HOLE

EVERYWHERE TODAY

ACHIEVE SENSATIONAL POPULARITY!

CRYING for her Life Savers! And wise mothers know that this delicious "Candy With The Hole" is always pure and good for little tummies and safe for tiny teeth.



A SHARP TURN in an ice boat, all sails flying... what a sensational thrill! It's like the thrilling taste sensation you'll experience from your first and your fiftieth Cryst-O-mint Life Saver.

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES

By the HOLE NEWS REPORTER



Busy day today! Wires hot with news! But I'm keeping cool with those delicious Life Savers mints and refreshed with the tangy fruit flavored Life Savers. Those "Candy Rings With The Hole" are certainly real Life Savers when you're busy.

NEW YORK—Delegates to smokers' convention unanimously agree that Life Savers are a refreshing aid to smoking enjoyment.

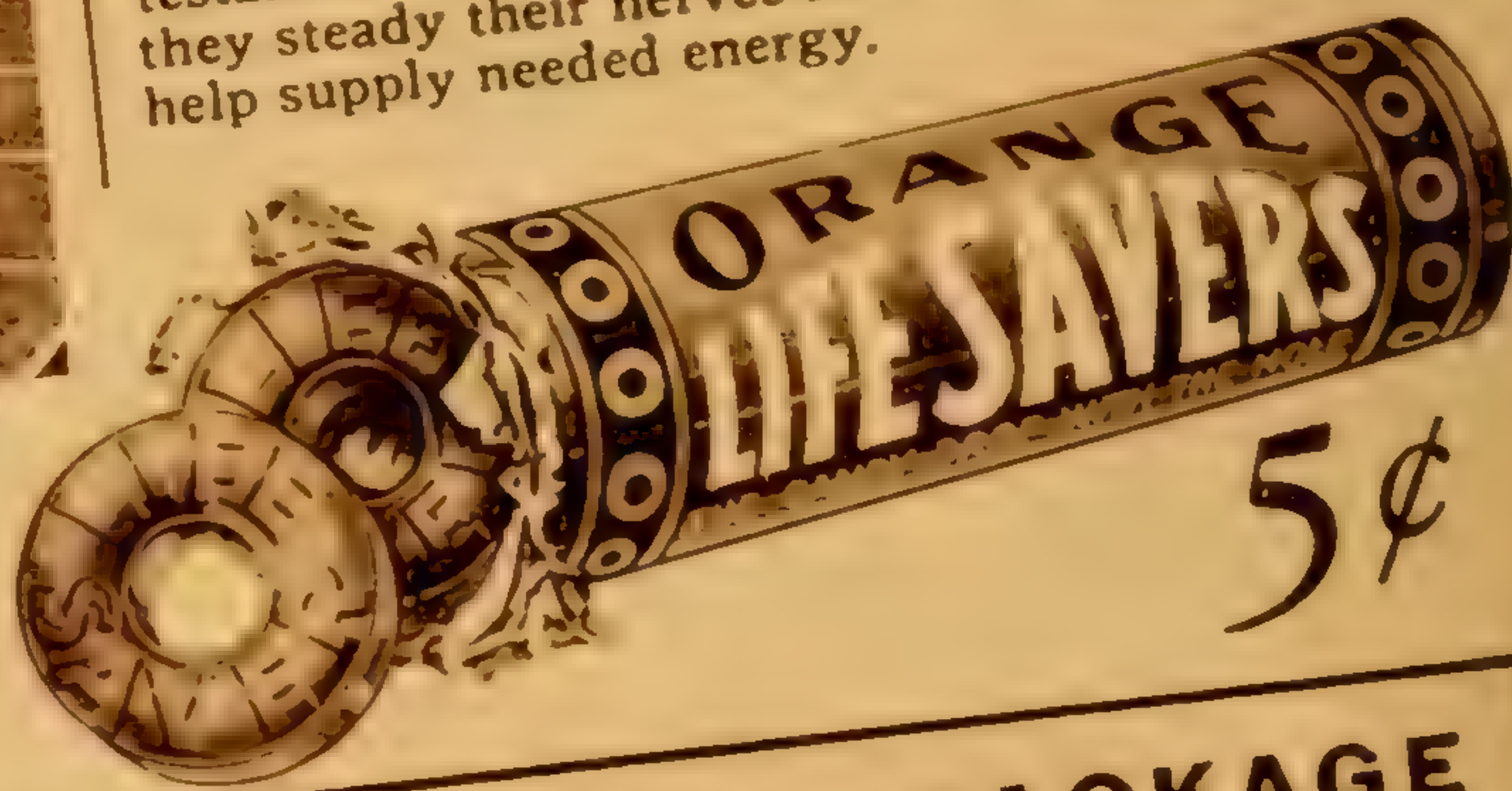
CHICAGO—Reports just received on candy popularity investigation shows overwhelming majority favor Cryst-O-mint Life Savers, the crystal cool peppermints.

ST. LOUIS—"Life Savers Day is every day in St. Louis" say leading citizens. "We're 100% for the candy with the hole!"

LOS ANGELES—It is observed that the contestants in Olympic games eat Life Savers... they steady their nerves for the trying events and help supply needed energy.



CLEAR YOUR OWN daily hurdles... poor digestion... smoke-tired tongue... unpleasant breath... as smoothly as this, by keeping on hand your favorite Life Savers flavors... Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Cinn-O-mon, Lic-O-rice and Vi-O-let.



5¢

IN THE SELF-SEALING, HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

FOUND
The crystal cool taste sensation
... Cryst-O-mint Life Savers!

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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots



THE day the newspapers throughout the country carried the story of the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, a group of six married women, three of them motion picture stars, sat at a luncheon table in the Ambassador Hotel, in Los Angeles.

They spoke in hushed tones, like physicians in consultation, with the life of the patient at stake. Fear enveloped the gathering, depressed them: unspoken fear of the loss of love.

"I feel," said one of the women, "something like I felt the day I read of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. It was a shock. I have been trying to tell myself that such things cannot happen."

Even cynical and hardened Hollywood writers were stunned by the abrupt announcement. There had been, in that hotbed of gossip, no preliminary rumors to cushion the shock. For days it was the only subject of conversation.

ON another page of this magazine is a story about Ann. On still other pages is an airplane view of the Harding-Bannister home, and the details of the precautions they are taking to protect their baby. These pages had gone to press when the separation was announced.

This marriage seemed so secure. Ann and Harry seemed to have everything to make love and marriage safe, even in the treacherous matrimonial waters of the motion picture colony.

THERE is no doubt but that they have loved each other; still do. They had perfect companionship. They have an adorable little girl. They have money. They have youth. They have health. They had a home, beautifully and romantically situated in the hills high above Hollywood. They had worked for years on the stage together. They had the same friends. They were interested in the same pastimes. Both have a grand sense of humor. They are both ardent devotees of aviation.

That home so physically guarded from intruders and outside influences, that home they had planned

and designed together, into which went months of work with their own hands, seemed actually to be cemented by enduring love. For months they searched for such a site, and when they found what they thought the most beautiful spot in one of the most beautiful parts of the whole world they

held each other tightly and cried with joy.

But the cement crumbled and the home toppled down about them.

WHAT, then, was the insidious and eroding influence which barred windows, iron gates, armed guards, precipitous mountain sides and what seemed like perfect love, could not resist?

We hope that they will be reunited, just as we have hoped for the safety of the Lindbergh baby.

Day after day I have sat at luncheon at the Embassy Club and watched Ann and Harry together at a table; always the same table, always alone and utterly absorbed in each other. Many and many a time I have seen other Hollywood celebrities look at them in frank envy of their happiness. Many times I have noticed friends refrain from joining them, so complete unto themselves did they seem, so happy in sharing ideas and laughter.

THE statement which Ann gave out to the press has been printed in hundreds of newspapers throughout the world, for Ann is a world-known personality.

Nevertheless, I want to reprint it here because it is so like Ann in its directness and honesty:

"We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because during the three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

"Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as 'Ann Harding's husband.'

"We have decided that the only way for Harry to re-establish himself in his profession is to cut the

Gordian knot, to set forth on his own—quite apart from me—and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the theater before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us and destroy the love and respect we have for each other.

"We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us."

BANNISTER also gave out a statement, supplementing his wife's:

"During the five and one-half years I have been married to Ann Harding I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

"Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

"There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement."

LET us examine these carefully, keeping in mind a statement Ann once made to Louella Parsons, who knows them both intimately:

"When we were married at the Little Church Around the Corner we agreed to stay married as long as we both loved each other. It seems funny that neither of us emphasized the permanency of our marriage. We both agreed to take our happiness while it lasted."

SOMETHING has changed these charming folks. That is certain. If there was another man or woman in the case it might still be a victory for love. But, that is not the case. Love has been vanquished by Hollywood. Ann and Harry admit defeat.

Ann's statement says definitely that their devotion to each other was not great enough to withstand the onslaughts of the problem of CAREER. In all fairness it must be said that no one who has not been subjected to the difficulties of maintaining a happy marriage relationship in that atmosphere of ambition, deep-rooted devotion to artistic work and the constant exercise of artificial emotions, can understand life in Hollywood.

These folks live in the blinding glare of the spotlight of publicity, a sorry substitute for the modest moon which lovers still invoke as the symbol of constancy.

I have always felt that most folks Go Hollywood just as they Go Native in the South Seas. The very air is miasmic with ego and self-importance. It is the capital of egomania, and it takes supermen and superwomen to withstand it.

ON another page in this magazine is the story of the self-sacrificing love of Barbara Stanwyck for Frank Fay.

Barbara chucked her picture career right overboard when Hollywood declined to accept Frank as her professional equal.

A FEW months ago we told the story of Edna Best, a beautiful and talented stage actress who ran out on an assured career in pictures because she could not live away from Herbert Marshall, her handsome and equally talented actor husband. Today they are together in a stage show, "There's Always Juliet," and New York folks go to that show as much to observe their devotion to one another as to enjoy the play.

It seems that when talented men and women want to preserve love, they must flee Hollywood.

WITHIN the past week I have talked to two women who have withstood the Hollywood acid test, Mary Pickford and Doris Kenyon.

Mary and Douglas have come through it. In spite of the rocks, charted and uncharted, that have wrecked so many marriages, they have cleverly and together avoided them.

The marriage of Doris and the late Milton Sills ended only with his untimely death a year ago, and Doris has found in work and study, and the philosophy she learned from his great mind, a measure of surcease from the blow of his passing.

THE University of Chicago Press—Milton was a graduate of the University—has just issued a book of his philosophy.

It is called "Values," and it contains a remarkable and beautiful poem which he wrote and dedicated "To My Beloved Doris":

"Death cannot end all things, if love denied
Must find fulfillment, as indeed it must,
Though you and I descend into the dust,
And in the earth commingle side by side,
Yet shall our frustrate ghosts triumphant ride
To some far heaven where our loved trust
Anoint the bridegroom and the bride.

Then, hushed and dreamlike, shall our footsteps
wind

Through fields of deathless asphodel where blows
No sharp wind of despair, and we shall find
Each other's hands again; and all our woes
Shall be forgot, our spirits sky enshrined,
While heart with crumbled heart climbs in the
rose."

AND when we are ranting at Hollywood, let us not forget the beauty and the joy it has brought us, and that Milton Sills, a motion picture actor, wrote that poem there.



Photographed for Photoplay by Underwood and Underwood

WHEN Florenz Ziegfeld, America's high priest of beauty glorification, went seeking pulchritude and charm for his new revue, he raided the Hollywood studios. And if his new show, "Hot-Cha," with its glamorous and eye-smashing Mexican backgrounds by Joseph Urban, isn't a tremendous hit, it will not be the fault of Lupe Velez, Buddy Rogers and June Knight, Jimmie Dunn's real girl friend

How Movie Babies Are Guarded



TWO men who conspired to kidnap one of our most famous stars a few years ago, went to the California penitentiary for fifty years each, and they never had a chance to get near their prey.

It'll be just *too bad* for any kidnappers who try to repeat the Lindbergh outrage with any of Hollywood's movie babies!

Because Hollywood's star parents are ready for 'em. Those Hollywood cinema celebrities who are parents, cautious enough even under ordinary conditions to protect their babies, have redoubled their precautions since the Lindbergh kidnapping.

And so today, they're all ready for 'em—all set and ready with amazing protective arrangements and enough hot lead to make fine, satisfactory corpses out of any would-be baby-stealers, amateur or professional! The man who guarded Lord Kitchener and the King of Belgium during the World War is ready—even anxious!—to drill a few bullet-holes in anybody who'd try to steal Marlene Dietrich's baby.

This is Harry Wright, former personal guard of Lord Kitchener and of King Albert of Belgium, who guards Marlene Dietrich's baby day and night. He's one of the world's champion pistol shots and can whip his weight in wildcats

On Tom Mix's twenty-acre estate, two armed cowboys, old pals of Tom, patrol the grounds day and night. They're real cowboys, not the movie kind. And they have their own idea of what they'd like to do to varmints that'd come around a-tryin' to kidnap Tomasina Mix!

By
Carl
Vonnell



This exclusive air view of the Ann Harding house shows more graphically than any words how nature guards Ann Harding's baby. There is a private road, and that is barred by a gate at which a guard must identify all who would enter. Save by this road, the only approach is by steep hillsides, which can be flooded with light at night, even if one could climb them. As the photo shows, the wall-like construction of the house's environs, too, makes approach for sinister purposes almost impossible. All's as safe as a baron's castle

Ann Harding's hilltop castle is like a medieval feudal fort—protected by walls, gates, guards whom no one (not even members of the family!) may pass without a check and double-check okay.

And what's true of those movie-parents is true of almost all others. From the biggest electric-lighted names down to the less important players who have babies, all Hollywood is up in arms—both figuratively and literally—against kidnap attempts since the papers blazoned the news of what happened to little Lindy, Junior.

By the money-twisted, conscienceless reasoning of such as turn to kidnapping for loot, movie stars' children would be fair game. Who hasn't heard of the fabulous incomes of cinema-famous actors and actresses, and even the child-actors themselves? Kidnappers would quickly figure that parents with such incomes would and could pay a big ransom to get their children back.

This story is both a narration of some of the precautions that protect movie-tots, and a fair warning to would-be baby-stealers that they might just as well take a flying jump off the Empire

State Building as try to kidnap one of cinemaland's youngsters.

Probably one of the most complete systems of child-protection in all colorful movieland is that which safeguards nine-year-old Tomasina Mix, daughter of Tom.

The girl lives, when Tom is in Hollywood, in the Mix mansion, in the center of a walled-in estate back in one of the Beverly Hills canyons. There are only two ways of getting onto the twenty-acre property; one is via either of the two huge gates; the other is over the high wall that completely encloses the property. "That," you might say, "would be a cinch!" So?—well, first of all, consider these facts:

BOTH gates are guarded by watchmen, stationed permanently. Both gates and the house itself are interconnected with an electric alarm system. When either gate is opened, the alarm flashes the warning to the watchman at the other gate, and also to the personnel of servants inside the house. Furthermore, there are other secret alarm systems we won't talk about. By the time anyone even got *on* the Mix estate, everybody'd know about it.

And that "everybody" includes those two cowboys who were mentioned before. They're no drug-store cowboys; they're old-fashioned gun-totin', hell-for-leather cowboys of the old school—the kind that Mix portrays in movie rôles. Each of them carries two guns, constantly. They know how to use them. And in these effete days of chocolate malted milk and false eyelashes, those two old-timer Westerners would like nothing better than to unlimber those gats and let a kidnapper have an anatomy full of lead. Or they might string 'em up; Tom has plenty of lariat-rope around the place.

The room in the Mix mansion which is Tomasina's own, by the way, is protected with heavy Spanish iron grilling at the windows. There's no flimsy, unhooked window-screen such as failed to bar the Lindy kidnappers. And the two guards who patrol the Mix property by night, follow Mix's careful instructions to maintain a particular watch over the windows of Tomasina's room.

And that for Tomasina Mix. Any of you kidnappers want to try it? No? Well, how about Marlene Dietrich's little girl—little seven-year-old Maria? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Hollywood's

By Sara
Hamilton

HE'S GOT a lower lip like Chevalier. One medium good eye, slightly blue. Twelve hairs on the top of his head. All violently curly. A nose like a rootin' wart hog. And he's the big sheik daddy of Hollywood. They're crazy about him, these ladies of Hollywood. Why, Jimmy Durante is the biggest sensation since Valentino. Bigger even, for you see Rudy didn't have Jimmy's nose. He's a panic. That's what he is. A down-right panic. One of these Eyetalian lovers. That's "Schnozzle."

The fans can have their Gables and their Chevaliers. Hollywood has taken itself a boy friend.

What do they do, these Hollywood beauties? Why, they ups and gives parties for him. In the Embassy. The very day he's worn the same "shoit" for three days. And do they care about the "shoit"? Huh! They ups to him, anyhow. And what do they do at this Embassy thing? Here he is, mind you, one man and twelve lovely women and they, every one, bring him gifts.

Gigolo Durante.

But I ask you, do they ever come bearing gifts and glad tidings to Gable? Naw, you know they don't. Or Montgomery either. But Jimmy. Well, and here's the "woist" of it. They bring him everything, see, in one color. Handkerchiefs, socks, ties, all one color. A gorgeous, luscious shade of pansy.

How mortifyin'.

"It's the Eyetalian lure," Jimmy explains. "Haaaaaaaah."

But the comic part is, Jimmy never knows who anybody is. He couldn't remember his own grandmother. He wouldn't know Mary Pickford if she walked right up and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Durante." He wouldn't know Garbo from Polly Moran. But he greets everyone like a thirsty buffalo that's just found a waterhole. "Hi, there." And all the time they're tickled to death at Jimmy's enthusiasm, he's whispering out of the side of his mouth, "Quick who is that? Slip it to me."

Several weeks after he arrived in Hollywood a man stopped him on the M-G-M lot and said, "Listen, Jimmy, how come you never come up to my office to see me? You've been to all the other offices and, after all, I knew you first. Besides, I'm the fellow that hands out the checks and I should think you'd come to see me first."

"Oh, dat's all right, pal," Jimmy said with a hearty slap on the back. "I'll be up one of dese days when I need some dough, eh? I'll be seeing you den," and with another wallop on the back, Jimmy strolled away.

That night he attended a large party at the home of Louis B. Mayer, one of the heads of M-G-M Studios, and over by the door he noticed the same man all dressed up in evening clothes, bowing and shaking hands with all the notables.

Sweet reticence is part of the irresistible charm of Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante. Here he is with Polly Moran in "The Passionate Plumber." Go away, Polly, you vampire. Leave him be, sweet and untarnished by your wicked Hollywood wiles

"Cheeze," Jimmy said to a friend. "Look, there's de bookkeeper we seen this afternoon. For a bookkeeper he mus' be some guy to be asked to a party like dis."

"Where's a bookkeeper?" the friend asked.

"Over by the door. The guy wit de glasses," Jimmy said.

The friend looked wild. "My gosh, Jimmy," he whispered, "that ain't no bookkeeper. That's your host. That's Louie B. Mayer."

How mortifyin'.

Friends that know of Jimmy's complete lack of memory will bring up perfect strangers.

"Jimmy, here's an old friend you'll remember for sure."

"Oh, sure," Jimmy enthuses, "I remember him. Now don't tell me the name. I got it now. Don't tell me. Don't tell me."

And do they laugh.

Why, one time in New York he actually parked his new car on a side street and for two days he tried to remember what had become of it.

And is he a stickler on clothes, this Durante guy? Say, Jimmy don't care any more for clothes than Gandhi. They cover him, so what? Day after day, he'll grab the same thing he took off the night before, until his wife or friends will say, "For heavens sake, Jimmy, haven't you had on that suit long enough? And how about another shirt?"

Imagine Ivan Lebedeff's disgust.

And jewelry. He's had more watches with the name Jimmy



New Lover



"It's my Eytalian lure," says the new Latin bonfire from the lower East Side

The picture stars, to a girl, have a crush on the new cotillion leader of the Cinema Smart Set

piano in cheap little cafes. Liked by everyone. Bums and all. The same glad hand for a Bowery waiter as he hands out to shining celebrities.

"Jimmy, why gee, he hasn't changed none," his friends tell you.

Somewhere on his way up he picked up Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. The three went on to vaudeville where Jimmy's famous "I Ups to Him" (written while Jimmy was in the hospital) was introduced. Then on to their own night club. And boy what a club. They clubbed the orchestra, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Durante engraved on or worked out in jewels, and rings and whatnots, handed out to him than any other two men. And he gives it all away. Usually to his brother who is a policeman on the New York force. For himself he carries a three dollar watch he's had for years. That seldom, if ever, runs.

He'd just as leave wear a pair of light brown shoes with a tuxedo as not. And usually removes his tuxedo to reveal a dress shirt with the sleeves cut off above the elbow.

One night Jimmy was asked to the home of Mr. Chrysler, the millionaire, to do a little "So I Ups to Him" for the guests. And here he was at the last minute without a dress shirt. So Jimmy stopped at the laundry on the way out and picks up a clean dress shirt. And changing it in the taxi what do you think happens? He ups and tears the button hole. Imagine. So Jimmy takes out his knife and stabs a hole at random. It lands somewhere around the side of his neckband so that when Jimmy puts on his collar, the bow tie hits him somewhere under the left ear. And his shirt studs were somewhere in the vicinity of his right bosom. And was Jimmy bothered? Why say, he just kept yanking the tie over and singing "Ups to Him" and yanking and "Upsing" and yanking until it was a riot. And, as usual, all the ladies of the social elite thought Jimmy just too fascinating for words. And him with a tie under his ear. So you see how it is. There's no explaining it. They all go for him.

Right from the lower (you can't get really lower) East Side of New York comes Jimmy Durante. An Italian with a mad, hysterical sense of humor and an ear for music. Playing the

Discover Yourself

Through the Movies You Like

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.



ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE

LAST fall a young girl of twenty-three was spending the week-end with us at my home in one of the more remote suburbs of New York City. At night a movie was suggested.

"But what are they playing?" inquired our finicky guest. And right here I had better add that this knowing person hailed from the big city, did society with a vengeance, was the sort who poked fun at love and marriage and, in general, prided herself upon her sophistication.

It happened that the local theater, and the only one conveniently near, was showing "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

"Not for me!" our metropolitan friend cried. "From all I hear there's too much sob stuff."

Nevertheless, to make a long story short, my wife and she finally did attend that picture after all, and the reactions which the young girl experienced and what she said upon her return got me to thinking. In fact, it eventually led me to the writing of this article.

For the strange part of it was that, despite her distaste for the theme in the beginning and her firm conviction she was going to be bored, this worldly-wise young person had been thrilled.

Indeed, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" roused into being and fanned into life an emotional flame which she never before realized she had!

These were her exact words:

"Don't tell me that deep down I want to be a mother after all!"

Through a motion picture, Miss K learned something about herself of which she had been ignorant. What is more, I can assure you that millions of others have had similar experiences.

I WAS suspicious, of course, that the case of our guest might be an exceptional one. But no! Upon investigating the matter and talking with persons of both sexes, the more mature as well as the young, I was astonished to find not only how often people had learned some new fact about their deeper, inner selves but also how frequently such a discovery changed the course of their lives.

One woman admitted that "Skippy" turned her from a business career to settlement work among poor children. Till then, she claimed, children had never "touched her heart."

Another said that she was about to ask her lawyer to start divorce proceedings when she happened to spend an afternoon seeing "Husband's Holiday." This film convinced her, however, that her love for her husband was big enough to overlook a casual "affair." As she, herself, put it: "As Vivienne Osborne played that part I gradually began to see things in a different light. It enabled me to get a perspective on myself. I knew then and there that

At the movies, the big fellow sees himself as the conquering caveman. The little fellow sees himself as a David slaying Goliath. The girl secretly glories in the battle for which she is the prize

What kind of person are you? You don't know. Play this fascinating and stimulating game and be your own mental detective

I was really punishing both of us."

Another asserted—this time a man—that had he not seen "The Front Page" and "Five Star Final" he never would have registered as a student in the Columbia University School of Journalism. The excitement of it "got him," so to speak, and he realized how he could combine his literary hankerings with a fascinating out-of-doors job.

Lastly, Miss K herself! Well, perhaps now you won't be surprised if I tell you she's engaged to a real he-man who already is beginning to assert his dominance. "You bet," she emphatically replied when I brought up the question, "I surely do want babies." Then, after a pause, she added, "Where would I be now if *Madelon* hadn't sinned?"

The truth of the matter is that few really know what is going on inside of them, in those deeper reaches of their emotional lives, in the place psychologists call the unconscious mind. Instincts, repressed wishes, thwarted desires, all lie buried there. And often, were it not for some strong stimulus such as that we get from a well-plotted, well-directed, well-acted and well-photographed motion picture, such emotional values, despite their importance for us as regards our well being and happiness, simply stay buried for the rest of our days.

YOU are probably familiar—at least more or less so—with that modern system of psychology called psychoanalysis. What this seeks to accomplish is to probe that other part of ourselves—our unconscious selves of which we are only vaguely, if at all, aware—and bring to light, technically into conscious recognition, the very truths which the persons I have mentioned hit upon so accidentally. In other words, exactly what a painstaking psychoanalysis would have done for them, certain movies accomplished, and much more expeditiously, even while they were being entertained.

These truths which we do not know about ourselves need not be, of course, emotional ones. Not the least of the benefits to be derived from regular attendance at the silver screen is the strong tendency we all experience to ask ourselves how we



The motion picture is vicarious adventure, love, emotion. We live, for the time being, the story on the screen. BUT—IN WHAT CHARACTERS DO YOU SEE YOURSELF?

would behave if we happened to be one of the central characters portrayed and were confronted with a situation similar to that shown in the story.

This, you see, makes us think in spite of ourselves. And it makes us think in a very special way. It forces us to search our own souls, which exercise besides being the finest kind of personal stock-taking imaginable, at one and the same time leads us to discoveries about our character make-up which we never so much as suspected before.

I am reminded here of a man who left the theater at the conclusion of the film "Delicious" and immediately went to a telegraph office and cabled fifty dollars to his mother in Poland. Not that this picture of an

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



AROUND the Hollywoods they call this the happy lot. M-G-M has as peppy a bunch of youngsters—including Marie Dressler—as you'll find among the microphones and the incandescents.

Happy? Why shouldn't they be? There's Bob Montgomery. The director has just told

him that he doesn't need to lift another eyebrow for the camera and can take a little rest, like swatting a tennis ball around.

And Marie Dressler is delighted because she can honestly deny those rumors about her "serious illness." Wasn't serious at all—just too popular and went to too many parties.



Whereas Jack Gilbert—zowie! Take a look at Jack. He's the old fighting kid again. Boss Irving Thalberg has just given his okay on a story Jack wrote all by himself and in which he'll have the star part. Right now it's called "Downstairs," but Jack's way up in the clouds.

Anita Page is glad she's got a big rôle in "Night Court." Joan Crawford is thankful "Grand Hotel" is finished and is a great picture. While Clark Gable—well, the sensation of the decade knows he's the luckiest lad in town. At the left Madge Evans, who has sev-

eral blessings to count, takes a snapshot of these graduates of the Pollyanna School. Garbo, Marion Davies and Norma Shearer were not working, the day PHOTOPLAY's photographer got by the studio gates—otherwise they would certainly have joined the happy parade.

Cal York

Announcing-

HERE'S a grand story from the "Grand Hotel" set. Lionel Barrymore had an unusually long, hard scene. And he went through it in great style. He argued and shook with rage, he stormed and ranted. He gave it the good old Barrymore works. At the conclusion, he sat down exhausted.

"Very, very good," the director said. "Now we'll do it again."

"What!" snapped Lionel. "Go through it again? Wasn't I all right?"

"You were perfect," the director assured him. "You couldn't have done better. But pick up your mustache off the floor now and do it over."

IT'S funny about those nice, regular boys who suddenly find themselves over-night hits. Consider Jimmie Dunn, for a minute, who was almost starving and not doing it very gracefully when he took the test for "Bad Girl."

Now he wants \$100,000 a year!

His first salary, under the contract, was \$400 a week. Winnie Sheehan gave him \$1,000 worth of clothes after the "Bad Girl" success. Then Dunn went into vaudeville at \$3,000 a week and took all the money for himself, but while he was playing the road he hired a lawyer and a new agent in Hollywood and sent them to Fox to say that if he didn't get lots more money than \$400 a week he wouldn't come back.

Now the funny part is that Fox declares if Jimmie had talked the situation over with his bosses in a reasonable way they would have come to amicable arrangements.



Wide World

Ivan Lebedeff isn't the only monocle wearer in Hollywood now. A girl has stolen his stuff. Very British Heather Thatcher, one of Bob Montgomery's leading women, actually strolls the boulevard with that thing in her eye

Apparently the money he made in vaudeville gave him big ideas, so now film companies are going to include in all long-term contracts a clause that if a player accepts vaudeville engagements he will get his salary, and above that only a percentage of the vaudeville receipts.

NOW you just wouldn't feel natural unless I told you something about Garbo's contract, would you? Old Cal never wants to disappoint his little readers. So after putting on eight pairs of false whiskers and hiring the best bloodhounds (left abandoned by an old



Metropolitan

Smart young deb introduces new vogue. "Bonnets are very good this year," Mary Esther Webb told reporters as she arrived in New York. She brought mama Esther Ralston, who will appear in vaudeville, with her



Joan Bennett and Gene Markey look pretty calm considering the fact that their wedding was the most exciting of the Hollywood month and that they are just about to take off for their honeymoon. Like sister Connie's, the ceremony was a simple one, with Joan wearing a dress of white rough crepe and only very, very select guests were invited—among them Marion Davies, Norma Shearer and Irving, and Joan Crawford and young Doug



Clarence Sinclair Bull

What! A blonde actually gone brunette? Look again. That's a rubber bathing cap Mary Carlyle wears over her fair locks. You can amaze your friends by swimming all day and still look as if every hair were in place

road show of "Uncle Tom's Cabin")—here's everything I know. Nothing!

Well, I'll take that back. Garbo hasn't signed as I write this and just lots and lots of people say she won't. One of Those Close to Garbo declares that she's going to retire at the height of her career, so she will always be remembered as the Great Garbo.

She has already made a fortune. Another awaits her if she signs. I'm betting that Garbo, like the tent-making philosopher, will take the cash and let the credit go. But maybe that's just because I'm an incurable optimist. And

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

because the thought of all those years stretching ahead without Garbo slithering across a screen is almost more than I can bear.

GARBO and a friend put in an appearance at the Mary Wigman dance recital in Los Angeles.

A young couple sitting near chewed gum so enthusiastically that finally Greta could endure it no longer and leaning over said, "Listen, I give you ten dollars each if you go home."

The young couple readily agreed, pocketed the money and lit out. While Garbo leaned back and enjoyed the concert in peace and quiet.

THE minute Jean Hersholt steps on Garbo's set, Garbo is off to greet him with a hand clasp and have a long chat in her native

tongue. But just what Greta and Jean (who is a Dane) find to talk about so animatedly will always be unknown. Jean isn't telling.

Recently a woman on the M-G-M lot rushed up to Mr. Hersholt, as he emerged from the "Grand Hotel" set, and gasped, "Oh, Mr. Hersholt, may I shake the hand that has touched Garbo's hand?"

ONE of the magazines said that Greta Garbo had cut off her hair for the last scenes in "Mata Hari." But don't get excited, 'taint so. Greta simply combed her hair back from her forehead and off her ears and caught it in a tight small knot at the back.



Wide World

No, this lovely lady is not a new British film star but she has a right to fame, even if she isn't photographed very much. Folks, step up and shake hands with Mrs. Clive Brook, who doesn't mind at all when her husband makes love to Marlene Dietrich. Why should she? For the better Clive makes love in films, the more dollars in his pockets and the more fur coats for Mrs. Clive. Both just returning from jolly old England



Look quick! Doug's acting again in a real story. He's given up travelogues and is in the South Seas dashing off a film in which he plays a modern *Robinson Crusoe*. Fairbanks, old sport, we're waiting for your show!

Sad Youth, Happy Old Age, Romance, Tragedy,



Here's poor little Robert Coogan who has to go to school like any other kid. He's a picture actor, earns a big salary, but he's got to take readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic just the same. And gosh!—how he hates it, just as all kids do. Besides that he must learn his lines for his next picture. It's awful to have to study. But—



Augustine Lopez, ninety years old, is thrilled to be given the chance to learn her lines. Nothing is too hard for her if it means a few days' work. She is happy only when she's in a picture. This Mexican actress has just been assigned a small part in Tallulah Bankhead's new film, "Thunder Below." Watch for her

I KNOW a lot of people who aren't satisfied with Claudette Colbert's answer whenever she is questioned about her marriage. "It just isn't natural," somebody said, "that two young people could be as much in love as Claudette says that she and Norman are and live apart more than half the time."

Yet every time Claudette mentions her marriage she scoffs at rumors of a separation and says she and Norman are ideally suited.

They were apart, you know, for months when Claudette was working in New York, and Norman in Hollywood, and now that Claudette is working in Hollywood you'd think they'd be just that thrilled over being together, but Norman has the wanderlust again and wants to strike out for China.

THE truth is that Claudette adores her husband and everybody who knows her realizes it. Norman loves Claudette, too, but both of them are intensely nervous, high strung people. There are often words—and pretty high words—between them, when they are together. Yet Claudette says she could

never love another man as she loves Norman.

A friend of theirs summed the whole situation up rather neatly by saying, "She's crazy about him; he's crazy about her. That's the trouble—they're just two crazy kids."

JOAN CRAWFORD is a lucky girl. She woke up before it was too late. For years Joan has been on one of those foolish diets—the kind that Sylvia doesn't recommend. Joan has lived on rabbit rations, nibbling on lettuce and more lettuce, with occasionally a fine dish of rhubarb as an extra special treat.

Now she has discovered that she was all wrong and is really eating sensibly—not over-eating, mind you, but getting enough good, nourishing food. When you think how many deaths in the film colony have been caused by foolish diet, you can realize how grand it is that Joan changed her ways in time.

Any girl or woman who puts herself on starvation rations, hoping thereby to get thin, defeats her own purpose. And if you don't believe it ask Aunt Sylvia. Sylvia gives her

girls plenty of nourishing food. That's why they don't have that gaunt, hungry look while they're reducing.

PERHAPS Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck had some idea of going ritzy in Europe when they cabled real estate men to find them a Beverly Hills house. But when they got home, they discovered they were "just folks" after all, so they have taken Director George Hill's place at the beach, just a few blocks from their former home.

The rented house is furnished. Janet has never bought any furniture. She puts her money in bonds. The house is only five rooms and there's nothing fancy about it.

Janet almost never entertains. She hates the rôle of hostess and only a few intimate friends are ever invited for dinner.

SEVERAL years ago Boris Karloff, whom you now know as the monster of "Frankenstein" was driving a truck for a living. One afternoon a man asked him for a lift and as he climbed up on the seat beside him Karloff

Success And Failure, Marriage And Divorce



Keystone

"My troubles are all over," said Mary Nolan, when this happy picture was taken of her and her young husband, Wally Macrery. How beautiful Mary is here, how earnest and eager he looks. Certainly Mary had had enough trouble. She deserved happiness. But they went to Hollywood, opened a dress shop. And—



Acme

Here they are just after the judge said, "Thirty days!" Mary, completely bewildered, cried, "You'll see me dead, never in jail!" But Wally was resigned to meet the jinx that has always followed Mary. The dress shop failed and the employees couldn't be paid. That's why the sentence, which was finally suspended

recognized Lon Chaney. Mrs. Chaney had taken the car so Lon said he'd pick up a ride.

Karloff explained that he, himself, was an actor, down on his luck. The unknown told the greatest make-up artist of them all his story. Chaney listened attentively and said, at last, "If you're going to act—you're going to act. Even if you have to starve—never give up. It's the only way."

THAT chance meeting turned the tide in Karloff's career and when those old black clouds loomed upon his horizon he repeated to himself, "Chaney told me never to give up—never to give up."

Ten years later, Karloff is acclaimed as Chaney's successor.

But Boris insists, "There will only be one Chaney, because he understood so well the souls of afflicted people. On that fateful afternoon he told me how he had suffered because his mother and father were deaf mutes and that the fear always haunted him that his children and grandchildren would be so afflicted. None of us can do what Chaney

did, because none of us feel it just as he did. I realized it that afternoon on the truck. I know it now."

AND here's the height of non-chalance.

Miriam Hopkins was chatting with a friend. She looked at her watch.

"Oh, I must run. I'm to meet my husband. He's bringing his girl friend to see me and I wouldn't be late. He's such a sweet person."

"When are you going to get your divorce?"

"Just as soon as I get the time. I just haven't gotten around to it."

THAT inveterate curtain speaker, Richard Bennett, is trying not to do so much speaking in Hollywood. Connie gets pretty doggone mad at some of the things Richard tells the press.

Dick counters with "that wasn't what I said at all—I was misquoted."

Here's a case in point.

Somebody printed that Dick, when asked about Connie's marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise, said, "France must live." And Dick said that what he really said was, "Vive la France."

TO hear Julia Shawell tell it in the *New York Evening Graphic*, Norma Talmadge is a girl who holds her men.

Norma has been doing all the stay-up-late places with George Jessel.

"There's nothing to that," folks say, but Julia says that George was in love with Norma before he married the other girl and Norma married Joe Schenck.

So what about Gilbert Roland, whom Norma said was her true love?

Norma says the romance between her and Gilbert has ended. Gilbert says he will always adore her.

And Norma doesn't look any too happy. Once she said:

"All women should have families. I should have had a son."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Down To Two Cents!

ABOUT a year ago I heard there was a new, pert, wisecracking girl over on the Paramount lot. "Go and see Wynne Gibson!" people said. "A laugh a minute, that one! You'll die!"

Long before she came to screen prominence, Wynne Gibson had the Paramount studio in stitches. She had come in quietly, minus fanfare of publicity bugles, and soon had everyone in the place hanging about her modest dressing-room, hungry for laughs. Stenographers, electricians, hairdressers and the other troupers used Wynne as an unfailing tonic for those Hollywood blues.

"She's a panic, that Wynne!" my friends told me. "A howl! Never a dull minute!"

I had a line on these smart-crackers of the studios. I was sure that behind the screams of mirth were stories far from gay—that the peaks of merriment hid valleys of past despair. I remembered that Willie Haines' first Hollywood nifty was born of desperation, and that he had labored hard to build up a reputation as a supreme clown to help him forget the dark spots of his pre-picture past.

And so I went over to Paramount to see Wynne Gibson, with whom fame and a measure of fortune had finally caught up. I wanted to meet the rising star—and I also meant to find out if the storms of mirth came from her inmost heart or from regions less sacred and nearer the surface. I found out.

Her dressing-room was crowded with gay admirers. In one luncheon hour I met nearly all the big-wigs on the lot, and every last one of the studio proletariat. They dropped in to say hello—they left laughing. Wynne disappointed no one. She dealt laughs from her amazing repertoire as a card shark raffles aces from the bottom of the deck.

I WAS hard-boiled. I bit my lip and played straight as the gayety rippled on. And I caught odd moments—seconds when her laughter came only from behind her eyes—when only her lips were smiling. I guessed that my theory was right—that I had found another wise-cracker with a story she would never tell.

And how hard she tried not to tell it!

She showered me with a sparkling cascade of her best lines. She shot off a tremendous barrage of sure-fire jokes. I appreciated them all, but decline to use them for a story about Wynne Gibson.

Then she abruptly switched



Broke before the depression, Wynne Gibson's stock is on the up and up

By Ruth Biery

her technique, and launched into a hard-luck yarn of poverty-stricken days on Park Avenue—with a month's rent paid in advance, but with only two cents between her and starvation. Of how she had jingled the pennies, and had then gone to the corner delicatessen and persuaded the man to charge a long string of frankfurters. Of how she had lived on the wienies for a week.

"Did that happen often?" I asked, still the skeptic.

"Off and on for ten years," she said. "But it was good luck. Whenever I got too hungry a good job turned up. Some of my best stage parts came when I was emptiest. The lead in 'The Gingham Girl' came along when I was down to a few nickels."

"NOT good enough!" I thought. "You never got to be a synthetic wise-cracker that way, my pretty!"

So I continued my gentle probing—and I found what I rather expected to find. It wasn't anything in the life of Wynne Gibson, actress, that had turned her into a semi-professional sunshine girl—jester-in-ordinary to the Paramount lot. It was one episode in the life of Wynne Gibson, woman, that had done

the trick—one black chapter of heartbreak that had shattered her days and nights for months, and had then given her a backbone of steel and a strong heart better able to face the future.

So here is the short, sharp story of Wynne Gibson, the synthetic wisecracker who built a new, brave life upon the ruins of the old.

For all the thin periods, Wynne was successful in musical comedy. She performed ably in a series of leading parts in the merry-merry, with only the usual waits between.

But she was young, and she was pretty, and avid for life—and it takes more than modest success to fill the life of a little singing girl.

Nineteen-twenty-six was a red letter in the Gibson book of life. She was enjoying a successful San Francisco run in "Castles in the Air." Eric Von Stroheim, shooting "The Wedding March," saw her and offered her a chance in the picture. With Fate literally dumping chances at fortune in her lap, she chose another—a personable, moneyed young New Yorker came along.

Unhesitatingly, Wynne voted for love. Leaving her show, and not even replying to Von's bid, she married the boy and slipped away for a European honeymoon.

Then, and then only, did she feel that her life was filled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



"In their picture the star only gets slapped—in ours she gets a punch in the nose"



Otto Dyar

"A LIFE on the ocean wave!" pipes that old salt, Wynne Gibson, as she clings desperately to a stout cable! Winning Wynn timer is tastefully toggled for a plunge in the newest blue and white beach-bathing suit and a nice platinum wrist watch. Let go, Wynne—Papa will catch and we'll go downstairs to the old ship's parlor for a noggin of grog! Read across the way of Wynne's rise!



HERE'S what you should wear underneath those lovely dresses Seymour picks out for you each month—the very last syllable in lingerie chic. We don't need to tell you that the girls are the six shapeliest models in Hollywood, who will put pep and punch into scenes of "Sinners in the Sun," Carole Lombard's new flicker



Archer

WHERE, oh where, was the cameraman when he snapped this picture of your divine Garbo—and ours—in “Grand Hotel”? This is the first still—and probably the only one—of her in ballet costume. When you see this scene on the screen Garbo will be sobbing, “Alone, so alone!” Stop, stop, she’s breaking our heart!



“Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star”

By Sara Hamilton

HER legs are long and thin and straight, like a boy's. Her shoes are much too large, her left foot turns in when she walks, she has a gosh-awful mop of no-color hair and she calls herself, "Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star."

Ann Harding, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, and Mrs. Ripley, too, for that matter, is the darndest person you ever heard of. She looks like a Madonna and has the grand nonchalance of the kid across the alley. She knows a lot of big words like "colossal" and "*dénouement*" and such, but she sums Hollywood and ambition up with a priceless bit of description:

"Nerts."

She takes her work and her pictures seriously—not Hollywood and Ann Harding.

She owns a big house on the highest hill in Hollywood, and will excuse herself from a formal luncheon table to chase down steps and assist the grocery boy in turning the turntable for his truck.

She and Harry Bannister, her husband, employed a butler by the name of Gus. A square-jawed Swede was Gus who eyed every visitor with a wicked and unwelcome gleam. So Ann promptly and appropriately called him "Gus, the Menace."

The crinkled and wrinkled old stone mason who worked on their home and who, according to Ann, is an artist born, called at Ann's house for the final check due him.

"Stay to dinner," Ann insisted.

"Well, I'd just love to, miss," he beamed, "but you see my manners ain't so good. They ain't, that's a fact."

"Never mind manners," Ann grinned. "I loathe company manners."

So with Ann, a beautiful and famous picture star, and Harry, a swell fellow, the little old stone mason sat down to dinner.

And Gus boiled over.

After every course Gus had

to be called back to serve the guest also. It was awful.

Ann waited impatiently for the meal to end. She stamped to the kitchen.

"You're through," she calmly told Gus. "I can't tolerate snobs in my home."

The boys on the set begin getting that twinkly look about the eyes the minute Ann steps onto a sound stage. Do they *know*? In two minutes' time she'll have a

game going. Spelling words, a letter at a time, and the fellow who ends a word is out. After each scene, someone, maybe an electrician high up among wires and rafters will yell "P." Quick as a flash Ann is ready. "R" she yells. "E" calls a prop boy. "S" echoes a carpenter and on it goes.

At the end of each scene it's customary for a boy to step up and click two sticks as the signal for a cut. Joseph Biro was the boy on "Prestige." Melvyn Douglas was intent on a scene. Tension and drama were in the air. The scene reached its climax and was finished.

Up stepped Joe. A huge mandarin mustache hung down over his collar. Monocles in both eyes. A grotesque wig was perched on one ear. The director clutched his head in alarm. The actors, not daring to move or blink, could hope only for the best. The scene was cut and Ann was found behind a curtain

in convulsions. She had made Joe up for the set. And did she have the laugh! Joe refused to discard the gorgeous make-up and went about all day cutting scenes dressed like a Chinese nightmare.

WHEN the lights on "Prestige" got too hot, Ann would imitate the electrician's sharp whistle and out would go the lights. The chief electrician would come running. "Who put out those lights?"

"We did, sir," the helpers admitted. "You blew the whistle." And a bewildered electrician went about looking confused for days. Until he caught Ann with both fingers in her mouth, doing the whistling.

Noted for her lack of memory, Ann claims it isn't the appointments she forgets, it's the days. She can't remember whether today is Tuesday or Friday. If she only knew what day it was, she'd be set.

At dawn, in a pouring, beating rain, she'll take off in a plane. Alone with a pilot. And watch the rain beating upward on the glass shield. Thrilled and unafraid.

In Cuba, on a recent trip, she was anxious to view [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Ann Harding (opposite) the charming and gracious lady of the screen. Ann Harding (on the right) wife, mother and herself. Don't fail to read this beautiful and accurate character study of one of the most natural and lovely artists who have ever decorated the screen



A CANDIDATE for the distinction of the luckiest man in the world, Frank Fay. Despite his failure to register in a big way on the screen, he is rich in the great and self-sacrificing love of one of the most charming and most talented stars who ever appeared on the screen, Barbara Stanwyck

The latest and most startling chapter in Barbara Stanwyck's selfless love for husband Frank Fay

By
Leonard Hall

Ladies and Gents, That's Love!

THE million-candle-power love of Barbara Stanwyck for Frank Fay, her red-head spouse, has riveted the attention of the movie world for over a year.

Hollywood, where love is a game with few prizes, has been astounded by it. Sentimental fans have cooed over it—cynics have looked down their cold noses at an all-embracing love which would force a brilliant young star to jeopardize her future for the sake of a comparatively unsuccessful helpmate.

Heedless of all the chatter, pro and con, Barbara's fever-chart for Frankie has stood steady at 120 in the shade!

If producers didn't want Frank at a dime a day, it seemed that they couldn't have the luscious Babs, either. If Fay, rejected by Hollywood, wanted to visit New York, where he was once billed as "Broadway's Favorite Son," Barbara dutifully packed her pretties and trailed along.

Now a new and startling chapter has been written into this sizzling saga of legalized romance!

If ever a girl has given her all for the not-so-tender passion, Barbara Stanwyck is that lovelorn lass. She and Fay ought to go ringing down the years with the great lovers of all time—Dante and Beatrice, Paul and Virginia.

Here's the new story—being lived as I write. What a little fiction gem O. Henry could have made of it! But he is somewhere else, spinning yarns with his pals—and the story is good enough as fate is writing it today. Time—today. Place—New York.

Barbara is between pictures. Fay, refusing to accept Hollywood's thumbs-down verdict on his picture value, has written, paid for and starred in a talkie titled "Fool's Advice." He is searching for a market.

AND now, whether you like it or not, we are in Broadway's Palace Theater, the country's leading vaudeville emporium.

Outside, the billboards say "Barbara Stanwyck—Frank Fay."

Within, at matinée curtain time, half a house champs peanut brittle and awaits the royal pair.

Here comes sorrel-topped Frankie—superb in brown coat, ice cream pants, Byronic collar and brown suede shoes. He draws a greeting—introduces the next act—and here's Barbara! She's a vision—never was she slimmer or lovelier. Fay introduces her—as though she needed an introduction!

In a few minutes Mr. Frank Fay presents Miss

Barbara Stanwyck in "Christmas," a playlet directed by Mr. Frank Fay and written by—guess! Oh, go on! Right! By none other than Mr. Frank Fay.

Let us draw a kindly charitable veil over the next ten minutes. It is Christmas Eve in a department store, and Babs has been caught snitching tin soldiers for her 'tittle crippled buvver. Stanwyck labors on—it is like setting Lionel Barrymore to play a conventional English butler named Meadows.

AND so the afternoon wears on—paper thin. Fay holds the stage for half an hour, with the aid of assistant buffoons, but it is easy to sense that he is not gripping and mowing down his audience as he did when he was Crowned Prince of Seventh Avenue, ere the Hollywood gold fields lured him away.

And Barbara? She darts on and darts off—displaying the rich Hollywood wardrobe at Frankie's laughing behest. The bill winds up with a Grand Afterpiece in which the gorgeous one is surrounded by eight clowns, counting Fay, in outlandish states of undress, red noses and fake moustachios. Alas—it is as funny as a plane crash.

At five-twenty the curtain mercifully drops and I am left alone with my dead.

And these sad old eyes have witnessed a sight unique in the world of entertainment.

I have seen the most promising young star in pictures and certainly one of the peachiest girls now in active practice, deliberately playing "stooge"—foil—butt—for a vaudeville comedian whom she trustingly adores. Helping him with her name, her talents, her young beauty.

SHE lent her acting power to ten tragic minutes from his pen. She sacrificed her dignity, for him, to take part in a lamentable, even vulgar comedy scene. In short, Barbara gave her everything to help Frank, after a long exile, sock over his brand of nonchalant buffoonery!

It was an astonishing spectacle, and not too happy. But as I groped my way out of the theater through a mist of tears, I could say with Miss Ethel Merman, the distinguished song-shouter, "Ladies and gentlemen—that's love!"

Now turn the calendar ahead six days. Drama piles upon drama—the little story of Hollywood-Broadway transcontinental love marches to its climax.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]



"Hollywood Employment Agency? This is Miss DeLavalliere—say, where's that mother I ordered?"

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M

ANOTHER of those delightfully sophisticated comedies with amusing situations, corking dialogue, spontaneous acting and chuckles aplenty. The story deals with a father and son who are male "lilies of the field." Robert Montgomery surpasses any previous performance as the son who falls for a beautiful but poor widow. Forced into an engagement with an heiress to cancel his father's gambling debts, he finds he can't stick to it.

Eleanor Greer as the young widow, is charming and her accent will intrigue you. But Heather Thatcher, the only woman monocle-wearer in Hollywood, will be the lass you'll remember. Nils Asther makes his first appearance in two years and is just as fascinating as ever. C. Aubrey Smith and Edward Everett Horton are excellent.



★ ARE YOU LISTENING?—M-G-M

IN this bright little picture with a brand-new theme, we are given a glimpse of what really goes on behind the scenes in a broadcasting station.

A new Bill Haines, minus the wisecracks, is grand as a radio writer married to a nagging wife—and what a nagger Karen Morley turns out to be—and in love with a radio charmer, Madge Evans. Accidentally the wife is killed and Bill and Madge, frightened and confused, flee for safety with the radio broadcasting their flight at every stop.

The story ends on a tragic but true-to-life note. Anita Page and Joan Marsh as Madge's sisters are splendid.

The scenes shift in a disturbing manner. Here is good but not sensational entertainment.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ SCARFACE—United Artists

AT the end of the gangster vogue in pictures comes "Scarface," the best gangster film ever made. So tremendous, so perfect a masterpiece, it remains a picture that stands alone, and belongs to no era or vogue.

Brutal. Horrible. Fearless. Cold, hard killing for killing's sake. Such is "Scarface." The story unfolds without fear or favor. An idea and its development in the mind of a hoodlum tells the yarn, with scenes as sharp as the report of the machine guns with which it abounds.

A glimpse at the luxury of his boss' home and the blondness of his girl, played by Karen Morley, gives Tony the idea of acquiring plenty for himself. Knee deep through blood and horror he wades to the attainment of that idea.

Paul Muni, as *Scarface*, gives one of the finest characterizations the screen has ever seen. George Raft as his body-guard comes a close second, his dying scene needing no words, no captions.

On to his death, brought about by his love for his sister, we travel down the dirty path of gangdom.

Howard Hughes has issued an open challenge to every man and woman in America. And made a picture that will linger with us for many days to come.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

SCARFACE
BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK
THE MIRACLE MAN
DANCERS IN THE DARK

GRAND HOTE
ARE YOU LISTENING
WET PARADE
DESTROY RIDES AGAIN

The Best Performances of the Month

Paul Muni in "Scarface"
George Raft in "Scarface"
Lionel Barrymore in "Grand Hotel"
Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel"
Joan Crawford in "Grand Hotel"
John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel"
Wallace Beery in "Grand Hotel"
Robert Montgomery in "But the Flesh Is Weak"
William Haines in "Are You Listening?"
Jack Oakie in "Dancers in the Dark"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ GRAND HOTEL—M-G-M

HERE it is, the picture in which you may see Garbo, Crawford, both the Barrymores and Wally Beery in a magnificent two hours you'll never forget. With that cast why wouldn't it be good? Wait a minute, Vicki Baum's successful play was not fool-proof, and Eddie Goulding deserves a cheer for making a smooth running story.

Adjectives fail us when we describe the work of Lionel Barrymore, the man who really wanted brother John to have the best part, and yet was compelled to give a vital performance that will go down in the saga of the cinema. Hold on, Garbo fans, that doesn't mean Garbo is any less glamorous. She's great, but the story is not all Garbo.

Joan Crawford gives excellent competition and moves up along her ladder of successes. John Barrymore is fascinating every minute. Wallace Beery has a scene, after he kills the baron, that stacks up along with the greatest. Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt—excellent.

You may argue about who deserves the most praise and not get anywhere, for the picture, as a whole, steals the show. It is produced on a scale of grandeur that the stage couldn't touch. If you don't already know the story, telling it would take the edge off. You can't miss this.



★ THE MIRACLE MAN—Paramount

THE long awaited talkie version of that great silent picture which thirteen years ago thrilled audiences.

It was a tough job for director Norman McLeod to follow that well-remembered film, but he gives an inspired treatment of the old faith healing theme. This version will not make history, as the original did. It was Lon Chaney's first big part. Now John Wray plays the rôle of *The Frog* who untwists his crooked legs at a fake healing and is most effective. Hobart Bosworth is convincing as the patriarch.

Chester Morris is fine as the gang leader (Gary Cooper would have had the rôle if he hadn't gone to Africa) but Sylvia Sidney suffers when compared with Betty Compson of the original. There's a big cast—including Jackie Coogan, Irving Pichel, Boris Karloff and others.



★ WET PARADE—M-G-M

THIS film will throw the whole country into violent arguments. Prohibition is the theme of the Upton Sinclair novel adapted with such realism and daring that no angle of the "drink" problem is avoided. The curse of liquor before prohibition is shown as clearly as are the evils arising from the Volstead Act. You will even see every detail of the manufacture of "imported" bootleg.

Yet, all told simply, dramatically. Dorothy Jordan, as the girl, sees Lewis Stone, the father, die of alcoholism and her brother, Neil Hamilton, inherit the taste. They, along with Walter Huston, Wally Ford and Jimmy Durante, give fine performances. You'll probably think the picture proves your personal opinion—but *don't* miss it.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**DANCERS
IN THE
DARK—**
Paramount



**DESTRY
RIDES
AGAIN—**
Universal

AS a dime-a-dance girl, in a cheap dance palace, Miriam Hopkins retains the laurel crown she won for past performances. But Jack Oakie, the orchestra leader who tries to quash the romance between his pal, Buster Collier, and Miriam, almost tucks the picture into his megaphone and strolls away with it. George Raft, the sleek bad man of the picture, is a real find.

COME on, kids. There's a rare treat in store for you. The king of Westerns is back. The same grand Tom Mix and Tony, with glorious riding and plenty of shootin'. Tom, double-crossed by the villainous Earle Foxe, goes to prison, but wait 'til you see what he does when he gets out and then you'll be glad you came. Claudia Dell is the lovely heroine. Don't miss this. It's keen.

**PLAY
GIRL—**
Warners



**CARELESS
LADY—**
Fox



WHEN this picture is over you don't know whether gambling pays or doesn't pay or if marriage is better than a career. But what's an unsolved problem or two when you've been nicely entertained for an hour or so? And when Loretta Young is so beautiful and appealing and Norman Foster so handsome? In case that isn't enough, there are some very, very sprightly smart cracks.

AN ugly duckling decides she must have a past, so goes to Paris to get one. Sounds familiar? Why certainly, it's the theme of Connie Bennett's "Lady With a Past," but this is Joan Bennett's film. Just a little sisterly coincidence. Yet Kenneth MacKenna's grand direction and Joan's charm make it a delightful and entertaining film. It has lively dialogue, good situations and John Boles.

**YOUNG
BRIDE—**
RKO-Pathe



**AFTER
TOMORROW—**
Fox



THE old story of a fourflushing Charley Boy who gets wise to himself in the last reel. However, the occasional snappy lines and superb acting of Eric Linden lift it above the dull class. Helen Twelvetrees is appealing as the sweet young bride and Arlene Judge is perfect as the gold digger. The story moves evenly, holding the interest. Not exciting, but fair entertainment.

A SWEETLY poignant little love story as natural and as simple as your next door neighbor. A couple of nice kids want to get married, but too little money and too much mother stop them over and over again. You'll like this picture because it is clean, because it has charm and because it is sincerely acted by Marian Nixon, Charlie Farrell, Josephine Hall, Minna Gombell and William Collier, Sr.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**IT'S TOUGH
TO BE
FAMOUS—
First National**



SCOTTY, a national hero, heroed by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., catches the public fancy, rides in parades, swallows confetti and lives in a glass house until his domestic happiness is threatened. The theme is brand new. Doug, Jr., as the harassed public idol, gives a breezy and thoroughly believable performance. Mary Brian, as the wife, is surprising and the whole picture a grand evening's entertainment.

**THE CROWD
ROARS—
Warners**



THIS one takes you out to the race tracks and gives you all the breathless exciting thrills of auto racing. Your hair will rise on your head, for it's the best speedway stuff that has ever been done. But don't expect a story—for it is pretty threadbare and uninteresting. James Cagney is his hard-boiled self and slaps women, as usual, which is fine if you like it. Joan Blondell is great.

**SO BIG—
Warners**



IN silents, this story skyrocketed Colleen Moore's reputation. It won't do so much for Barbara Stanwyck. She gives a grand individual performance, but somehow the talkie doesn't score the emotional kick it should. You'll enjoy Dickie Moore, applaud Alan Hale and Hardie Albright, and see perhaps for the first time, George Brent, reputed "another Gable." Maybe. Maybe not.

**LAW AND
ORDER—
Universal**



IT'S a rip-roaring good melodrama—and there's not a woman in it! Walter Huston gives one of his excellent and thoroughly convincing characterizations, as does his pard, Harry Carey. Oh yes, it's a Western and sometimes that's all it is. Then all of a sudden it seems to be lifted into the real epic class. Though uneven in construction it's entertaining—every pistol shot!

**THE BROKEN
WING—
Paramount**



LOVE and adventure below the Rio Grande, where those things look best. That hot tamale, Lupe Velez, is giving the runaround to bad man, Leo Carrillo, when Melvyn Douglas, a hero she really could care for, lands his airplane in her front yard. From then on it's a snappy triangle, with gun play threatening and other customary situations. The old hoke, but so well done you'll probably like it.

**DEVIL'S
LOTTERY—
Fox**



CURIOSITY provokes an English publisher to invite winners of Calcutta Sweepstakes to be his guests. Together under one roof are Elissa Landi, as a woman of questionable reputation; her crooked lover; an idealistic young American; Victor McLaglen, a prize-fighter and his cockney mother, Beryl Mercer. Things happen in a thoroughly amazing and entertaining manner. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]



*All the Beauty tricks
of all the stars Brought
to you each month*

Perc and Ern Westmore, Hollywood make-up wizards and coiffure designers, say the shape of the head should determine the head-dress. Loretta Young is showing you how to decide whether you have a high-brow, lowbrow or normal forehead. The space from the browline to the hairline should be the width of your first three fingers. If your hairline is above the first finger, your brow is high and your hair should have bangs or a little downward curl to conceal some forehead



Lupe Velez' dazzlingly white teeth are due to a little idea of her own. After brushing them with her usual dentifrice she gives them a whitening and polishing treatment by mixing bicarbonate of soda to paste consistency with water and using this for an extra brushing. It works!



Evening sandals with gossamer hose have done much to bring toes into the picture. And now Leila Hyams' new beach espadrilles place them prominently there. Give your toes the same attention you give your fingers (and make them lovely for the beach). Use manicure scissors for trimming, emery board for smoothing edges and buffer and cake polish to remove nail ridges. Then apply liquid polish to harmonize with your fingers. Avoid bright shades unless your toes are perfect. For tired feet change your shoes or remove them and walk barefoot about the house for five minutes. Or lie flat on your back and place the feet high on the wall for five minutes

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



Try These Eyebrow Tests for Yourself

Nothing will revive your interest in yourself like a change of eyebrows. But be sure of what you are doing. For a safe home test equip yourself with a pointed eyebrow pencil and cold cream, not the liquefying kind. First emphasize the inner lines. Then try extending the outer lines, up, down, straight. Study the effects carefully. If none of these changes pleases you, blot out your normal brows with the cream and then experiment with new brows you think you might like. Here are three excellent studies in Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh. Madge has a normal and very sympathetic brow. Anita's rise too abruptly at the inner corners. Joan's brows are a little too heavy for her fair coloring. Now go ahead for that new thrill!



Marlene Dietrich is probably the only girl in pictures who can be charming with bird-wing brows. Romantic, yes, with Marlene's eyes, but something for the rest of us to avoid



Kay Francis' brows are well shaped and just dark and sweeping enough for her long eyes. Notice that her lid space is the same at both ends, a departure in brow styles

Two Brand-New Coiffure Styles That You Will See In



Myrna Loy dons a blonde wig for her role in "The Wet Parade" and thereby achieves a very modish coiffure. If you have the slightest widow's peak, brush your hair back to show it. The broad, soft waves shown here break the hairline to frame the face becomingly at the temples and before the ears. The whole effect is softened by tiny face curls. If your hair is short an added length or roll will cover the ends most obligingly and give a change for evening. The tip of the ear lobe should appear



We cannot always see the back of our head as others see it. But here is a satin smooth arrangement that is as interesting and easy to look at as the loveliest front coiffure. Study your back head view as critically as your face if you would appear your best



Broad, irregular undulations bring out the beauty of blonde or richly colored hair far better than tight waves and the back roll is in harmony with the sleek effect. The mature face also will find this a becoming head-dress if the side curls are eliminated

Two New Pictures Which Will Reach the Screen Soon

There is much discussion at the moment as to whether curled or straight hair is more youthful. Carole Lombard in "Sinners in the Sun" shows us just how youthful and chic unwaved and well brilliantined hair can appear. The deep fringe of bangs softly curved over the forehead and the upturned ends detract from severity. The young girl with a too high forehead will find this headdress very flattering. If you will have your ends permanently waved your coiffure troubles will be settled for the summer



Here are the Trilby bangs named for that famous lady of fiction who put bangs and feet on the map. It remained only for Carole Lombard to present the bangs in modern guise. They are unusually nice when the hair is fine in texture and light in color



What girl wouldn't be delighted to brush her hair back and have it look like this? With the helping hand of a permanent you can swim and otherwise enjoy the free life without twice wondering about your wave. Remember to brush conscientiously for lustre



Three Little Tricks

Adrienne Dore is having a grand stretch. Stretching is the perfect instant pick-up and the lazy way to exercise. It relaxes, then starts quick, fresh circulation. Take half a dozen good stretches in bed in the morning. Or better, jump out and lie flat on the floor. Now stretch, hold your breath a few seconds, then relax. When you can't lie or stand straight, then stretch one part of the body at a time—your neck, your arms, your legs, even fingers and toes. Stretch when you feel you simply can't get dressed for that party, then lie down for ten minutes and make yourself see and feel nothing but black velvet. It sounds a little mad, but it's one of those ways of forcing other subjects from your mind and relaxing completely. Stretching and Hollywood's old favorite, a cup of hot, black coffee with a dash of lemon, are two self-aids that make the world look rosier. Stretching is for any time but reserve the coffee for those rare needs for unusual effort



Adrienne Dore's lifted head reminds me that life has a way of looking up when we look up. A famous movie star tells me she takes ten years from her appearance by lifting her head slightly. It slendernesses the neck, smooths out under-the-eye shadows. Try it and see what it does to your face



"Brushing the hair the wrong way is really the right way," says Arletta Duncan. Always bend 'way down, much downer than Arletta, and thus increase both scalp and face circulation

The New Coronet Vogue

When Norma Shearer appeared at the opening of "Mata Hari" with a coiffure similar to this one she started something. Next day everyone asked, "Did you see Shearer's hair?" Whether she was practicing for her appearance in "Strange Interlude" or whether she really liked it that way, it was the beginning of the coronet craze. Just look at this page. Four lovely coronets, and there are more in Hollywood. Every coronet with a personal interpretation. Notice that not one wears it quite like the others. Will you and I be doing it soon? It's lovely for evening, but what about our little Watteau hats, sisters? I can see grandmother's trunk and attics being ransacked for braids and switches, for I'm convinced that women will never have really long hair again. An extra length, braided, will achieve this effect beautifully over your bob. Simply wind it about the crown of the head and pin securely. There, you look like a lady from Tennyson's pages!



Karen Morley's version of the coronet has a purely sculptured beauty. It is perfect, sleek, symmetrical. A braid is coiled rather low over the smoothly waved under hair

Dorothy Jordan's coronet has that added attraction of neck curls. Soft and youthful, Dorothy. Those curls show you just what to do with too long ends

Without benefit of curl Joan Marsh's blonde hair sweeps up to show that widow's peak and those slightly wind-blown tendrils at the sides. Very different

[More Beauty Hints on Page 88]



The Story Of The Girl Who Married *Richard Dix*

By
*Lee
Haven*

GRADUATING from a \$90-a-month job as a shopgirl to sharing an annual income of \$250,000 is something, as your Success reporter would announce. But when the diploma is in the shape of a marriage certificate, and that to one of the screen's most attractive and charming heroes, there you are again.

Miss Winifred Coe, queen of Portland, Ore., shopgirls for the past few years, is the young woman who has this string of accomplishments to her credit, and the lucky bridegroom is none other than Richard Dix, lately of "Cimarron" fame.

Those "in the know" have been saying, "Well, well, well, and a couple of 'em," ever since the announcement. First, for the reason that Dix, whose fame and fortune and personal wealth is second to none in the



little country school out at Snowden district, Klickitat County, Wash. "You're not your mama's own," cried these haughty young farmer folk.

"Well, your folks had to take you. I was picked," Winifred replied, thus silencing for all time any imagined superiority on the part of her fellow country folks. Mr. Coe was a county commissioner then, and Mrs. Coe was prominently identified with the woman's club, reigning successfully for two years as club president.

Coe moved his family to Portland, Ore. There he purchased a suburban grocery store. Winifred finished school, preparatory to beginning that most fascinating of occupations—earning her own living.

She played the piano well, so soon found work in the sheet music section of Sherman, Clay & Co. Her natural blonde



From shop girl to movie star's wife sounds like an old fashioned dime novel thriller, doesn't it? Above is Winifred Coe, when she was working in the sheet music department of a Portland, Ore., store. Left, as Mrs. Richard Dix, just after her marriage and, right, an accepted member of Hollywood's swanky Mayfair crowd. Read this revealing article by Lee Haven who knows her history well



land of the Kliegs, is, undoubtedly, the first of the established screen stars to go outside society and the profession in search of love and marital happiness. That he has found it, and in great measure, is not doubted. The height of his adoration for this lovely little working girl is common talk here and about, and particularly at White Salmon, Wash., where Mrs. Dix, then just Winifred, grew to girlhood.

What they deem of particular interest is the fact that once upon a time, if you can imagine, Winifred was actually given away. It was back at Minneapolis where Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Coe and their one child—a son—then resided. "It's just like some of those sorry plays we see, isn't it?" they say.

Winifred's pride in her adoption by the Coe family was indicated in remembered "tiffs" with snippy children at the

beauty, magnificent figure and perfect grooming marked her at once as a queen among shopgirls.

Soon she was heralded as a candidate for queen of Portland's world famous rose fête. This venture, unhappily, cost her her job, but she quickly secured similar occupation from Sheet Music Service, Inc.

Throughout the ins and outs of this employment, while standing, playing, selling, yes, and tiring at the game of trying to please the service-crazed public, she managed always to smile. Who couldn't? What girl couldn't smile, happily, regardless of fatigue, with Dix for a sweetheart?

But how did she meet him? Well, that's an easy one. Figure it out. Her foster brother's wife's sister is married to Dix's brother.

The Story Of The Girl Who Fought Odds— *Alice White*

By
*Leonard
Hall*

WHEN Hollywood knocks 'em down, they're usually out, and Oblivion gets another long-term tenant. It's a way filmania has with those it chooses to chasten and then chase.

But there is one outstanding, amazing exception. It is comprised of ninety-six pounds of pure, unadulterated spunk and gumption—high-hearted, brave-spirited little Alice White.

There's a girl for you—and an astonishing story! She's a combination of all the screen Cinderellas ever dreamed by woozy scenarists. She's the heroine of a greater pluck and luck yarn than Horatio Alger ever confected.

Alice White literally battled her way from script girl at thirty-five dollars a week to star at two thousand. Then, marked for the slaughter, she was nudged and chivvied from the studios, shuffled from the Hollywood deck, and ear-marked for a return to stenography by wise boys who thought they knew.

But they didn't know Alice White, for all their ten-cent craftiness. To-day the rejected one, pretty and gay, fit as a fiddle and taut as its G-string, sings (tra-la) and dances (ha-cha) in the country's greatest vaudeville and picture theaters. Each week she collects a fat fee. She sports mink and chinchilla in the open season for such. She gives radio audiences an earful of Hollywood behind the camera. With plenty of money and more spizerinctum than ever, her bright little eyes are focused sharply on a bigger and better chance in pictures. And she loves a boy—and he loves her!

IS this a picture of a Hollywood failure? Then I am the Queen of Roumania! What, as the current saying hath it, a girl!

Little Alice started with an ace in the hole, for she Knew Hollywood When. She went to Hollywood High School—spawning ground of many young troupers. Once on the loose with her sheepskin, her loving grandma decided that young White would do the usual—a little more education, the life of a little lady and marriage to a youngster of the better sort. But she reckoned not on the sizzling spirit of young Alice!

It was Battle No. 1 on the stiff climb upward! Dissatisfied with her allowance, and determined to stand and struggle on her own, the girl went to business school, became a hot shot at the notebook and keys, and got herself a job as script girl on the old Chaplin lot.

From that day to this Alice White has given the lie direct to the old

popular wisecrack—namely, that what goes up must come down! That may be so in some sororities, but not Alice's, which is Grabba Hunka Fame.

Here's how she looked then. She weighed 128 pounds without a Sunday paper under her arm. Her hair, which we have always known as exploded blonde, was medium brown. But her big eyes had the sparkle and snap that tell of the pep and spirit within that small cranium! At that time Clara Bow was It, Those and Them in pictures. It was the dizzy, dazzling hour of Flaming Youth.

"Why don't you try the other side of the camera?" said a pal.

"What a notion!" said little White.

Just the same, she took a test at Universal—one of those ghastly mass affairs, with thirty or forty girls smirking prayerfully into the same camera. It was for the old "Colleagues" series—first try of Junior Laemmle. Terrible test! No go!

BUT other tests followed, at Paramount and First National. She made one at Metro with Don Alvarado. Once the idea of pictures was firmly planted nothing else would do. A typewriter was a bogie-man—only the make-up box could satisfy.

Paramount, engaged in one of its periodic scraps with the Bow belle, made goo-goo eyes at Alice. She decided that two Bows on one lot was one over. And she signed on at First National at \$150 the week.

Months passed, and she didn't turn a wheel. Then came a call—for a plump little part in "The Sea Tiger," that big costume affair with Milton Sills and Mary Astor. Alice was largely agog. But the whole studio seemed to turn on her and hiss. Director Dillon said flatly that he didn't crave the pert little minx for the part. As she walked on the set for the first time, even the hot sun arcs seemed like so many frigidares. In a gale of enthusiastic silence, she was instructed.

With her back to the camera, she was to walk across the set toward the dignified Mr. Sills—ruffle his hair, nibble his ear and perform a general job of flapper vamping. She was scared ossified, but she did it—and all the way to Sills she gave herself pep-talks. "Come on, White—do you want to be in pictures? What are you scared of? Rah-rah-rah, ME!" And she made it, and she did it—and when the scene was over she saw the then-great Colleen Moore, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Hollywood wanted to get rid of this little girl. "Okay," said Alice, "I'll go." By making personal appearances she has shown 'em she can get customers in great vaudeville theaters when the biggest stars' films fail to click



Twenty years ago young, handsome Maurice Costello, right, was as popular as Clark Gable is today. Now, ill and broken, he is left with the memories of his glorious past. The love of his daughters, Dolores and Helene, and his hope that his granddaughter will carry on the theatrical traditions, sustain him

The Idol of Yesterday

A FEW obscure lines in local newspapers recounted the fact that Maurice Costello had walked into a Beverly Hills drug store and collapsed upon the floor. He was rushed to the hospital where the doctors said he would pull through.

Twenty years ago that would have been front page news.

Twenty years ago Maurice Costello was as famous as Clark Gable is today, and an even greater idol. He was the first great matinée idol of the films.

This generation may not remember him, but there were women of another generation who wrote him letters by the thousands, who followed his carriage when he drove in the park, who waited at stage doors to catch a glimpse of him, flocked to see him on the screen and languished over him beneath their Merry Widow hats.

He was popular in a day when women fluttered and giggled and were very, very girlish. He was very handsome, very proud, very strong—and they adored him.

But that was all a long, long time ago.

Now Maurice is fifty-five—which isn't very old for a man in any profession but the profession of being a screen idol. Sometimes, it isn't very old for that. Maurice is just three years older than his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, who still causes feminine hearts to thump.

But Maurice's glory waned. He was too great a sensation while he lasted. His adorers spent all their admiration for him so intensely that it was quickly used up and when he slowly found himself crowded out by younger men; by passing styles (the stalwart film heroes of those days were very different from the lady-slapping Gables and Cagneys); by a brisker, more keenly competitive business, the fond ladies who create

matinée idols were casting their glances, grown bolder now, with the years—elsewhere.

So nobody heard much about Maurice Costello. Perhaps he didn't mind so much, for there were Dolores and Helene. Dolores became a great actress and all the pride that Maurice had taken in his own work flowed to Dolores and to Helene, who prospered well enough on the screen.

But eventually even that was taken away from him.

SEVERAL years ago he and his wife, who has since died, were divorced. The two girls sided with their mother and Maurice was left completely alone, alone in a small house with only the memories of his once glorious past. The walls of that house were lined with pictures of his once great friends. And in the lower left hand corners of the photographs of these great ones were autographs affectionately inscribed to a once beloved "Cos," as his intimates called him. So there he stayed, miserable and broken.

Two years ago the first step toward a family reconciliation was made. Costello at that time was ill with influenza. He was completely alone, so he left the door of his tiny home open, hoping that some visitor might call.

One day, as he lay there, he suddenly looked up and saw his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, standing over his bed.

"We've had our differences," said Jack. "Now I am here because you're one of the old theatrical men, raised in the same traditions that I was. You're ill and I'm here to help you."

The sentimental Irishman, deeply touched, broke down completely. Both men are sentimental. Both men understand the tradition of the theater, that any actor has a claim on any other actor, when he is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Check Your Smartness By—



THERE'S a kindred spirit between fashions of 1918 and 1932. If you don't believe it, look closely at Dorothy Jordan's costume above. Checks, capes, tailored effects—even skirt lengths—are similar. Yet this is worn in "The Wet Parade," a picture of pre-prohibition days.

Bows

Capes

Buttons

Checks

Seymour



A HUGE organdy bow on a black jacket, a white straw hat banded in black—sponsored by Dorothy Jordan.



BEIGE and white—nothing smarter says Kay Francis. Right you are, Kay, and this is a smart silk frock with those trick lapels running under straps that form the belt. Note the white buttons. Kay wears this in her new picture, "A Dangerous Brunette."

Use Screen Tips



SLEEVES are a big detail on this green silk frock you will see Kay Francis wearing in "A Dangerous Brunette." The fulness centers above the elbow. Isn't your skirt a little too long, Kay? Nice accessories.



WHEN you put black collars and cuffs on a tailored white jacket you strike a new costume note. Dorothy Jordan further stresses the smart color scheme here by her hat and a plaid scarf. From "The Wet Parade."



DOROTHY JORDAN has just been cut out of this picture to show you a close-up of that important detail of printed silk blouse and cuffs on a black jacket dress. That's an organdy flower applique on the cuffs.

On New Fashions



LOOK closely at this black coat of Ruth Chatterton's—it's full of new ideas. There's the sleeve fulness at the wrists, the white stitching, and the fabric Ascot scarf. You will see it in "The Rich Are Always With Us."



TOES are coming out from hiding these days. These revealing sandals go with Dorothy Jordan, and the flounce is a negligee to look for in "The Wet Parade." Hollywood toes are carefully groomed, you know.



PLAIDS combined with a solid color, as in this youthful brown wool suit of Bette Davis's, are high in fashion. A brief cape looks like epaulets from the front. Trick patent leather belt. In "The Man Who Played God."





MOST lounging pyjamas are decorative, but few are as practical as this charming suit worn by Mae Clarke in "Impatient Maiden." The suit is adapted from the Chinese—pale blue imported Chinese silk in a brocade pattern—and is made with a simple jacket and moderately full trousers. A standing collar and frog fastenings on the jacket stress the Chinese influence. A nice choice for Summer wear.



THIS striking evening costume is one of fashion's paradoxes. The gown is very feminine with its bodice of silver sequins and slim fitted lines. The short jacket is almost mannishly tailored. And the dull luster of the white satin contrasts with the glitter of sequins. There's a new note in white satin sandals with toes tipped in sequins to match the bodice. Mary Doran looks like this in "Beauty and the Boss."

— Seymour —

The Unknown Hollywood *I Know*

By Katherine Albert

Continued From Last Month

INTERVIEWING is the strangest of all the trades.

It was not, you remember, as the average interviewer that I came on PHOTOPLAY. I had been a pretty bad actress in pictures and had also served in the publicity department at one of the biggest studios. Many of the stars were my personal friends and I always felt a little silly when I went to interview them. I tried to steer clear of those ordinary "said the star" and "said the interviewer" stories (which have long since become passé) and discussed the people as I knew them.

But there were other actors and actresses whom I met for the first time. In spite of the sniffs of many of my highbrow friends, I have always felt a strange duty toward the people who read the stories I write. I have felt myself a sort of modern Boswell whose job it is to give as sincere biographical accounts of the movie Dr. Johnsons as I could.

I do not believe that the picture people have been given any undue importance. They are most certainly a part of American phenomena, a reflection of their era and their histories are, as a rule, quite as enchanting and often more glamorous than the subjects of many of the more erudite biographies. And I do believe that they have had as great an influence over their subjects as had Napoleon, Catherine the Great, Queen Elizabeth and any of the other grist of the biographer's mill.

I can truthfully say that I have never approached a story for PHOTOPLAY lightly. Everything that has borne my insignificant byline has been what I honestly and sincerely thought at the time. Many of the stars I have liked better than others. Many I have not liked at all. But if I have failed to give a correct estimate, I have failed only as an analyst and not for want of sincerity.

An interview is a hybrid sort of introduction to a person. The star is ill at ease. So is the interviewer, if he be at all sensitive. Unless the stars are put at ease they are apt to show

the interviewer only their most unpleasant and artificial sides.

It is difficult to give an accurate estimate of a person in a half hour's conversation unless one is unusually intuitive. So often I do not trust my own reactions, but consult the star's acquaintances before writing a story.

But sometimes some note of accord is struck in a first interview.

It happened the first time I interviewed Mary Astor. I came to her to find out how she was bearing up under the strain of the death of her husband, Kenneth Hawks. I wanted to discover how she had inured herself to widowhood and why it was that her screen work

had become more solid and much deeper since his death.

The pleasantries were said. The weather was accounted for. And then I mentioned Kenneth. I had the feeling that something was wrong. And as we looked at each other, I knew that the bars of Mary's reserve were being lowered. Suddenly I knew that Mary and I were friends and that she wanted to tell me something—something that had long been pent up inside of her.

SHE said, "I wish I knew you better. I wish I could tell you something—but I'm afraid to. All I can say is that I wish just at this moment I did not have to discuss Kenneth."

I waited. I knew she would go on. "You see, I'm in love again. And it is no disrespect for Kenneth. He would want me to be happy. He, who was so dear and thought of me so gently, would want me to marry again. As a matter of fact, it is a compliment to him that I would marry again. The perfection of our life together makes me know how fine marriage can be.

"I'm in love with the doctor who attended me when I collapsed after the accident. He brought me back to health and gave me a deeper understanding. I love him and we want to be married, but I'm afraid of the publicity. I know what the newspapers will say and how [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Buddy Rogers' father is so proud of his son that tears came to his eyes when he spoke of him. "Buddy has no faults at all," he told me. "He has never given me or his mother a single moment's worry"



Robert Bow, with his daughter, Clara, of whom he said to me, "If I told Clara Bow's life story it would certainly be startling. She has never told it straight." But Robert Bow did not tell me that story



"You'd better put your left hand out, Miss Pottle,
so they can see your wedding ring in Kansas"



One More Garbo Fan



When Garbo and Jack Barrymore were cast in the same picture, Hollywood held its breath and wondered when the big fight would begin. Instead, the two were docile as lambs, and clasped hands in friendship and mutual professional admiration. And of Garbo Jack says, "Temperamental? Well, I don't profess to know what temperament is, but if it's knowing what you want and doing your best to get it, then let's have more of it"

ON January fourteenth in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-two, public prints chronicled two unusual happenings in Hollywood.

One was the Big Snow.

The other was the meeting of John Barrymore and Greta Garbo on the "Grand Hotel" set.

The snow melted from the palm fronds almost as soon as it fell. As it vanished in fact, so did it in public interest. But the Barrymore-Garbo fusion endured. It remained to confound all speculation and stifle smouldering conjecture.

John Barrymore and Garbo instantly warmed to each other. From the moment they clasped hands in acknowledgment of Director Edmund Goulding's introduction there was no professional jealousy or suspicion. Each had too much respect for the other's artistry to indulge in the pettiness Hollywood scoffers predicted.

Barrymore, the aristocrat of the American stage. Garbo, the peasant girl, strangely gifted, grown to greatness through her driving energies.

Garbo has known the name of Barrymore since she first studied stagecraft in the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm. It is possible she never saw him in the theater. But she has seldom missed his screen portrayals. To have John Barrymore playing opposite her in the love scenes for the picturization of the Vicki Baum play was undeniably a professional thrill for Garbo.

Garbo's performance in "Grand Hotel" is declared the finest, most sincere characterization of her career. She worked as never before, studio associates say. No rehearsal was too arduous; no camera angle too difficult to figure out. Her lightness and constant buoyancy were remarkable to those who have watched her work over a period of years. Seldom, they

declared, has she been so much of light tones and so little of the shadows.

Barrymore, a keen student of human nature, must have found her a fascinating subject. One of the most amusing anecdotes ever told about Garbo concerns him.

A famous editor was visiting the "Grand Hotel" set. Barrymore and he had a long, friendly conversation.

When the visit was over, Garbo seemed appalled at Barrymore's friendship with a newspaper person.

"Do you know him?" she asked curiously.

"Know him?" laughed Barrymore. "Why I used to work for him!"

"What—you a newspaperman?" she gasped with disbelieving alarm.

"Oh, I was just a cartoonist," he explained.

"Ah," laughed Garbo with obvious relief, "that's better—much better!"

GARBO'S great zeal for characterization, her concentration on her work, reminded Barrymore of Ellen Terry, the great English actress of the generation just passed.

"Of course, I never worked with Miss Terry but I have seen her a number of times both in England and this country," Barrymore recalled. "Garbo has Miss Terry's gift of self-sufficiency. She doesn't need people around her for entertainment. She wants to be left alone. Her interest in her work is absorbing and complete. She hasn't time for desultory talk between scenes.

"Could you imagine Garbo after a dramatic scene calmly sitting down and remarking, 'Think it's going to rain, baby?'

"Garbo handles her scenes like an actress of long stage experience. I was surprised to discover she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

By Cal York

Quit Those Cocktails



If you have a friend who is stoop-shouldered show her this picture. And then follow Sylvia's example. You'll be doing that friend the greatest favor you can do her. Here's what Sylvia says:

"A girl wrote me saying she couldn't hold her shoulders up and she had tried everything. She makes me sick. So, you girls who can't hold your shoulders up, here is a way. Find a friend who will give you a good hard whack right between your shoulder-blades every day — and tell her to give you a whack you won't forget until the next one! I'd love to do it myself! What's the matter with you girls? Get those shoulders back. You can hold them up if you will. Get a little gumption. Don't make it necessary for somebody to whack you. Hold those shoulders back yourselves, you foolish girls!"

EVERY school teacher gives her class an examination once in a while and since I'm a teacher, too—teaching you thousands and thousands of girls and women how to be healthy and beautiful—I'm going to give you a review—an examination. At the end of this article you will discover a complete résumé of what I've said in the three preceding issues of PHOTOPLAY. This will not only help to refresh the minds of those who are already following my treatments, but it will give the ones who haven't started with me a chance to start in right now.

Get wise to yourselves, you who haven't started yet. I wish you could see the thousands and thousands of letters I've gotten telling of the miracles that the girls have worked on themselves through my articles in PHOTOPLAY. If you who haven't climbed up on my band wagon, or could take a look at those letters, you wouldn't waste another minute. Come on, girls, start today to be beautiful and healthy. You fat ones can lose fifteen pounds in a month. You thin ones can pick that much up. Don't do it tomorrow—come on, hop to it. Do it now and do it yourself. You can, you know, do for yourselves everything that I used to do to the stars.

You can be lovely and attractive if—if you will work.

But here's one thing I've got to impress on you. I'm afraid I haven't been emphatic enough.

Quit those cocktails! And when I say quit, I mean quit. I know you think to yourself, "Oh, one little cocktail couldn't hurt me." That's true. One little cocktail couldn't hurt you, but one little cocktail every afternoon, or even every other afternoon, can and does hurt you.

You can't possibly follow my instructions half way. It's all or nothing! You've got to play my way or not at all and I say—"Liquor is out—absolutely out!"

I know it's hard when you're at a party and everybody else is drinking, and I know you'll get a lot of kidding from your friends, but just say, "Sylvia won't let me!" Then have a tomato juice cocktail instead! Or water.

If you're going to string along with me, if you're going to make yourself lovely, you've got to climb up on that water wagon—and stay there! Two cocktails will undo all the reducing work you've done in a week. Is it worth it? Going through all the exercises, following the diet, etc., and then undoing it all by sipping a couple of cocktails? Ask yourself that question. I've no patience with a girl who hasn't the stamina to refuse a cocktail.

Your letters tell me that you have refused sugar and butter and all the things I've vetoed in the diet. But that isn't all you've got to refuse. No liquor, girls, and that's final!

Most of the letters I got this month asked me how to reduce the legs. One very intelligent young woman, who is a physical education teacher, reminded me that a lot of the screen stars had been dancers and, therefore, must have had muscular calves which they have no longer. She wants to know if these muscular calves can be taken off. Can they? Listen, when Constance Cummings first came to me her legs were enormous. Look at her legs now—they are beautiful. I reduced Constance Cummings' legs two and one-half inches in the calves. You can reduce yours. You can do it yourself. I also reduced the legs of Norma Shearer, Madge Kennedy, Alice White and hundreds of others.

ON the following pages you will find pictures and under them directions. If you follow my instructions I guarantee that you will be rewarded. You can take off from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in your ankle measurement and you can take off more than that from the calves.

Muscles are more difficult to reduce than fat, but muscles can be taken off, too. I know, because I have done it. Just stick to it and to it.

If you are bow legged you can help that by taking off the flesh from the outside of the legs and leaving the flesh on the inside, thus making your legs *seem* straight.

I've given you a lot of exercises in this series and I'm going to

If You Want A Figure

Says Sylvia

Everything you want to know
about reducing or gaining weight

give you a lot more. Now, you'll ask me when you will have the time to do them all. Well, here's the answer. Take your choice. Do your dancing exercise for one hour every night or afternoon (don't neglect that), and then give twenty minutes in the morning to the other exercises. Choose the exercises that you need most, the ones that will reduce the spots that need reducing, and concentrate on them. Just use common sense. I can't think for you, you know. You've got brains—use them! Think for yourselves. You don't need to ask me about every move.

MAYBE your hips are too fat—well, concentrate on the hip exercises. Or, maybe it's your stomach that needs taking off, or the legs or arms (you'll find an exercise for reducing the arms illustrated and explained on this page)—so pick out whatever is right for you and devote the twenty minutes to that. Common sense is a great thing. Try cultivating a little of it.

Hundreds of you have given me your height and asked me what you should weigh. That's so darn silly. That's where common sense comes in. Those charts of the right weight for the height are a lot of bunk. No two people are alike—some have bigger bones than others, some have firmer flesh. You know how you look and how you feel. Either reduce or build yourself up until you look and feel as you want to.

Don't go by silly charts. Use your head. Exercise your brains. Fat women who won't work to reduce have fatty brains also.

Do you think just by learning your height that I can tell you to the half-pound what you should weigh? Now, honestly, isn't that ridiculous? When you look grand, when you feel fine—then you know you have accomplished what you have wanted to accomplish. Of course, once you are at the weight you want to be then you do not need to

This will reduce your arms. Stand as I am here, on tip-toe against the wall. Stretch as high as you can with fingers. Then, trying not to move your hands at all (they will, of course, move about a half inch) slowly wiggle yourself down with tiny jerks until your heels touch the floor. Note how it pulls your arms. Work up to twenty times on this. It will reduce upper and lower part of arms. Also, with one hand dig into the muscles of the other arm—with cold cream on your fingers—as I have shown in the leg exercises on the next page



follow the diet. But here again you must use your head. Stay away from rich, greasy food. Learn to be sensible and don't depend upon people for advice all the time.

I believe that when you've followed my diet long enough to be the weight you want to be you'll be wise enough to refrain from highly seasoned, rich, greasy food. I believe that your stomach won't want it any more. But if you feel yourself gaining weight again—then back to the diet for you.

But even if you stop the diet don't neglect the exercises. They will give you good, firm, beautiful flesh and they will keep your eyes sparkling and your skin fresh and your body in perfect physical trim.

My diet is not harmful. It gives you plenty of food and it gives the bones the nourishment they need, but if you have some special trouble, like kidney trouble, for instance, and are on a doctor's diet, you should take my diet to your doctor and ask him what part of it you can use and what part you can't.

AND if you're anemic but live in a Northern part of the country and can't get the turnip tops, eat a lot of baked apples and lettuce. But steam the lettuce over a fire with a little water for three minutes and then eat it. I've lately discovered that spinach clogs the system, so instead of eating spinach put it in cold water, just enough to cover it and let it simmer slowly for an hour and a half. Strain off the juice and drink it. It is bitter and tastes like the devil but it's as near as you can get to pure iron and it will give you pep. It will also greatly benefit anemic people.

If you're getting tired of just plain mineral oil and lemon juice on your salads, here's a reducing dressing that is delicious. Put about a half inch of mineral oil in a bottle. Add a half inch of catsup, six ounces of lemon juice, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, juice of one onion or juice of a clove of garlic, one half teaspoon of paprika and celery salt to taste. Shake this good and hard. There—that's something to shake instead of a cocktail and, believe me, that will do you good, whereas a cocktail will do you plenty of harm!

SO this is what you've learned from the Article and pictures this month—no cocktails, how to reduce the legs and arms, how to hold your shoulders up and more about the diet. Next month I am going to show you how you can take off a double chin and keep it off. I have done it to my patients and you can do it, too. I'll also tell you how to keep your hands from wrinkling, your mouth from sagging and how to get rid of laughing wrinkles. Oh, I've got some startling things for you next month and I don't want anybody to miss these things, so here is your review of what has gone before. You girls

Leg position for exercise described below to reduce the ankles. You can't actually touch toes with fingertips, but that's not the idea



Sit on the floor in this position. Take hold of the calf of your leg and, with hands like this, squeeze and squeeze hard. Dig under the muscles with thumbs and fingers. Bring both hands around to fat part, letting thumbs rest on shins. With fingers and palms of hands dig in. Keep leg muscles relaxed and work with hands. To reduce ankles lie on floor with legs in position above, toes pointed. With arms above head, forming straight line through body from tips of fingers to toes, spring up. Try to touch toes with fingertips, but do not relax toes. Do this a few times at first and work up to twenty times a day. Note sharp jerking sensation in ankles. Spread towel over legs and ankles and beat the flesh through the towel with palms of hands. Hit hard, but keep legs relaxed. Toe dancers have big calves because they can't relax their legs

and women who haven't gotten in on this business of being beautiful and happy and well—here's your chance.

FOR FAT GIRLS

General Reducing Diet

Breakfast

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.
Cup of black coffee (no sugar).
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

Luncheon

(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)
Glass of tomato juice.
Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)
or
Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers)
In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.

Dinner

Fruit cup
Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.
Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.
Small broiled rare steak
or
Double lamb chop
or
One slice of 1/4-inch thick roast beef
or

Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing

or

Two slices of broiled lamb

or

Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres.

(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy.)

Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)

No bread, instead do this:

Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about 1/4 inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.

Gelatin

or

Baked apple without sugar

or

Stewed fruits without sugar.

Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.

GET out of bed at six A. M. For twenty minutes take this exercise.

Lift hands over head, swing body round and round from the waist, feet kept straight in front and about two feet apart. Feel all the muscles from ankles to fingertips move. Swing body, hands above your head, from side to side. This is to limber you up and to prepare you for reducing in spots.

In the afternoon, or at night, turn on the radio and, with arms above your head, dance an old-fashioned two-step, hips swaying from side to side and spine moving. One two and one two and one two. Take a fairly long step and bend your knees. Do this for one hour every afternoon or night. Take it easy the first few days but get more vigorous as you begin to get more pep. These exercises and the diet will [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely



CLEANSING • LUBRICATING • STIMULATING • PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same inexpensive care famous society women use

“WHAT needless extravagance to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost.”

So Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, and countless other women of wealth and leisure have come to know that the skin needs just four things to make and keep it lovely: Cleansing... Lubricating... Stimulating... Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float out dust and grime... To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's



Mrs. Morgan Belmont

have made Cleansing Tissues which are *softer*, more absorbent... Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

For lubricating, again Pond's Cold Cream! Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic... Stimulating is the job of Pond's Skin Freshener. It tightens the pores and tones the skin by quickening circulation... To give ideal protection is the business of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is “essential,” Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says.

FOLLOW Pond's Method to keep your skin radiantly fresh and clear:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

absorbent... half again as many Tissues in the big new 25¢ box.

2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep the contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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— Is 29 an

"I AM
29"

Esther Ralston

Screen Stars
know the Secret
of *keeping*
Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty!
Is that an age to dread? The
screen stars say no! They keep youth-
ful loveliness through the years.

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart,
"but I don't dread my next birth-
day a bit! Nowadays it's possible
for a woman to grow even *more*
charming as the years go by—if she
is willing to take sensible care of
her complexion!"

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston.
"No one need fear birthdays. We
on the screen, of course, *must* keep
youthful charm and a young-look-
ing skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, *do* these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who
owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood.
"A young-looking skin is absolutely neces-
sary" she says. "That's why I've used Lux
Toilet Soap for years."

Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

LUX

age to Dread?

"I AM
29"
Anita Stewart

tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully *white*—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their *official* soap.

Surely *your* skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

Toilet Soap — 10¢



Sari Maritza wears Parisian gowns, speaks the most cultured British, had a Hungarian mother and was born in China. She is just twenty-two

Tala Birell is also twenty-two, is a Viennese with a Polish mother, and speaks German, French, English and Polish, but wants to think American

Two New Exotics

THE Girls Who Danced With Charlie Chaplin Club is almost as big as the Association of Those Who Waltzed With H. R. H., The Prince of Wales.

And now comes this Sari Maritza and the story of a tango that brought her fame.

Her background is as exciting as her eyebrows. Born in Tientsin, China, of English and Hungarian parents, she has traveled all over the world, but it was in London that she met Chaplin and danced with him and went to all the smart night clubs and cocktail parties. And there was so much publicity about it that a representative from a German film company traveled from Berlin to London to get Sari's name on the dotted line (her real name, incidentally, is Patricia Detring-Nathan).

An American producer saw her and signed her, so now she's in Hollywood where Paramount is making plans to introduce her to American audiences. Howdy, Sari, glad to meet you.

TALA BIRELL, of Vienna, is about as much like the Viennese charmers they have in musical plays (with soft tunes and Maurice Chevalier) as Buster Keaton is like Clark Gable.

You could call Tala the "no" girl—no gorgeous home, no mysterious glamour, no constant looking back longingly to that—"ach, such a loffely country, my Austria."

Instead, she is trying to speak English, to think English, to have American thoughts. Off screen, she prefers charm to glamour but before the camera she's as exotic as a red camellia.

Tala was a good actress in Austria. She was signed by Universal for foreign versions and then learned to speak English so fast that executives handed her Emile Zola's "Nana," in which she will have the lead. And they are giving odds that she'll be a big star. Her ambition is to speak English so well that audiences won't say, "Oh, another foreigner with another accent. Ho hum."

WHAT YOU CAN BUY THESE DAYS

with that \$3 this tooth paste saves you!

THE HOUSE

Chamber or wooden chair
 Window shades or screens
 Curtains, napkins, or towels
 Table cloth, bedspread, or
 sheets
 Couch cover or cotton
 blankets
 Carpet sweeper or radio
 tubes
 Medicine cabinet or good
 skillet
 Electric fan, iron, or toaster

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
 Sweater, gloves, or knickers
 Pyjamas or underwear
 Bathrobe or kimono
 Swimming suit, muffler, or
 raincoat
 Sneakers, moccasins, or
 slippers
 Shoes, rubbers, or galoshes
 Girdle or negligee
 Dress or frock

FOODS

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10
 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops,
 2 chickens, a large roast, 12
 jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese
 cakes or angel cakes, 6 qts.
 olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 180
 oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 150 lbs.
 potatoes, 147 lbs. flour, 40
 lbs. prunes, 60 lbs. sugar, 36
 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee,
 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread, 6
 doz. eggs, 5 lbs. butter, 6 lbs.
 cheese, 30 cans soups or beans,
 30 large cans evaporated milk,
 30 cans tomato juice, 15 large
 cans peaches, 12 large cans
 (pears or pineapple or fruit
 for salad), 20 large cans spin-
 ach, 30 cans spaghetti, 20
 cans cocoa, 10 jars marmalade,
 20 packages pancake flour,
 20 packages rice flakes, 24
 packages oats, several lbs. of
 candy, 15 qts. ginger ale or
 other beverage

On the basis of the use of
 a tube per month, Lister-
 ine Tooth Paste at 25¢
 saves approximately \$3
 a year over dentifrices
 in the 50¢ class. Below
 are a few suggestions as
 to how to spend the
 money you save.

VARIOUS NEEDS

Umbrella, suitcase, or trav-
 elling bag
 A good book
 Brief case or desk set
 Fountain pen, or thermos
 bottle
 Hot water bottle
 Clothes brush, hair brush,
 and nail brush (all 3)
 6 Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth
 Brushes
 Jack-knife or pen-knife
 A Kodak or camera films
 Handbag or costume
 jewelry
 Cold Cream
 Face Powder

FOR CHILDREN

A baseball bat and glove
 A doll or doll carriage
 A tricycle or scooter
 Bicycle tires or toy soldiers
 An inexpensive wrist watch
 Ice skates or roller skates
 Rompers, frocks, or shoes
 A toy locomotive

AMUSEMENTS

Tennis balls, net, or racket
 Fishing rod, basket, or reel
 Golf balls or a golf club
 Shotgun shells, or a camp
 cot
 Tickets to a theatre or ball-
 game
 Phonograph records, or
 player and records

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or
 jack
 Spotlight, or tail and stop
 light
 Horn, or brake bands
 or tube

25¢

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

it won leadership

Your common sense tells you that Listerine Tooth Paste did not capture leadership because of that appealing price of 25¢. It had to produce results—quick—positive—lasting—to win millions to it in less than four years. Like you, all men and women are critical of the tooth paste they buy. Quality and results first—price last.

Good as the Name

In suggesting that you try Listerine Tooth Paste, we ask that you remember that it is made by the makers of Listerine. We have a reputation of producing only the best. It is a point of honor with us—also good business. And we are proud of this paste. That

we can produce it at such a price is due to the fact that we have cut manufacturing costs by improved methods of production.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste, get a tube at once. Forget the price advantage and look for

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

by brilliant results

these benefits:

Invigorates Mouth

Swift, gentle cleansing action which erases tartar, discolorations, and removes food particles without harm to enamel.

The flashing, brilliant luster it imparts to teeth.

The wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself.

You will be delighted with Listerine Tooth Paste the moment you try it. And that saving of \$3 a year, while not large, will nevertheless be welcome these days. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

• a friend to your teeth . . . a pal to your pocketbook •



Corinne Captures England

HERE'S the answer to that question, "What's become of Corinne Griffith?"

The orchid lady of the screen is making pictures in England. But that's not all. She and hubby Walter Morosco have taken a house in the exclusive Mayfair section of London and are entertaining lords, ladies, dukes and all sorts of impressive people.

And even the Prince of Wales dropped around to the studio where Corinne is making "Lily Christine," and autographed the script she's working on. But wait—there's more. Many very socially prominent Britishers are acting as extras in the film—top hats, monocles and all.

Adolphe Menjou is working at the same studio and there's much friendly rivalry between Corinne and Adolphe. Not professional jealousy, mind you, but a little checking-up to see which star has

Corinne Griffith has become one of the most sought after personalities in London society and motion pictures. Here is a new Chanel gown she wore when she danced with the Prince of Wales a few weeks ago. It is a startling creation of white velvet with a peacock feather design hand-painted in varying shades and tones of gray. The circular train is caught up on the side with a jeweled clasp, for dancing

had the most royal visitors during the day.

Before she started to work Corinne was at a cocktail party—yes, they have them over there—given by Viscount Castlerosse (impressed?). She was chatting with a man whose name she did not hear upon introduction, and she explained to him that she would return to the screen if she could play in "Lily Christine." but that she had heard that the author, Michael Arlen, was pretty

choosy about the heroine and wouldn't sell the book unless he personally approved the actress.

"Michael Arlen would be delighted if you would do the story," the unknown gentleman said.

"How do you know?" asked Corinne. "Because I am Michael Arlen."

Arlen was so finicky about his heroine because the plot of the story hinges upon the fact that the gal is nearsighted and wears horn-rimmed glasses. And the average actress wouldn't do it.

"Pooh," said Corinne, "what do I care?" Or maybe she said something British that means the same thing.

So when you see the picture you'll find the lass, whom Gloria Swanson called the most beautiful woman in pictures, wearing cheaters. But we wouldn't care if Corinne wears goggles just so long as she comes back.

RUNS RUNS *Runs*



Why blame stockings when YOU may be at fault?

"ANOTHER PAIR GONE!"—natural to blame the stockings. But *you* may have caused those expensive runs!

When your stockings are new, they are *elastic*. They give instead of breaking under strain. Stretch and spring right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they *break*.

At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or fastening your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

SO WHY take chances? Lux is especially made to *preserve* elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new. That's why it offers you the sure way to make your stockings *wear*—make them keep their perfect, flattering *fit*.

The Lux Way to save the ELASTICITY that makes stockings wear and fit

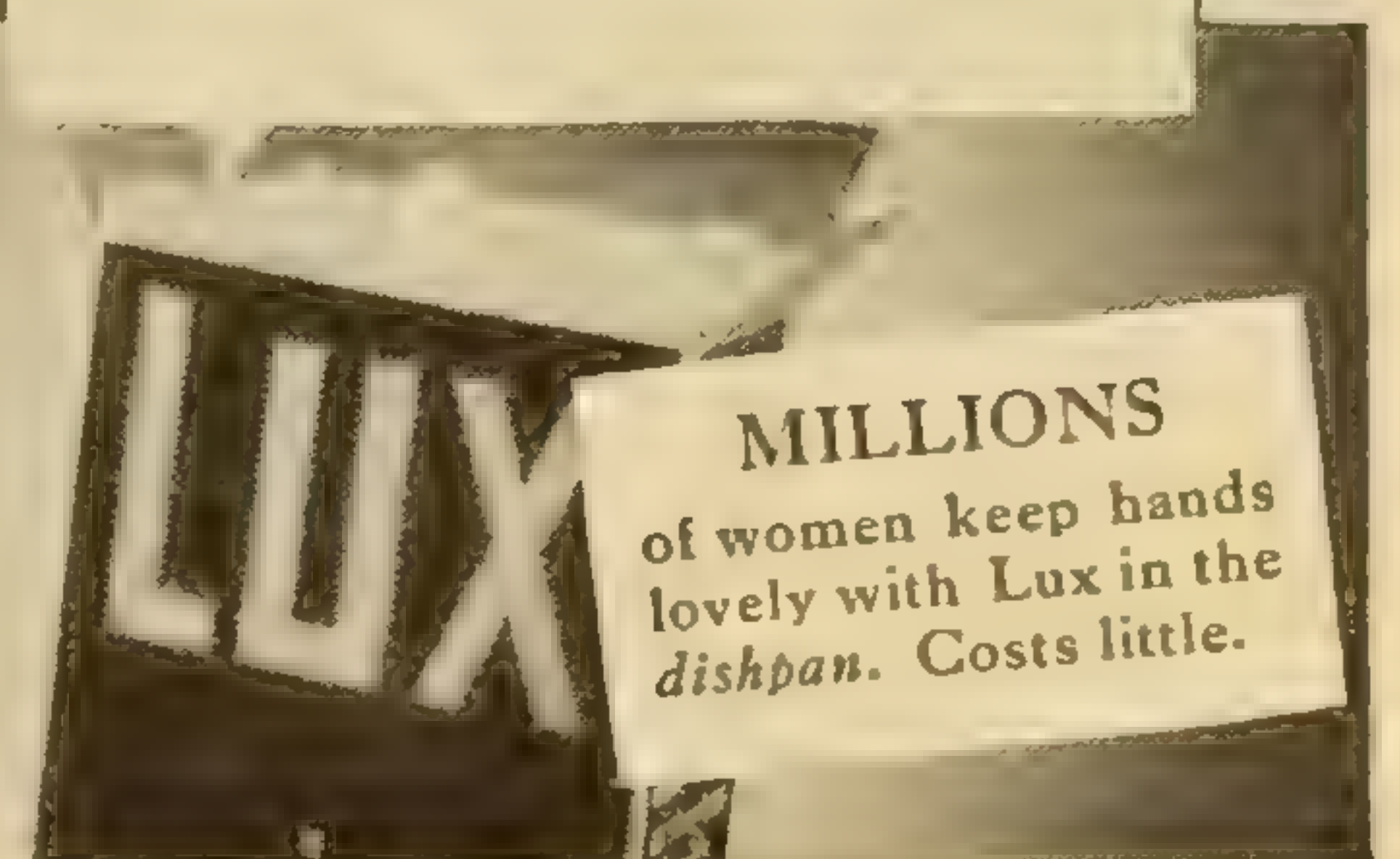
Wash this 2-minute way:

1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



MILLIONS
of women keep hands
lovely with Lux in the
dishpan. Costs little.



THIS is what the mixer sees when he looks out from his little monitor room high in the stage's rafters. The mixer, you know, is the lad who sees that voice and action jibe. Way up there, he is the lord of everything he surveys and the actors and directors look pretty insignificant. Only the voice concerns him. That's John Miljan doing a scene for "Are You Listening?" which Harry Beaumont directs. The camera is on a travelling "dolly." Note the lonely electrician working the giant spotlight

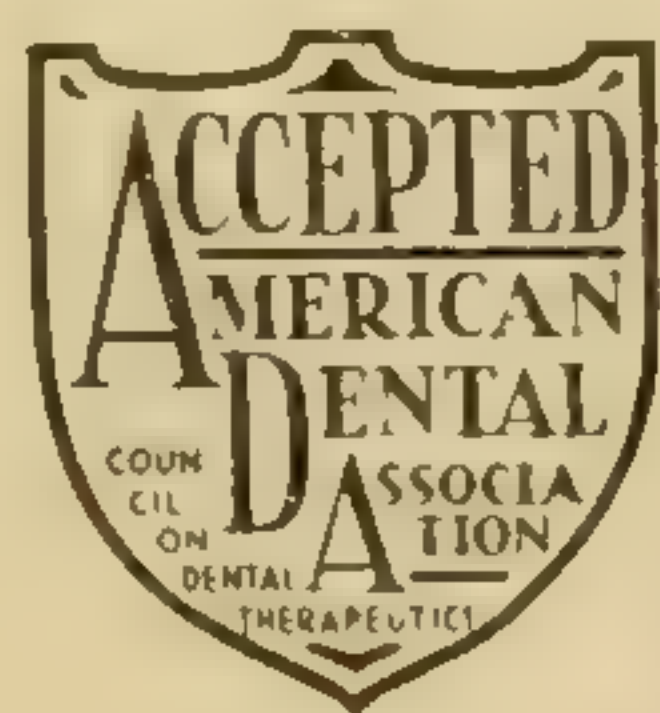
"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it... that's why!"



She's a good scout—my mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he *likes* to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I *like* it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess *she's* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, Dept. 152, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



25¢

How About More And Better Picnics For The Coming Summer?

Corn on the cob, baked eggs and potatoes, and broiled bacon

THIS is the season of the year when the picnic germ is in the air, along with poison ivy, wanderlust, and calls for sulphur and molasses.

Secret mountain caves and beach nooks are haunted once more and picnic fires laid.

Neil Hamilton has his own special retreat for picnics near his beautiful new home, located midway between mountains and sea, and cooks an outdoor meal there frequently, prefaced by a swim or a hike.

A seasoned picknicker can always be spotted by his paraphernalia, which is limited to the minimum.

Whereas an amateur goes on a picnic with everything but the kitchen stove, Hamilton makes his little jaunts with practically nothing *but* the kitchen stove. Or rather, the stove grate.

HAMILTON offers this grate suggestion as a helpful one for all those at the beginning of picnic careers. Two flat rocks will support the grate over the campfire and will eliminate that annoyance of tipped coffee pot and cooking pans.

For the following picnic dinner, a large campfire is laid, since nearly the entire menu is cooked in the coals, after the blaze has died down to a steady heat.

Ears of corn in their shucks are laid on the coals, along with some Irish potatoes, apples and eggs.

"There is no danger of the egg shells cracking if the fire is kept at a medium temperature," Hamilton explained. "Doctors say eggs are most healthful when either cooked slightly or very well done. By leaving the eggs in the coals for half an hour I find that they are cooked to a delicious mealiness."

IT is best to allow at least an hour for the potatoes and apples, with slightly less time for the corn. Sweet potatoes can be roasted in the same way.

When Neil takes the "sweets" from the coals, he slits the tops of them, inserts a chunk of butter, presses the opening closed



This is not a miner's dugout, but the favorite picnic retreat of the Neil Hamiltons. And Neil says he can cook better than the little woman.

and leaves them on top of the grate for ten minutes to melt the butter.

When the apples are cooked they can either be peeled, or halved, cored, and eaten from the skin.

Long sticks are sharpened to a point for cooking the bacon, which is held close to the coals.

THE secret of cooking bacon is not to have the fire too hot, says Hamilton. A hot blaze will cause the bacon grease to melt too quickly and extinguish the fire.

Toast may be prepared one of two ways. Either the slices of bread placed on the grate, or held directly over the fire on pointed sticks.

"The beauty of this picnic meal is that one person can handle all the operations," said Hamilton. "No need for half a dozen people fussing around the campfire, getting in each other's way and knocking over pots and pans."

"In fact, until it is time for the final details, the dinner requires very little attention."

FOR members of the party who might prefer sandwiches to eggs and potatoes, Neil always carries a well-filled, large open-mouth glass jar, containing sandwich material.

This is made according to your very best recipe for chicken salad, but in place of chicken he uses pork.

Buy a strip of loin pork chops and boil this, in water containing plenty of salt, until nice and tender; then chop into small cubes and mix as for chicken salad.

Of course, the long sandwich loaves which now come already sliced, are not opened until you are ready to put the salad mixture on. You will then have a sandwich more delicious than the average chicken salad sandwich.

The most lagging appetite cannot fail to rally under this combination of outdoor air and tantalizing campfire odors. Neil Hamilton and his wife call it their special eighty-five cent luncheon!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

OLIVE OIL...

the great beauty oil

this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and *protects* the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

*Keep that Schoolgirl
Complexion*



ACTUAL SIZE!

This 6-inch test tube shows the exact amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

ASK THE ANSWER MAN

WHEW! Is there no end to this lad's popularity? Your old answer man has just come up for air, smothered under a stack of mail this high containing questions about Phillips Holmes. Funny, you folks have just discovered that Phil is a swell actor, for he's been playing in pictures four years.

Grand Rapids, Mich., is noted for two things—furniture and Phil Holmes. That's where the lad first took notice of an amazing world on July 22, 1909. He was born to fame, for his father is Taylor Holmes, one of the better actors.

Phil went to Trinity College in England (that's why sometimes you hear a slight British accent when he speaks his lines), but he finished his education at Princeton. His ambition was to be a prize-fighter, but troupers' blood flowed in his veins and the call of the studios was too much for him. He has made one picture right after the other, a few of which are "The Devil's Holiday," "Stolen Heaven," "Confessions of a Co-Ed," "Two Kinds of Women," "An American Tragedy" and "Broken Lullaby." His latest one is "Night Court."

Although he's one of Hollywood's most popular beaux, he has steered clear of marriage or even engagements—so far. Phillips Holmes is his real name, he is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has naturally blond hair and blue eyes.

M. B. TURNER, DEPEW, N. Y.—You've given Gloria Swanson one too many husbands. Michael Farmer is her fourth husband. The other three were Wallace Beery, Herbert Sornborn and the Marquis de la Falaise.

MINA CORY-WRIGHT, LONDON, ENG.—So you're just discovering Ramon Novarro. No, he has never been married and his voice is quite as lovely in real life as it comes through to you in the talkies. He was born February 6, 1899.

C. H. J., CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm sorry to tell you that you're wrong, but it was Basil Rathbone who played the suave *Philo Vance* in one of the S. S. Van Dine stories. Bill Powell played the smart detective in the others.

A KANSAS CITY GIRL, MO.—I don't want to mix in any sisterly quarrels, but you are right. It's Norman Foster—not Norman Kerry—who is married to Claudette Colbert.

MAE HOBBS, OMAHA, NEB.—Yes ma'am, that's Mae Clarke's real name and she was born in Philadelphia, Penna. She played the lead in "Impatient Maiden" after she played in "Frankenstein," so you see those silly rumors were wrong.

MRS. HAZEL BANNING, DECATUR, ILL.—Can't a lady's weight change? (Just ask Sylvia!) Joan Crawford used to weigh 122, but now she's tipping the scales at 130. She is five feet, four inches tall. You're right about the Clark Gable pictures. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Mont.

JANE OWEN, SCARSDALE, N. Y.—Here's everything you want to know about crooner Bing Crosby. He is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and was born May 2, 1904 in Tacoma, Wash. Dixie Lee is the missus.

J. DENERT, NEW YORK CITY.—Travis Banton is the lad responsible for the clothes Marlene Dietrich wore in "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Robert Ames died on November 27, 1931. He was 42 years old. Warren William was born December 2, 1895.

MRS. R. H. PUHLE, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—You win the argument. John Boles began his



Here's a nice informal picture of Taylor Holmes' favorite son, Phillips. He's been in the movies for years but you question askers have evidently just discovered him. His great work in "Broken Lullaby" did it!

picture career before talkies. He was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Love of Sunya." Remember now?

CHARLIE RUGGLES FAN, HILLSBORO, OHIO.—Yes, Connie Bennett has a son named Peter, but he is an adopted child. Wesley and Charles Ruggles are brothers. Lots of talent in that family.

BUELLA WALKER, LOUISVILLE, KY.—No, Janet Gaynor hasn't any children. That was Una Merkel in "Wicked," with Elissa Landi.

AUDREY BOWEN, BRONX, N. Y.—Yes indeed, Audrey, Gene Raymond's hair is naturally blond and don't let Gene hear you hint that it isn't. Eddie Woods was born in Arizona.

BETTY SACHS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Here's the news about your little favorite. Leon Janney

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

was born in Ogden, Utah, April 1, 1917 and he's been in pictures since 1925.

A. B. BANKER, TROY, N. Y.—I think you have Leila Hyams confused with someone else. She was born in New York City and her mother and father were the famous vaudeville team of "Hyams and McIntyre."

EDITH MIRMAN, NEWPORT, R. I.—Marilyn Miller isn't married now. Her first husband, Frank Carter, was killed. She was once married to Jack Pickford, but they are divorced.

DORIS DETERS, WATERLOO, IOWA.—That's Clark Gable's real name and he was born Feb. 1, 1901.

MRS. IRA BRONSON, MANSFIELD, OHIO.—Paul Lukas is married to a non-professional named Gizella Benes Lukas, but Paul, and all her friends, call her Daisy. He was born May 26, 1896.

JOHN FATICANTI, LEOMINSTER, MASS.—Jackie Cooper is of German and Italian descent but he was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on Sept. 15, 1923.

BILLY DUNLOP, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Greta Garbo had a sister who died. She has a brother who lives in Sweden and is a very handsome boy. Her birthday is Sept. 18 and her latest picture is "Grand Hotel."

TAITO NAKAJIMA, TOKYO, JAPAN.—Edwina Booth is free-lancing now. She was born in Provo, Utah, Sept. 13, 1909 and has blonde hair and dark blue eyes.

DAPHNE CORBIN, TUCSON, ARIZ.—I hope this helps you get Warner Baxter straightened out. That's his real name. His wife is non-professional and he was born March 29, 1891. He has never specialized in gangster films.

EMILY PARRIGIN, LEXINGTON, KY.—Dorothy Gulliver is married to William De Vito. And you're certainly all wrong about Garbo. She has just finished "Grand Hotel" and is living in California.

R. D. H., MARTIN'S FERRY, OHIO.—It was LeRoy Mason who played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Revenge."

HELEN G. SCHWAB, DETROIT, MICH.—Norma Shearer and George Arliss won the 1929 Academy of Motion Picture Awards for the best performances of that year. Norma for her work in "The Divorcee," and Arliss for his work in "Disraeli."

TOM AND BILLY, MOBILE, ALA.—I'm surprised at you boys not knowing all about Jean Harlow. Well, here's the lowdown, anyway. Jean, her real name is Harlene Carpenter, was born in Kansas City, Mo., on March 3, 1911. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 112 and has beautiful blue eyes. Of course you know by now, that she has platinum blonde locks. She has been spending much of her time lately making personal appearances in various theaters throughout the country, but she'll soon be back in Hollywood making pictures.

LILLY PREEDIT, ERIE, PA.—Buddy Rogers, once a movie star, is now spending his time appearing in Ziegfeld's show "Hot-Cha." He broadcasts over the radio some evenings after the performance. Lupe Velez is also appearing in "Hot-Cha." Joan Bennett was recently married to Gene Markey. She has one daughter, Adrienne, by a former marriage.

does the smart **business** Woman wear **tinted** nails or **natural** ?

Both!... Like other smart women today, she varies her nail tint with her gown... } *says world authority on the manicure*



Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender... smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"... black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

YOU ABSOLUTELY can't tell the Girl with a Career from the social butterfly these days. She wears the same elegant clothes, lunches at the same smart restaurants and goes in for the same alluring Variety in nail tints.

The truth is they both know they can't afford *not to be smart*. And to be smart—in or out of business today—you simply can't stick to one lone shade of nail polish.

BESIDES, VARIETY in nail tints actually PAYS. Rose nails can make the simplest little dark blue frock look like a Paris original! And Coral finger tips with the new beiges make your arguments twice as convincing either in the office or at home!

Don't worry about choosing just the right shade for the right gown. You



MISS JERRY MAXWELL • FASHION PUBLICIST • SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

can always refer to the panel above.

But remember there's the necessity for quality as well as color. Cutex is famous for both. You can depend on Cutex Liquid Polish to have a grand lustre, go on smoothly, dry almost instantly, and never crack, peel, streak or fade. It even has a new bakelite cap with brush attached that can't touch the table top. That's efficiency for you!

Go right out and get your favorite Cutex shades today. You can start with a couple—but if you have any executive ability, you'll find time to use all five.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

Follow this easy Cutex Manicure...

First scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other Manicure Essentials for 12¢



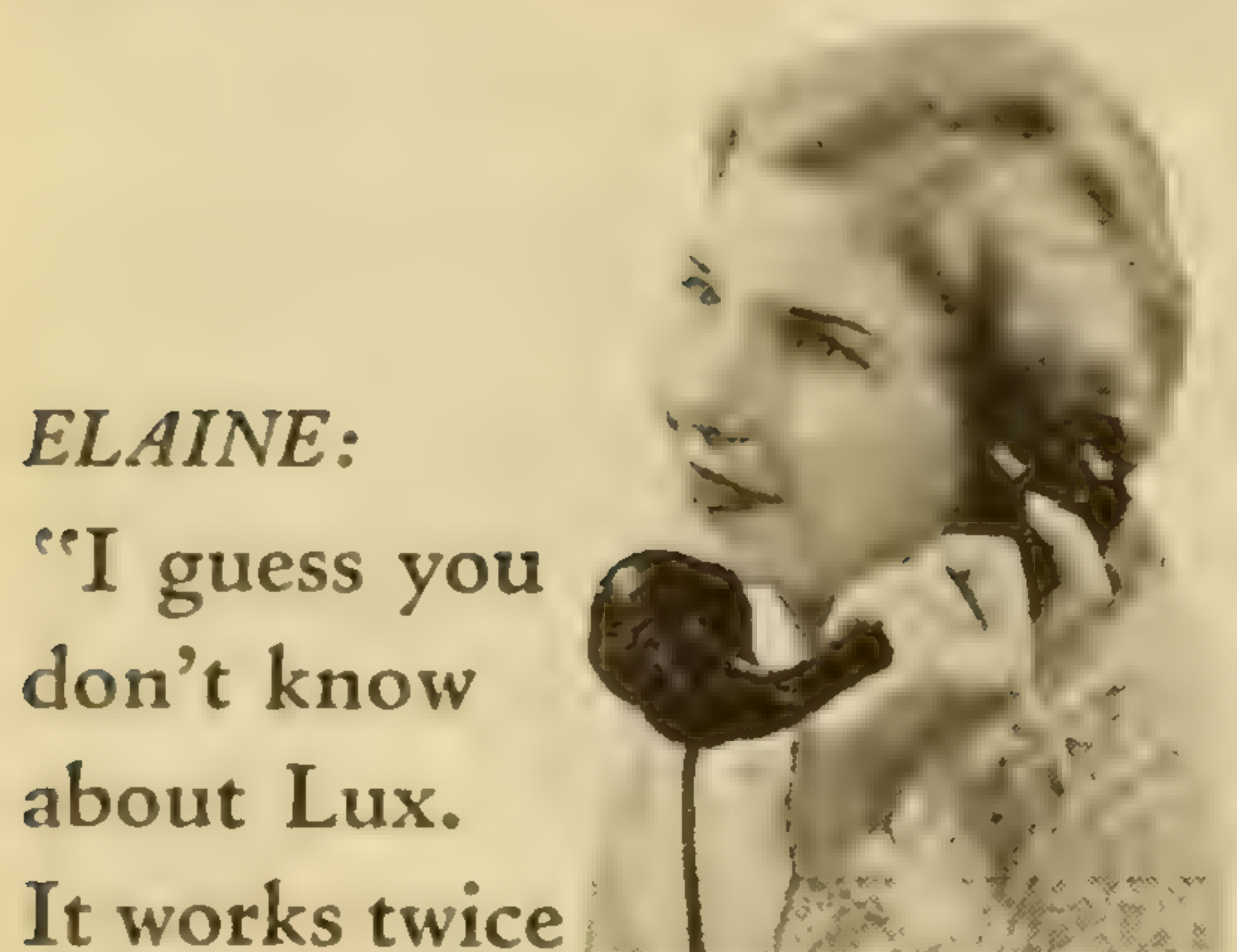
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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked... ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

Cutex Liquid Polish.. only 35¢



NANCY:
"I'm only *half*
through my
dishes...how
do you get
finished
so soon?"



ELAINE:
"I guess you
don't know
about Lux.
It works twice
as fast . . . and, my dear, it's
simply grand for your *hands!*"

TURN DISHWASHING INTO BEAUTY CARE *while you wash dishes faster*

WHY NOT let Lux give your
hands beauty care *right in the
dishpan?*

So many soaps—cakes, powders,
chips—contain harmful alkali which
dries up the beautifying oils of the
skin. Gentle Lux protects these natural
oils—leaves hands softer and whiter
after doing dishes than before!

And the tiny, sheer Lux diamonds
work so quickly. They dissolve *twice*
as fast. In lukewarm water, too. And
they are economical. Lux for all your
dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



LUX for dishes
*Lovely hands for less
than 1¢ a day*

Short Subjects of the Month



Gather 'round, bridge fans, and see yourselves kidded. But you can't help getting a lot of laughs out of "Bridge Wives," a grand short, reviewed below. The famous Culbertson-Lenz tournament was the inspiration for this

BRIDGE WIVES *Cameo-Educational*

The famous Culbertson-Lenz bridge tournament is taken for a terrific ride in this hilarious comedy. Fern Emmett, the leading contestant in an all-feminine tournament, which has been going on for three months, has to retire from play because her husband goes bridge mad.

UNSHOD MAIDEN *Universal*

You mustn't miss this hilarious comedy. The studio dug up "Shoes," a picture made by Mary McLaren fourteen years ago, and put the funniest scenes together with the voice of a great wisecracker describing it as it would be played today. See the possibilities?

HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND! *Mack Sennett-Educational*

Andy Clyde, a jittery, jealous bridegroom! What could be funnier? Poor Andy is a night-watchman who can't keep tabs on wifey—a trouble-making friend adds to the confusion. A goofy comedy with lots of laughs. Dorothy Granger is Andy's everything.

COLLEGE GRAPPLERS *RKO-Pathé*

This time Grantland Rice puts a lot of pep and punch in a wrestling sports-short. He shows college boys being trained and winds up with scenes of gym bouts attended by an enthusiastic, cheering audience. Entertaining.

SLIDES AND GLIDES *Brown Nagel-Educational*

Swell action shots of the winter Olympics at Lake Placid. Skiing, fancy and fast skating, and those death-defying bob sled glides. There's enough punch in this short to make you think you are there yourself. Don't miss it, winter sports fans.

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES *RKO-Pathé*

A lot of big shot comedians, aided by Dorothy Sebastian, get together for a swell bur-

lesque of an old time Western. They didn't miss a trick, for there are Indians, bandits, sheriffs, covered wagons and even the village school ma'am. Very amusing.

PLAYGROUND OF THE MAMMALS

Mack Sennett-Educational

Here is another interesting episode in Mack Sennett's deep sea fishing series. One of the thrills is a one-man tussle with a huge porpoise. Fishermen will get a big kick out of these—the rest of you will be glad just to be sitting on dry land!

BABBLING BOOKS *Paramount*

A lot of nonsense in a book store, with some pretty funny gags of the Marxian type. This short is for the lovers of mad nonsense only, and seems more like a vaudeville routine than a movie.

HOLLYWOOD LUCK *Ideal-Educational*

Those three extra girls who have such trouble crashing the Hollywood studio gates, are again embroiled in a series of escapades. Rita Flynn tries to hitch her wagon to a potential star in this one—quite unsuccessfully. Good fun.

THAT RASCAL *Vanity-Educational*

Introducing another male torch singer, Harry Barris, a rival to Bing Crosby. This young man is a composer, pianist, radio star, and what have you. But he can't count acting as one of his accomplishments. You'll enjoy his songs, but find his comedy dull.

TORCHY'S NIGHT CAP *Educational-Torchy*

Ray (Torchy) Cooke gets into another big business scrape with very amusing results for everybody. This time he loses an important document, saves a man's life, helps some elopers and winds up in court—all in all it makes good entertainment.

ROCKNE SIX

SPONSORED AND GUARANTEED BY STUDEBAKER

Thousands are saying: "This is the car!"



There's freshness—and vigor—and youth—in the aerodynamic design of the Rockne that appeals to everyone who likes distinction.

You want to drive the Rockne the instant you see it. You want to try out that tireless eagerness for going somewhere, doing something, you're sure the Rockne has.

The Rockne is selling fast because it's different, because it has everything in the way of features and advancements.

You know you're right about the Rockne just to feel its six cylinder motor zoom into action on the getaway. You marvel at the Rockne's steadiness and balance even when the speedometer is crowding seventy. You feel more relaxed, more luxuriously comfortable, than you've been in any low-priced car before.

So why take a low-priced car that's just a monument to monotony . . . when you can be original . . . and get a Rockne . . . and get a thrill!

ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION

(A Studebaker subsidiary company)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\$585

*and up
at the factory*

Models and Bodies	Model "65"	Model "75"
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$585	\$685
Coach, 5 passenger	595	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	620	720
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	635	735
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	675	775
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	695	795

All prices f. o. b. factory

FREE WHEELING IN ALL FORWARD SPEEDS...
FULL SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT...SILENT SECOND
SPEED . . . AUTOMATIC SWITCH-KEY
STARTING . . . 4-POINT CUSHIONED POWER



she's got . . .
that certain
SOMETHING

THERE are girls in her crowd more beautiful—but none more popular. Call it personality—call it luck—call it what you will—she's got that certain something!

And not the least of her charms is something she's achieved herself. Something every girl can have . . . a truly lovely complexion!

She knows the importance of a pure, fine face-powder. For impure powders cause blemishes, roughness, large pores. But the use of a safe, lovely powder brings satin smoothness to the skin.

This is the explanation of the magic of Luxor powder. It's made in the Luxor laboratories of pure, highly selected ingredients. It is carefully mixed for perfection of blend. It is sifted mist-fine through layers of tight-stretched silk.

Luxor powder is transparent, of a delightful fragrance and delicacy. You'll find it transforms your complexion to a new petal-smooth beauty. For Luxor powder, too, has "that certain something."

Luxor products are all equally pure, and none are costly: face-powder 50 cents a box, rouge 50 cents, lipstick 50 cents.



Luxor, Ltd.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St.
Chicago, Illinois

PP-D

I know purity is important. Here's ten cents for a sample of the pure face-powder. (Check) ☐ Rachel.
☐ Flesh. ☐ White.

Name _____

Address _____

Vote for the *Best* Picture of the Year

YOU who read PHOTOPLAY and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year PHOTOPLAY awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year.

But you readers of PHOTOPLAY select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

PHOTOPLAY furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 123½ penny-weights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the

last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

EACH year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it.

Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible.

May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

Alexander Hamilton
American Tragedy, An
Are These Our Children?
Bad Girl
Blue Angel, The
Champ, The
Cimarron
City Lights
City Streets
Criminal Code, The
Daddy Long Legs
Devil to Pay, The
Devotion
Dirigible
Dishonored
East Lynne
Five Star Final

Free Soul, A
Front Page, The
Guardsmen, The
Huckleberry Finn
Illicit
Inspiration
Millionaire, The
Miracle Woman, The
Mother's Millions (also
titled "The She Wolf")
Night Nurse
Paid
Platinum Blonde
Politics
Public Enemy, The
Rango
Secret Six, The

Seed
Sin of Madelon Claudet, The
Sin Takes a Holiday
Skipper
Smart Money
Smiling Lieutenant, The
Spirit of Notre Dame, The
Star Witness, The
Strangers May Kiss
Street Scene
Susan Lenox, Her Fall and
Rise
Tabu
Tol'able David
Trader Horn
Transatlantic
Two Hearts in Waltz Time
Waterloo Bridge

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1931.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Send

in

This

Ballot

Be swim-suit-smart

FOLLOW THE STARS

Dorothy Jordan

Here are swim suits into which has been woven the style-sense, the romance of Hollywood! Suits not only with "fronts" that dare to be new but with "backs" that dare to be different!

Woven of long-fibre, double-duty yarn, specially processed to withstand sun and salt water; cut by hand; knit to fit; styled for free-and-easy swimming! Result? The suit clings to the body without bag or sag; mar or wrinkle.

And colors? Here are heavenly hues that shame the rainbow—colors with the tone and tang of the sea! Why not drink your fill of summer sun in the suits that are "Worn by the Stars of Hollywood"? If your dealer does not have them in stock, write direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

★ DOROTHY JORDAN, as *Maggie May* in M-G-M's sensational drama, "The Wet Parade," scores a notable success. This charming actress, one of the newer personalities developed by M-G-M, has also appeared in "Shipmates," "Hell Divers" and "Min and Bill." She is a southern girl, and came to pictures from the stage.

★ NEIL HAMILTON, popular M-G-M leading man, plays *Roger* in "The Wet Parade" and appeared also as *Holt* in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." He is noted in many roles as a romantic figure of the screen.

★ ANITA PAGE is one of the galaxy of younger players launched to fame under the M-G-M banner and has won special note as the heroine of "Night Court." She also scored in "Are You Listenin'?", "Reducing," "Caught Short" and others.

CATALINA



Neil Hamilton



Anita Page



Look for the
Flying Fish
on the label

SWIM SUITS



Mail coupon for free "movie-style" folder

Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles. Please send me, free, your illustrated folder, "The Swim Suit I Like Best," showing the ten leading swim suits selected for 1932 by screen stars.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Zip Go Sylvia's Tresses



By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck



Here is the maiden all forlorn! Sylvia doesn't look as if she liked her short locks. Do you? You'll know better when you see her in "Jerry and Joan"

HOLLYWOOD faces create new styles in beauty. Those convex foreheads, for example. Smooth, high, rounded like a well-fed infant's. We've always had them, of course, but we haven't always showed them. Even now they shatter all accepted concepts of beauty. But they are interesting, and they are different. Notice Joan Crawford's, for example! Up, up and curving decidedly outward. It does light up a face, give you something to look at besides just the parts we usually see. If you have such a forehead, now is the time to capitalize on its beauty value. Just remind your friends, if they question it, that it's a decided facial vogue in Hollywood. That ought to make it all right.

AND now that I've mentioned Joan Crawford let me say that I never saw her about Hollywood by day without those dark glasses, black I think. They protect her eyes, ward off squinting lines from brilliant light and glare. Not a bad idea when we motor, go boating or spend hours on the beach. Amber glasses are quite as restful and protective for the eyes and do not give quite as much a beetle look as black ones do. But slip a pair in your week-end bag or beach bag by all means.

RECENTLY I saw Bebe Daniels in New York and she told me she never liked herself blonde. In fact, she had her temporarily blonde hair dyed back to its natural color and then let it grow out its own nice brown way. This is a very good idea when that henna pack or bleach hasn't turned out quite as satisfactorily as we hoped. Go to a good hair specialist and have your hair dyed its own color. This is one time when you won't have to worry about the color that is growing out next to your scalp.



Does this headdress worn by Garbo in "Grand Hotel" presage a new style in hair? That back lock reminds us of the childhood wisps our mother tied with a ribbon

Does Spring sunshine find your skin not quite flawless? Or have you a little roll above your high-waisted belt or other beauty worries? We have a booklet on normal weight, a complexion leaflet, and a special May letter telling of half a dozen new beauty helps. Any or all are yours for a stamped self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

After eight years of long hair Sylvia Sidney cheerfully says good-bye to her tresses. She was the last long-haired leading woman on the Paramount lot

JEAN HARLOW'S natural hair, we have it on good authority, is a medium brown. But Jean very likely knew what she was about when she changed. She'd probably never have had the masculine screengoers agog without that silver crown. Or is it those fulsome curves?

WHEN you saw "Lady with a Past" did any of you notice that little patting attention that Constance Bennett applied several times to her smooth curls? Apparently that is a very real mannerism with Miss Bennett, for at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood and on one other occasion I saw her do exactly the same thing. Just a little light, reassuring pat to those back curls, just to be sure they're all there, in place. It's a charming gesture when hands are as lovely as Connie's. She says she soaks her finger tips in warm olive oil every night to keep them in good condition. Well, it certainly works. But olive oil is a little messy. A cuticle cream or hand cream molded or massaged about the finger tips keeps them in perfect condition. You do not need to sleep in gloves, either.

MARLENE DIETRICH in "Shanghai Express" showed us something nice to be done with a long, curled bob parted at the side. Let the heavy side stay full and brush the other side back to expose the ear. Miriam Hopkins does this sometimes, too, and I saw a young artist with hair this way at a party the other evening. It's quite chic and a nice little evening variation for the bob that can't stand too much foolishness. A little brilliantine with the aid of an invisible hairpin or two will help keep that slim side back in place without any obvious effort.

MARIAN MARSH and WARREN WILLIAM . . . in Warner Bros. Feature Production . . . "BEAUTY AND THE BOSS" . . . *Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively.*



...New MAKE-UP Discovery from Hollywood

Individualized color harmony in make-up for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead originated by Filmland's make-up genius, Max Factor.

Magic effect of new color harmony principle doubles beauty! Creates satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours!

96% of Hollywood's stars use it!

COLOR is the secret of beauty in make-up, and by originating cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor, genius of make-up in Hollywood, has at last discovered the real magic of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow are now harmonized in color to emphasize the appeal and attraction of the various types in blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you in the beauty effect created. Each shade of face powder, for example, is created to some living screen star type. It is a true color harmony tone that actually blends beauty with natural complexion colorings. Not just a flat color, but a color tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that strongest daylight or artificial light will never cause Max Factor's face powder to appear off-color, spotty or powdery.

It creates that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen. And clings for hours, too, for screen stars cannot trust a powder that fluffs away.

Proved perfect for you by Hollywood's famous beauties in the severest make-up test known...before the blazing motion picture lights and the searching camera lens.

Now this luxury....Max Factor's face powder...created originally for the stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar the box.



MARIAN MARSH, Warner Bros. star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's Face Powder.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, based on the same amazing color harmony principle are fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

How to Find Your Type in Make-Up

Discover how to emphasize your own individual personality. Find out now that you can really be more beautiful than you are. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion and create your own color harmony chart in Society Make-Up. Accept this priceless gift by mailing coupon now.

WINNIE LIGHTNER, Warner Bros. star in "Manhattan Parade" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively



Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

1-5-51

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," . . . also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name _____	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Address _____	Fair..... ☐	Blue... ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
City _____	Grey... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Only ☐
State _____	Creamy... ☐	Hazel... ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Medium... ☐	Brown... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
	Ruddy... ☐	Black... ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry... ☐
		LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
		Light... ☐	REDHEAD	
		Dark... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark ☐	

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

5% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1932 Max Factor



As SAFE as pure water to freshen SILKS

Keep your printed silks as fresh as flowers with Ivory Snow!

Any fabric . . . any color . . . you can trust in clear water, can be washed safely with Ivory Snow. For Ivory Snow is the same pure soap doctors recommend for a baby's tender skin. It is Ivory Soap blown into tiny, soft puffs for instant dissolving in tepid water, which is the only safe temperature for colors, for silks, for wash-

leather gloves and for woolens.

No need for hot water with Ivory Snow! No flat soap particles that can cling and cause soap spots or streaking! Every puff of Ivory Snow melts like snow itself. Its rich, thoroughly dissolved suds rinse out swiftly and clearly.

You can use Ivory Snow lavishly because it is pure and mild—and that nice, big package costs only 15¢!

HERE'S AGREEMENT!

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

"Ideal for woolens," say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespun, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.

CHAS. P. & G. Co.

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures

IF you don't go to see this picture you will miss a lot of your favorites—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, clever Mitzi Green, Eddie Quillan, debonair Ivan Lebedeff, Arlene Judge and many more. And Mitzi Green does her famous imitations of George Arliss, Marlene Dietrich and Edna May Oliver.

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal

HERE'S your chance to get a peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones of Hollywood, for the *Kelly* girl (June Clyde is charming in the rôle) becomes a big silent star and flops in the talkies, while the *Cohen* boy, played by Norman Foster, writes theme songs. George Sidney and Charlie Murray furnish the comedy—but the comedy is not so good as the story idea.

THE HEART OF NEW YORK—Warners

HERE you have those two wisecracking Jewish comedians, Dale and Smith, erupting nonsense at a break-neck speed; feeding each other gag lines one right after another. Some old but mostly new. The story is not so hot although George Sidney and Anna Appel, his wife, introduce some potent human interest. If you like dialogue humor done in the best manner, see it.

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures

HERE'S a sample of the humor in this one. Husband mistakes piano tuner for doctor. Piano tuner talks about piano's disabilities, but husband thinks he's discussing wife's ailments. Yes, all the gags are as old as that!

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE—First National

ANOTHER newspaper story, another "smashing exposé of yellow journalism," which doesn't hit "The Five Star Final" mark, but, by virtue of a fine cast and realistic treatment, is exciting entertainment. A new lad named Tom Brown plays the city editor of a small town newspaper and plays it remarkably well. You'll remember him. Joan Blondell, who doesn't have a lot to do, is peppy, as usual.

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox

THE title's misleading. This isn't one of those sophisticated, sexy pictures. Instead it's a whimsical, sentimental little opus. It'll entertain, if you can imagine Warner Baxter giving up his career as construction engineer to mother a brood of orphaned children, the oldest of whom is Marian Nixon. It is not very adult entertainment, but you can safely take the kids.

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures

OH, Thackeray, Thackeray, they've dressed your *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes, put her in a Rolls-Royce and elected her queen of the gold diggers. So, if you're a little sentimental and still remember when the reading of "Vanity Fair" was a thrilling experience, you won't like this. But if you just pretend you never heard of the story before, go, by all means, and enjoy Myrna Loy's sprightly acting, her sensational clothes and Conway Tearle's return to the screen.

CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathe

AN old time melodramer of a backwoods lumber camp with a carnival boat thrown in for good measure. Bill Boyd, trifling son of an old lumber boss (Hobart Bosworth), comes through in the final reel. But runaway trains, log jams, and the usual fights, fail to lift it above the mediocre.

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures

ENGLAND takes a broad jab at American gang wars in this hilarious travesty. Henry Kendall does a neat job as the Englishman who falls heir to a Chicago beer racket. He thinks it's a milk business until the bullets start spattering around.

STOWAWAY—Universal

A LOT of melo-melodrama on a coastal freighter that runs between Los Angeles and San Francisco; a lot of fuss about a dance hall gal who is a good gal after all; and a lot of very, very heavy villainy. It's really not so hot. But it's the first time you've seen beautiful Fay Wray on the screen in a long time.

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide

THE whole story revolves around the kidnapping of the sheriff's small son by a bandit who bears a grudge. Bob Steele, as the son grown up, shoots and rides with vigor. It's the same old gunplay and hard riding—but it's good.

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures

THIS importation acted by an English cast deals at great length with supposed evils of the private school system in England. It is not convincing.

WHISTLIN' DAN—Tiffany Prod.

YOU'LL enjoy this Western. It has a plot above the average, plenty of thrills and fast riding. Ken Maynard turns bandit to trap the murderer of his pal, but it takes several reels of exciting action to turn the trick. Joyzelle, a well-known dancer, makes a new type of Western heroine.

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox

THE emeralds! My word, who has the emeralds? Yessir, it's about a band of crooks and a crook who works alone, but the love of a father for his long lost son makes everything right. Thomas Meighan gives a nice restrained performance and Charlotte Greenwood does an amusing job. Linda Watkins has a bit—how come? This picture is not too bad but not too good.

THE BLONDE CAPTIVE—Australian Expedition Syndicate

UP until the last reel this is an exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia and worth anybody's time and money. But in the last reel they drag in a moth-eaten blonde woman who has been supposedly shipwrecked and has taken up her abode with the horrible

AS full of life

IN THE THIRTIES AS IN THE TEENS

*A wonderfully youthful dish
for the modern diet—"better
bran flakes"*

WOMEN and men alike refuse to grow old today. Many a person in his thirties is fully as active as one in his teens.

For people today take better care of themselves. They've learned that to preserve youth and charm you must keep fit and well. And they've followed the lead of active people in eating healthful foods. That's why Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are becoming so popular.

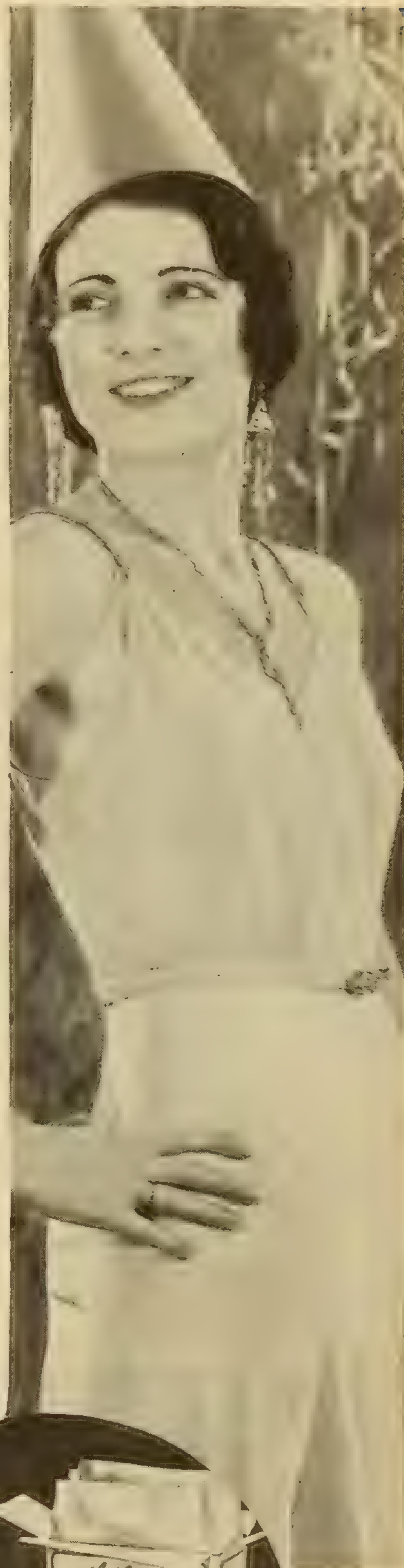
Nature has made an almost perfect food for active people—whole wheat. It's full of iron and minerals, proteins and vitamins. It builds and nourishes. Kellogg has made whole wheat extra delicious by adding the wonderful flavor of *Pep*. Extra healthful because of the bran—just enough to be mildly laxative.

Have these *better bran flakes* often. Extra crisp—extra delicious.

In the red-and-green waxtite sealed package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. *Quality guaranteed.*

FOR THE CHILDREN — Tune in Kellogg's *SINGING LADY* every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA,* WBZ,* WBZA,* WCAR, WJR. At 5.15 Central Time, KOIL, WREN, KWK; at 6.00, WGN. Songs and stories children love.

* When available.



Have a part in selecting the outstanding motion picture that will win the twelfth annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

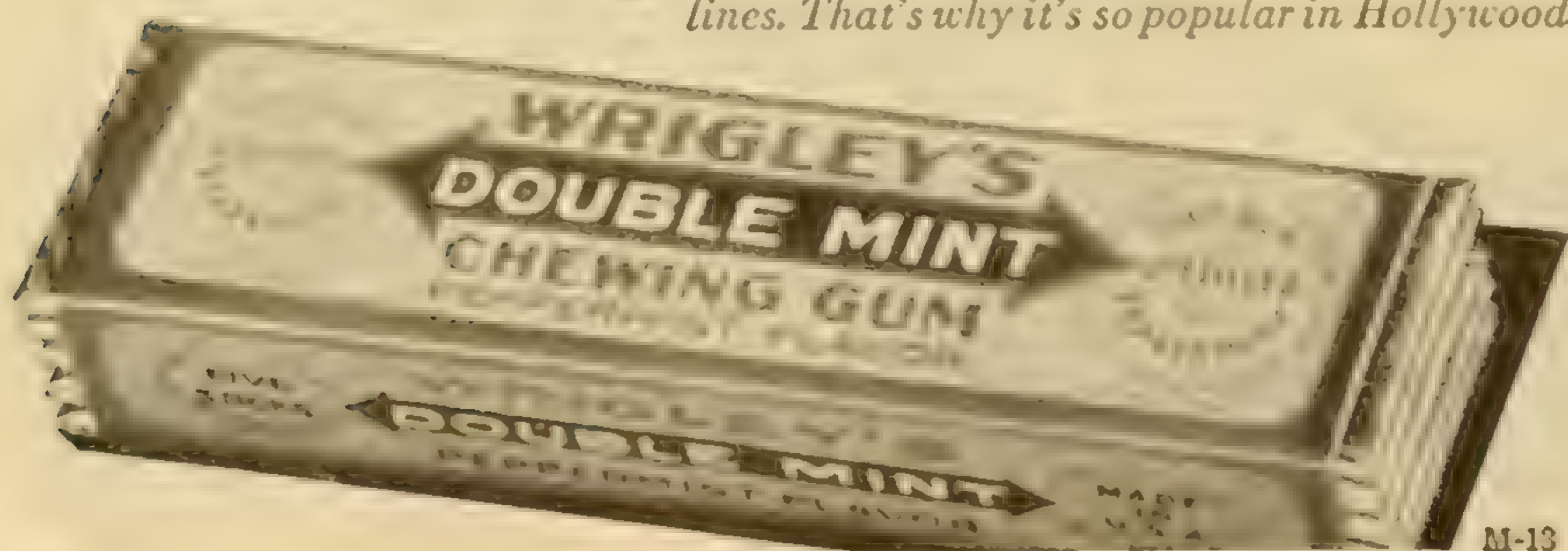
Your ballot awaits you on page 86.



Ask a pretty woman—

The more beautiful you are, the more thought and care you should give to your looks. Facials, for instance, help you to become more alert and **MAGNETIC**. And did you know that the daily chewing of Wrigley's delicious **DOUBLE MINT** is one of the quickest and pleasantest of all Facials? Well, it is—and is being so enjoyed by millions of beautiful women.

● **IT'S A FACT**—Double Mint relaxes tense lines. That's why it's so popular in Hollywood.



M-13

looking natives. Endorsed by the National Research Council of Australia, it is further authenticated by a cable from Dr. Withington which says, "I hereby certify that story of shipwrecked white woman rescued or adopted by blacks is based on facts." That "based on facts" stuff is just a bit thick. We'd like to be shown.

TEMPEST—UFA

EMIL JANNINGS' unique characterization adds much to the entertainment value of this amusing comedy-drama of Berlin's underworld. Anna Sten, the feminine lead, gives an excellent performance. The English titles do help, but they do not adequately explain the story to those who cannot understand German.

THE SHADOW BETWEEN—Best International Productions

THIS English picture has all the ingredients or a plot of ten years ago. Godfrey Tearle (yes, he's Conway's brother) is falsely imprisoned and the little woman nobly pretends to a crime herself in order to follow him there.

The Idol of Yesterday

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

sick, broke or in trouble. They understood that code and believed in it.

And then came the recent illness, when Cos collapsed in the drug-store.

While he was ill, Dolores, whom he had not seen since before her marriage to Jack Barrymore, sent specialists, nurses, flowers, delicacies, and every possible attention was showered upon him.

HELENE, from Paris, immediately cabled her friend, Mrs. Jack Rubin, to go herself to the hospital and see that everything possible was being done and to cable back a report to her.

It was by Jack and Dolores that Cos was moved as soon as possible back to his own apartment, two days before his birthday. He hated the bare walls of the hospital and was happy to get back to his beloved photographs—all that he thought he had left, until he discovered that his children still loved him.

And now he is happy. His little granddaughter plays with him. Soon there will be another grandchild and his tired eyes grow bright as he says, "I want that kid, my granddaughter, to be the greatest actress the screen has ever seen. She represents the fourth generation of the Barrymores and the third generation of the Costellos. Why shouldn't she be great?"

"When Dolores' second baby is born I hope that it will be a boy to carry on the Barrymore name.

"There will be nobody to hand down the name of Costello.

"Sure, I want those children to be actors. I hate these people who knock Hollywood and criticize the picture game."

FIRST his own career was taken from him. Then he put his hopes in his daughters, and they turned away from him. And now he is thinking of his grandchildren as the wearers of the theatrical crown that so rightfully belongs to them.

And so he sits and dreams great dreams of the past and the future.

His doctor, who is also his personal friend, said, "There is nothing really wrong with Cos. The real cure of his trouble, which is caused by worry over his inactivity, would be a big, tough rôle in a picture, something that would challenge the actor in him to give his best to it."

It is a sad thing that Maurice Costello and Florence Turner, who were among the first to build the motion picture industry into its enormous favor with the public, are both today without work, in the very town that they made possible.

And yet Maurice says, "I hate people who criticize Hollywood and knock the picture game."

AND now that the Barrymores and the Costellos are reunited, PHOTOPLAY hopes that as soon as he's on his feet again Maurice Costello will be at work in a studio, showing some of the youngsters of what troupier stuff he is made.



Robert Richee

No, men, this picture doesn't mean that attractive Frances Dee is out of circulation—she's merely posing for the feminine fans! And how they will go for that Classic white satin gown with its majestic train. White beading in a Grecian key motif trims the dress bodice, train and tulle veil. Note the draped neckline and high bodice, girls

"Will it wash?"

"Yes, but use Ivory . . . these new Ivory Flakes are wonderful."



Goodbye to flat flakes
... the new thin *curly*
Ivory Flakes are here!

Did you ever stop to think why salespeople in fine stores everywhere advise Ivory for washing fine fabrics?

Ivory is pure, of course—and safe for anything that water won't harm. That's one reason.

But here's a new reason which salespeople are giving:

Ivory Flakes are *not* flat. *Flat* flakes may flatten on fabrics and not rinse off. And then what happens? A soap spot which may cause permanent damage to a fine silk, and loss of color when the soap is ironed into the material.

Ivory Flakes *can't* stay undissolved. They can't flatten down.

They are tiny feathery *curls* of soap that fluff into suds the moment water touches them. They *won't* float on the water or flatten against the washbowl, and then creep on to your silk.

Even if you use the "lukkest" of lukewarm water, every tiny Ivory curl dissolves.

Use Ivory Flakes this year for all your summer clothes and you'll have a fresh, unfaded wardrobe until the season ends.

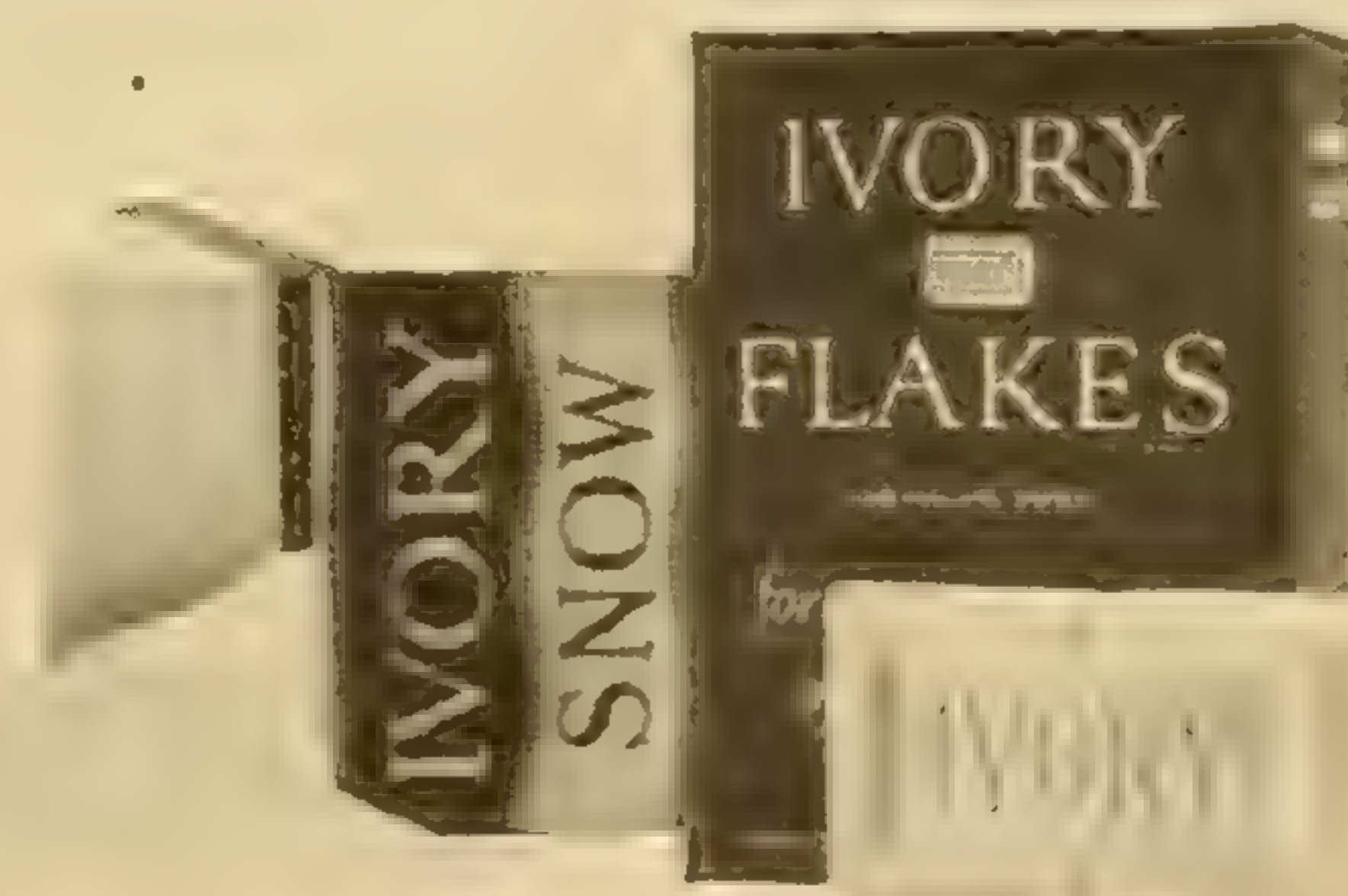
(Note: The silk shown in the above photograph is one of the lovely new Spring patterns of celebrated Truh washable printed silks.)

© 1932 P. & G. Co.

IVORY

Kind to everything it touches

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure





**No more
STREAKED
HAIR** Easily, safely,
you can touch up every fading
strand with lustrous color.

Everywhere you see women who have found the way to have hair forever young-looking. Their beauty secret can be yours — the clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. It will show you how every gray streak in your head can be lustrous with youthful color.

No Experience Required

You do not need experience to use Mary T. Goldman's. It is simple to apply. Combing liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Color will look like nature's own. Leaves hair soft and fluffy — easy to curl or wave. You can shampoo it without fear of fading. Nothing to rub off or stain hat linings or linens.

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For 50 years this has been the dependable, safe way. Leading medical authorities have pronounced this method harmless to hair and scalp.

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Your druggist or department store has Mary T. Goldman's for your shade of hair. Sold on money-back guarantee. Get bottle today.



Try It FREE

Or mail coupon for Free Test Package. Try on single lock snipped from hair. No risk. No expense. Mail it today.

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✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

Screen Memories From Photoplay



Fifteen years ago Theda Bara posed thus for the silents. Well, Garbo did a little of it in "Mata Hari," didn't she? Now Theda is one of the most charming women in Hollywood and an invitation to her home is a cinema distinction

15 Years Ago

OUR principal story this month was a little series entitled "Who's Married to Who." Oh sure, we knew we were ungrammatical, but we were more concerned with facts than grammar. Not a single couple has remained married to each other. Marjorie Rambeau was Mrs. Willard Mack, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mrs. Guy Coombs, and Miriam Cooper, Mrs. Raoul Walsh.

There was an interview of the style of fifteen years ago in which Theda Bara said she had gazed into a crystal and heard a ghostly bark from her dead dog. There have been very few press-agent poses for which PHOTOPLAY has fallen and we didn't fall for that one. Of course, Theda has given that up and now laughs at the press-agent bunk of those days.

Well, I wish you could see Lillian and Dorothy Gish on the tennis courts. Seymour, come quickly and see these costumes—skirts to ankles, long-sleeved loose smock-like coats and enormous brimmed hats. But the Gish girls were just that intent on the game, anyhow.

Editorially we got a little annoyed with the censors and said, smacking our left thigh right smartly, "Fact makes the only real fiction."

The monthly gallery pictures of folks prominent on the screen then included Francelia Billington, Monroe Salisbury, Doris Kenyon, Hamilton Revelle, Mae Murray, Franklyn Farnum, Lillian Walker and Anita Stewart.

Pictures reviewed were Dorothy Phillips in "Hell Morgan's Girl," Bryant Washburn in "Skinner's Dress Suit," Mary Pickford in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Sarah Bernhardt in "Mothers of France" and Earle Williams in "Arsene Lupin," which picture Jack and Lionel Barrymore have just re-made.

Cal York items: The high water mark seems to have been reached in stars' salaries (voice of today, "Oh yeah, Cal?") . . . The entire Pickford family is now comfortably domiciled in Southern California.

10 Years Ago

WE were proud to use "the first authoritative personality sketch of Pola Negri, cabled from Berlin for PHOTOPLAY." And the

yarn is applicable to Pola today as it was ten years ago—"She is no adherent to artificial dignity"—"she revels in luxury"—"she is intense in her private life." The writer ended the story by asking, "Is her future assured or is she just a meteor?" Ten years ago Pola was still untried in American films.

When one of our interviewers asked Lillian Gish if she would choose a picture career if she could live her life over again, Lillian answered, "No, no, never. Work on a farm. Scrub floors. Anything. But go through again what I have gone through, work as I have worked—knowing? I couldn't." We doubted her then. We still doubt her.

The great Edison talked to PHOTOPLAY writer Terry Ramsaye about the future of motion pictures and prophesied that ten years from then—that's now, you see—the classroom would become a theater with pictures used to instruct children. The prophecy is almost fulfilled. In many schools pictures are a large part of the curriculum.

Betty Compson graced the cover and the gallery pictures were Madge Bellamy, Alma Rubens, Gypsy O'Brien, Betty Francisco, Katharine McDonald, Claire Windsor and Edith Roberts.

The six best pictures reviewed were "For the Defense," Colleen Moore in "Come on Over," Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through," "Loves of Pharaoh," Nazimova in "A Doll's House," and Constance Talmadge in "Polly of the Folies."

Cal York items: Close friends are sure that when Rudolph Valentino's divorce is final he will marry Natacha Rambova . . . In spite of persistent rumors, we don't believe that Bebe Daniels and Jack Dempsey will marry. Were we right? We were.

5 Years Ago

WELL, well, what do you think of this? Here we find Norma Shearer saying emphatically (as Norma always does), "I'm not going to marry! I don't think a woman in my position has any right to marry anybody! What has a girl in my job got to give to marriage?" How about that, Irving Thalberg?

Norma was sincere when she said those things—she just changed her mind—that's all. In spite of her fears she's managed to be a good actress, a good wife and a good mother all rolled into one beautiful package.

At the time that story was written, Norma was a success, but along in the back of the book we ran a story about a newcomer, Joan Crawford. And we said, "If Joan Crawford is the success that her studio insists she is going to be, it will be because of her complete femininity." Did you hear that? "If Joan is a success." Now Joan, Norma and Garbo are the three big attractions of the M-G-M lot.

As for Garbo, it was rumored that she and Jack Gilbert had been secretly married in Mexico, but we traced the story and told you there wasn't a word of truth in it. Garbo and Jack Gilbert were seen at all the smartest functions together and she even attended the openings of her pictures and posed for our cameraman. Norma, Joan and Garbo—how five years have changed these three!

Mae Murray was the girl on the cover, while the inside gallery pictures were Louise Brooks, Marian Nixon, Greta Nissen, William (screen) Boyd, Wallace Beery and Lois Moran.

The best pictures were "Metropolis," "Stark Love," Dolores Del Rio in "Resurrection," "The Rough Riders," Gloria Swanson in "The Love of Sunya" and Sally O'Neil and Bill Haines in "Slide, Kelly, Slide."

Cal York items: Olive Borden says that she and George O'Brien are not engaged . . . Herbert Moulton is engaged to Janet Gaynor.

One More Garbo Fan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

has played only a few stage performances in the Royal Theater in Sweden. There is not the slightest uncertainty in anything she does. She works in a direct line, she wraps herself into her rôle and lives it. In the making of 'Grand Hotel,' it was like knowing two different people. One was Garbo. The other was *Grusinskaya*, the Russian ballerina.

"Garbo is a dynamo. The physical power she expends in her work is amazing. Nothing is too much trouble. She literally pours energy into her rôle. She is charming and unaffected personally. She is humble in asking the slightest favor. She is like a frightened deer in a crowd, such as in the big lobby scenes where hundreds of extras were working. Her timidity isn't a pose. She simply cannot bear the staring eyes of strangers.

"THERE is no reason in the world why Garbo should be expected to work in front of visitors. It isn't like being on the stage, where one is prepared for an audience. On a motion picture set one is creating a rôle, not simply repeating a performance. What would some portrait artist think if his studio door suddenly were opened and a crowd of strangers trooped in and started to watch over his shoulder?

"Garbo is not mysterious. She doesn't try to be. She has the courage to guard her own privacy and I respect her for it.

"Of Garbo away from the set, outside of the studio, I know nothing. It seems that hidden somewhere is a more girlish person, possibly the Gustafsen girl, who remains away from the glamour and fame of the Garbo person."

Photos for You

New photos of:

Constance Bennett
James Dunn
Fredric March
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich
Miriam Hopkins

Can be obtained for your collection at twenty-five cents each from Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

You can obtain any four of these pictures Free with a one year subscription to PHOTOPLAY. Use the coupon on page 124.

NO FACE NEED LACK BEAUTY...

...says helena rubinstein,
renowned beauty authority



In this day and age—lack of beauty is "social suicide". Helena Rubinstein, renowned authority on beauty, contends that every feminine face can be clear, free from blemishes, sallowness and lines. You have only to know your own skin—and to give it correct, individual care.

As the basis of beauty, cleanse daily with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (for Normal or Oily Skin—or "Special" for Dry Skin). This extraordinary cream is a blend of sixteen important ingredients from thirteen lands...pasteurized by the antiseptic process of Pasteur. It contains elements that revitalize important skin glands, keeping your complexion fresh and smooth. It purifies the pores and molds "youth" into your face. Fine lines are erased. Blemishes disappear. Coarse pores are refined. For Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is more than a cream—it is a beauty treatment in itself! A truly generous jar—one dollar.

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wash with BEAUTY GRAINS or BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE, instead of soap, to correct open pores, blackheads. Either at 1.00

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WEATHERPROOF BEAUTY POWDER—in the new "transparent" *Porcelain Natural* or *Ivory Rachel*—and other tones . . . 1.50

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New AUTOMATIC LIPSTICK—in harmonizing tones—dazzling—indelible! Nourishing to delicate membrane of lips . . . 1.00.

WATER LILY LIPSTICK, very flattering . 1.25

PERSIAN EYEBLACK—(Mascara)—in black, brown, blue or blue-green . . . 1.00

IRIDESCENT EYE SHADOW 1.00

EYELASH GROWER AND DARKENER for exquisite grooming of lashes and brows . 1.00

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Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.

TEXTURE OF SKIN: ☐ DRY ☐ MEDIUM ☐ OILY			
☐ SALLOWNESS	☐ BLACKHEADS	☐ LINES, WRINKLES	☐ PIMPLES, ACNE
☐ DROOPING CHIN	☐ RED HANDS	☐ ROUGH ELBOWS	☐ OILY NOSE
		☐ COARSE PORES	☐ THIN LASHES

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



Ray Jones

All dressed up and nobody to scare. Who would ever think that these nice gentlemen are Bela "Dracula" Lugosi and Boris "Frankenstein" Karloff? Here they look as if they were about to ask a couple of charming ladies for the next dance. But give 'em a couple of tons of make-up and—oooh!—those demons—do the chills chase themselves up and down your spine!

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about the recent marriage of Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak. The point is that nobody ever thought Leslie would marry. When he goes to a party women flock around him and hang on his every word, but he has always remained impervious. And then along came Ann and the ardent bachelor is a bachelor no more.

BY the time you read this Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who is an actor being hailed as another of the "second Clark Gables," may be married. And again—maybe not. That romance has been sizzling for quite a spell now.

THE other night a friend of mine was listening sadly to the radio. After eighteen male and female crooners had come through the ether he remarked:

"Isn't it strange that all the boys are trying to be sopranos and all the girls seem to want to be baritones?"

And it gets more topsy-turvy than ever when you see Marlene Dietrich going into the swankiest tailoring shop in Hollywood to order a man's full dress suit in white. She's wearing it in the next picture. That same shop creates Garbo's mannish looking clothes—the ones she wears on the street, and the other day Mercedes De Acosta, Garbo's dearest girl friend, was in the place trying on a pair of white flannel trousers.

THE old Jack Gilbert is back. I mean Jack's his old self again—wild with enthusiasm, eyes sparkling, a friendly word for everybody. He

has written a screen story, one that's been crying to be born for years, and Irving Thalberg has okeyed it and Jack will star in it. Right now it's called "Downstairs" but Jack is way up in the clouds.

Lupe Velez, who is knocking the customers right out in the aisles with her hot-cha performance in Ziegfeld's "Hot-cha" in New York, says the romance between her and Jack is colder than a casting director's heart.

CONNIE BENNETT is naturally thin and in order to look presentable on the screen she has to get plenty of rest, sleep and nourishing food. Hubby Hank, however, would like to reduce his girth. And that sometimes makes trouble over the dinner menu.

But Connie settles that in her firm Bennett way by reminding the Marquis that his appearance isn't as important as hers.

It is his duty to please only one woman—whereas Connie must look nice for thousands of people.

CONNIE BENNETT'S little adopted son, Peter, can be as unmanageable as any little Johnny who ever lived. While a distracted hostess wondered just why Connie hadn't kept her social engagement, Connie was at home trying to be a stern mother to little Peter.

It always ends in the usual way, with Connie kissing away the tears and having to do it all over again the next day.

JUST in case you have heard those rumors that Marie Dressler is very ill and at death's door and have been worrying as much as Hollywood about it—here's the answer to your questions.

Marie has been keeping up a social pace that would have sent younger women to a nerve sanitarium months ago.

She loves bridge, loves entertaining and always has an Eastern celeb or two as her house guest.

Marie, who is well past 60 and proud of it, is usually worn out from her strenuous life before she begins work on a picture, so studio execs got together with her doctors and declared, "Marie must rest!"

Marie was ordered into seclusion — no parties, no bridge, no week-end trips to Santa Barbara or Palm Springs. They even sent a trained nurse down to see that Marie obeyed orders—but that didn't last long. Maimie, Marie's faithful maid for twelve years, took complete charge and when friends called said that Marie could not see anybody.

And that's how the rumors began. Parties just aren't the same without that Dressler.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



Acme

Hollywood didn't exactly approve of Dorothy Mackaill's marriage to crooner Neil Miller, so Dorothy said, "A fig for Hollywood. I love this man." And just to prove it she chucked a picture job and went on vaudeville tour with him. But don't worry, she'll be back again on the screen just as soon as the trip is over

the GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

RIBS

count . .

In the fashion picture. Of course, you don't have to be so thin that your ribs can actually *be counted*—but your foundation garment must restrain your diaphragm flesh to give a "scooped-out" effect below the bust. MisSimplicity's famous cross-over straps create a diagonal pull that raises the bust, nips-in the waist, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

The MisSimplicity photographed is of Skinner's peach satin and hand-loomed elastic, with the bust section and flounce of fine lace. Model 9676.

MisSimplicity^{*}

^{*}Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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... FOR MILLIONS TO ADMIRE

A FEW yards of Skinner's Canton Crepe... the graceful figure of Helen Twelvetrees... the creative skill of Pemberton...

... and behold, a new gown to be seen and admired by millions.

For their screen effects, Hollywood costume designers choose only perfect materials. Favorites with them are the softly flowing Flat Crepes, the Crepe Satins, the lovely crinkly Cantons and the heavy Sheers woven by Skinner.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston
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Skinner's Silks



Smartly-caped gown of pale green Canton for Helen Twelvetrees in her new RKO - Radio Picture, "State's Attorney."

"The perfect texture of Skinner's Crepes — their richness and depth of color — are an inspiration in visualizing new models."

Mrs. Brock Pemberton,
Fashion Consultant,
RKO - Radio Pictures.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]



Acme

A soldier of fortune back from the wars. "If there's going to be a scrap I'm going to see it," said Ronald Colman, and sailed away to far-off China where he witnessed that famous fracas from the International Settlement

SYLVIA SIDNEY has bobbed her hair—and PHOTOPLAY takes all the bows for her cute appearance.

She was having some pictures made for Carolyn Van Wyck's department and her hair just wouldn't do what it should.

The photographers waited for an hour. At last Sylvia appeared. "Now—take my picture!" she said. She had cut her hair but she looks so cunning that PHOTOPLAY is modestly accepting congratulations.

WHEN that boat bearing Douglas Fairbanks and all his crew to the South Seas was ready to sail away, Maria Alba, the lovely little Spanish girl chosen to play the lead, stood on the dock and wept long and lustily on Mary Pickford's shoulder.

Reason? Maria was leaving behind a brand new and very handsome husband.

During one of their many tours, Doug and Mary were driven through the streets of Madrid while flowers and confetti were tossed from upstairs balconies. A certain little Spanish girl stood watching these famous movie stars from over the seas and dreaming dreams.

The little Spanish senorita is the same Maria Alba who plays Doug's leading woman in his new picture.

MONEY to build a home was needed by the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and needed badly. And just when it looked as though the Marines would never get there, up steps

little Mary Pickford with a grand idea and the day was saved.

The production of a series of thirteen single-reel films featuring screen stars was Mary's bright idea and it went through. Homes of the stars will be opened to the cameraman and studios will unbar their gates to let the shooting go on.

"Hollywood on Parade" is the title of the series.

DIETRICH often eats in the kitchen with her servants.

"YOU can get along without a wife," Tom Mix said, just after his marriage to the new Mrs. Mix, "but you get so doggone used to mother-in-laws that you can't live without 'em.

"I know. I tried it. The lonesomeness gets you. So you marry again to get a mother-in-law in the family."

Oh, that Tom—those cowboys just must have their little jokes. Tom is really crazy about Mabel, but it's my hunch that one of the reasons he married was so that his nine year old daughter, Tomasina, would have a mother.

"Tommy" went along when the folks got married. The kid adores her new mama and remained with the couple during their week's honeymoon at Agua Caliente. While Tom was hanging around the gambling casino with his cronies, Mrs. Mix was with "Tommy," showing her the sights and buying a truck load of gim-cracks.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

TALLULAH BANKHEAD with tears in those eyes — those eyes — begs, "Please, please don't compare me with Garbo. It might offend her."

And then she goes and has her set barred to all visitors, with a big policeman at the door—just as Garbo has.

But Tallulah explains, which is more than Garbo does, that it makes her get hot and cold up and down her expensive spine to have people staring at her while she's emoting. And she adds that that's one of the reasons "Tarnished Lady" was such a bad picture—people looked at her while she was making it.

IT'S a funny thing about George Bancroft. To look at that great big tough bruiser you'd think he had the soul of a mule driver. But George is sensitive—so sensitive in fact that he gets the reputation for being temperamental because of it.

For instance, he sent word that no member of the press was to be allowed on his set during the making of "The World and the Flesh." Uh-huh—gone high hat again. But that's not the reason.

George's rôle in the picture demands that he be covered with grime and sweat and sensitive George wailed, "Why, I wouldn't let a lady see me like this. And there are so many lady members of the press."

So the poor man not only won't allow ladies on the set, but he covers his head with a big overcoat whenever he walks across the lot. Ah me, the trials of the sensitive souls are great.



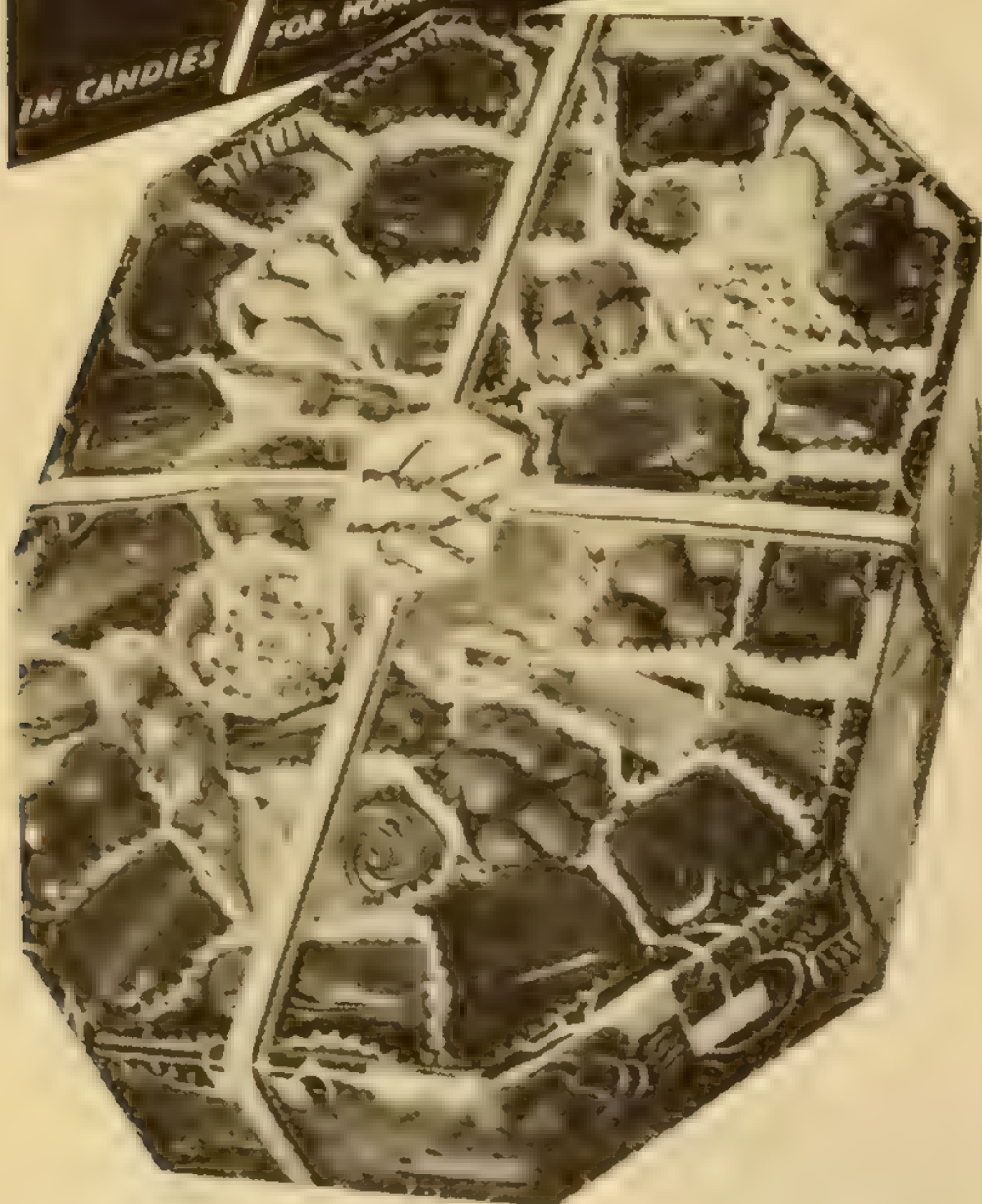
Keystone

We offer this picture as the cutest baby photograph we have ever seen. Just after Carol Ann Priester was legally adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery, she gave her new mama this great big kiss. And in case you can drag your eyes away from that little lump of sugar, that's Wally Beery looking on and feeling much prouder than a whole flock of real daddies could



WHY GIVE MOTHER
MERELY CANDY, NOW THAT
Johnston offers

*...freshness
you can see*
IN CANDIES FOR HOME... FOR GIFTS... FOR ENTERTAINING



MOTHER is so pleased with every mark of your attention. So don't send just candy on Mother's Day. Send the new, exciting gift candy! . . . Johnston's Tableau . . . the candy whose *freshness you can see*.

For Mother's Day, Tableau wears a special, decorative wrapping. As always, though, you see right through this wrapping—see the fresh, delicious chocolates, while the candy remains safely sealed from dust or careless hands.

Tableau is amazingly uncostly. Why take chances? There is a Johnston dealer near you.

In addition to Tableau, there are many stunning Johnston packages, specially made for Mother's Day, filled with these same finer, fresher candies.



New York Milwaukee Minneapolis Oakland

JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES, Milwaukee, Wis.

Send free, "My 3 Smartest Bridge Parties." 12-5

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Address _____

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

TOM MIX'S honeymoon is said to have set him back about \$5,600. The new missus must have everything of the best, but Tom had just finished his first film and gotten paid for it and was cowboy rich.

Now that they're all settled down, Mrs. Mix is teaching Tomasina how to do stunts on the trapeze and Tommy is teaching her new mother how to shoot, which sort of gives Tom the jitters.

As usual, Tom's dressing room is the official hang-out for all the regular guys on the lot. Besides his make-up table—which isn't much of an outfit—he has a boxing ring, a carpenter's work bench and a complete silversmith's outfit in his studio bungalow.

THEY'RE making a big fuss in Hollywood over a girl named Gwili Andre who is to play the leading rôle opposite Richard Dix in

"The Roar of the Dragon." But behind the signing of that contract there is a story better than the one concocted by press-agents.

A little less than three years ago she found her way to an advertising agency looking for work. Her father, it seems, was a banker in Norway, but Gwili, having come to visit America with an aunt, wanted to stay and work.

She was, at that time, tall and thin and angular. Her clothes were anything but smart and as she was being interviewed by one of the executives in the agency, she stared off into space with lack-lustre eyes. But the executive saw beyond her appearance, and sent her to commercial photographers.

The camera saw deeper than the eye, for when she stepped in front of the camera the angles of her figure changed to long, alluring lines and her face became a mask of mysterious beauty.



Shalitt

They say he's Hollywood's most vicious scene stealer. As far as we're concerned Eddie Lowe can steal scenes from Garbo, if he keeps on turning out good performances. But Lil Tashman says, "My Eddie temperamental? I've got a corner on that in this family!" "Yeah?" says Eddie with a mocking smile. And Eddie's mocker is working well, you'll admit

IN six months she was the most sought after model in New York and her price for work was \$50 an hour.

The girl had brains, too, and made the most of her every opportunity. She went once to Hollywood but returned because she did "not like the funny people." Some time during her career as model she married a man much older than herself and thereby became an American citizen.

But she realized in spite of the "funny people" in Hollywood that her natural bent was toward the motion picture camera. So she came back to the coast and was signed by Radio Pictures.

Keep a sharp look-out for Gwili—she's a smart girl who knows of what success is made. She has charm, magnetism and mystery, and her Norwegian accent only adds to her glamour.

RUTH CHATTERTON has written a play, which may be titled "Let Us Divorce," and the Chief High Potentates of the Lodge of Gossip Hounds point accusing fingers at Ralph Forbes and shout, "So what?"

LORETTA YOUNG is an amazing girl. This is the first year that she has been permitted on a studio set without a school teacher. Just past eighteen, she has already had a long career, is a divorcée and one of the most sought after young women in Hollywood. What is more, she is being taken up by the intelligentsia.

It is quite the fad in Hollywood to say, "Do you know Loretta Young? That girl has a mind. She is a real sophisticate." To have a mind and be a real sophisticate at eighteen is pretty much of a something.

Loretta is as definite as a financial report. She is perfectly poised. She always has an answer—not a flip, smart crack, mind you, but a good sturdy answer that invariably becomes a part of Hollywood repartée. She is chic and clever at the same time.

I WONDER where she got all this. Certainly, she hadn't the advantages of expensive finishing schools and trips abroad. She's been working in pictures since she was a baby, but she actually has the same quiet charm that very cultured women acquire after many social contacts.

Maybe she picked it up around movie sets or maybe she is just one of those people born with brains. She did her first lead opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" and lied about her age. She was just fourteen at the time and that stormy Irishman, Director Herbert Brenon, put her through emotional scenes that would have given some of the greatest dramatic actresses the heebie jeebies.

WILL ROGERS has stage fright every time he steps before a camera. What's more, the homespun philosopher is a temperamental sort of cuss.

Whenever anybody he doesn't like visits his set, he sulks until the offender has left. Then he gets down to work.

"I'VE always been crazy about Garbo," Helen Hayes remarked recently.

"Would you like to play with Garbo, Miss Hayes?" a newspaper woman asked.

"I'm afraid she's too much for me," little Helen replied. "She'd put me in the shade."

And a lot of fans who saw "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith" rise to ask—"Oh, yeah?"



Use KLEENEX disposable tissues and destroy!

No washing! No contact with germs!

THIS advertisement is addressed to every woman who has ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold.

Can you think of any more repulsive task? *Would you like to escape from it forever?*

A new disposable handkerchief!

Thousands of women have done so. You see them everywhere—in public, at home—using a delicate, downy square that looks softer—cleaner—than any handkerchief. It's Kleenex. The new, disposable, sanitary handkerchief that showed us how disgusting the old way really was.

Kleenex is used just once. Its amazingly low cost makes this possible. Then you destroy it. You have no unpleasant washing to do. You store no germ-filled handkerchiefs in laundry bags, to spread infection through other clothing.

**Regular
50c size
Now 35c**

And you never use a soiled handkerchief! Never carry germs back to your face. You run no risk of self-infection during colds.

Try Kleenex for beauty

Try Kleenex. And not only for handkerchiefs. Use Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics. Its extreme absorbency assures you that your pores are really cleared of all impurities. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building,
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Please send sample packet
of Kleenex.



PH-5

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In Canada, address 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ontario

KLEENEX disposable **TISSUES**
Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

WIN A PAIR OF NATURAL BRIDGE SHOES FREE

in this Screen Star Contest



Genevieve Tobin



Dorothy Mackaill



Lupe Velez



June Clyde

A free pair of Natural Bridge Shoes, winner's choice, will be awarded to every person who selects, from 12 of the new Spring models of Natural Bridge Shoes, the style most appropriate for the individual contest costume worn by each screen star pictured above.

Nothing to Buy

No Letter to Write

This contest is open to women, girls, men, boys. Go to your nearest Natural Bridge dealer and he will give you, free, entry blanks and folder explaining contest. He will show you color pictures of the stars in their contest costumes, and of the 12 shoes from which you are to select the 4 styles which in your judgment are most appropriate—one for each star.

JUDGES: Seymour, Fashion Editor, *Photoplay*; Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*; and Mme. Hamilton Jeffries, Fashion Editor, *Boot and Shoe Recorder*.

Your feet will thank you for introducing them to the EASE of Natural Bridge Shoes. Try them on when you visit your dealer. Stand in them. Walk in them. Notice how light-footed and buoyant you feel. That's the effect of the Natural Arch Bridge, with its constant, normal support for your natural arch. You'll like the smart styles for every occasion, and the way the combination lasts (AAAA to EEE) fit your foot and ankle.

Contest Dates — May 2 to May 25

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
Lynchburg, Va.

Name of Your
Nearest Dealer
Sent Promptly
On Request.

Natural
Good to the FOOT—Good to the EYE
Bridge Shoes
Good to the POCKETBOOK
\$5 and \$6
AAAA to EEE
Combination Lasts
Assuring Perfect Fit

A CERTAIN Los Angeles debutante has been making a play for Freddie March, bombarding him with telephone calls, notes and formal invitations, entirely ignoring Florence Eldridge, who happens to be Freddie's wife.

Recently the chiseler invited him to a swanky week-end party which March declined, as usual.

Later she met Florence at a social function and, rushing up to her, gushed, "So sorry you wouldn't permit Mr. March to attend my lovely week-end party and meet all those wonderful people."

"Mr. March always accepts his own invitations," said Florence in a bitter-sweet voice, "but only if they interest him."

GENE DENNIS, the psychic about whom PHOTOPLAY told you last month, read Loretta Young's past and future in a private room at a party. When Loretta came out she was crying. And she would not tell anyone what Gene had told her.

THE lad who sings so sweetly in Loretta Young's pearly ear as they dance together is one of those wealthy Raphael boys of New York.

Phillips Holmes claimed he knew nothing about love—and then he learned all about it in one lesson. Florence Rice, daughter of the famous Grantland, is the object of his affections. She was the former wife of Sidney

Smith, who now is Lily Damita's ardent swain.

Just before Mae Clarke went to the hospital for a long rest she was being seen around at the local bowling alleys and bridge tables with John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband. But Mae says, "We are friends. I hope we will always be, but I don't think there will ever be anything more than friendship between us."

But Colleen Moore has arrived in Hollywood. Colleen is appearing on the local stage in "A Church Mouse," which may mean that she'll be grabbed off for a big picture comeback.

WHEN Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb were in Hollywood everybody said if those two weren't still in love they were putting on an act of which a Dusé could have been proud. Rudy has just bought a \$100,000 mansion in Hollywood and he and the missus expect to make their future home in it.

And since Mary Brian has been doing a vaudeville tour with Ken Murray and word wings back that those two are gazing into each other's eyes off stage, poor Russ Gleason looks as forlorn as a producer with a flop.

Virginia Bruce and Robert Young are holding hands.

But Irene Dunne has practically gone into retirement and won't answer the phone—just to hush up the rumors that she is going to divorce her doctor husband who lives in New York.



"METRO-GOLD-
WYN-MAYER
STILL OWE ME
FIFTY CENTS
FROM 'TRADER
HORN'"





Freulich

This very pretty but absolutely unknown girl was the focal point of a studio argument. Imagine the amazement of blonde, hazel-eyed Gloria Stuart when two big companies both pointed a finger at her and said, "We want that girl!" Gloria had tests made by Paramount and Universal on the same day. Both offered a contract. The Conciliation Committee of the Academy decided that Universal had prior rights. Gloria hasn't recovered from the shock. Who could?

BETTY BRONSON, who plays "Peter Pan" off screen, too, married a handsome chap, a Heidelberg student, but a resident of Asheville, N.C. The name is Ludwig Lauerhaus.

Lily Damita sailed away to Hawaii. And Sidney Smith was on the same boat with her—still denying their engagement.

And Joel McCrea, who never passes up any of those glamour gals, is beaung Tallulah Bankhead around.

While Hardie Albright signed a new long-term contract with First National and started going places with Gwen McCormack, daughter of singer John, all in one week.

Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern (that made her Mary Pickford when she was married to Jack) have said good-bye to wedlock.

And for the third timesince their eight years' separation, Aileen Pringle says she is going to sue her husband, Charles Pringle, for divorce. He lives in the West Indies.

Florence Vidor is eagerly awaiting another visit of the stork. This will be her third child. The first was a daughter (King Vidor was the father), and then there was another daughter born to her and fiddler Jascha Heifetz.

IT isn't always a game of everyone for himself in the commotion picture business.

When Marian Nixon was a bright shining star she helped a little brunette high school girl to get her first chance to play extras.

That little girl was Sally Eilers.

And Sally went to the top (witness "Bad Girl") while Marian's star seemed to have set.

Then came Sally's turn. She reached out a helping hand to Marian and as a result Marian Nixon has been discovered all over again and is going strong (witness "After Tomorrow"). Now both girls are on the Fox lot and rivals, in a way. But they're still friends and it's things like that that make cynical old eyes blur.



THOUGH GARTERS MAY POP

...FINGERS CAN SNAP AT THE FEAR

OF GARTER RUNS



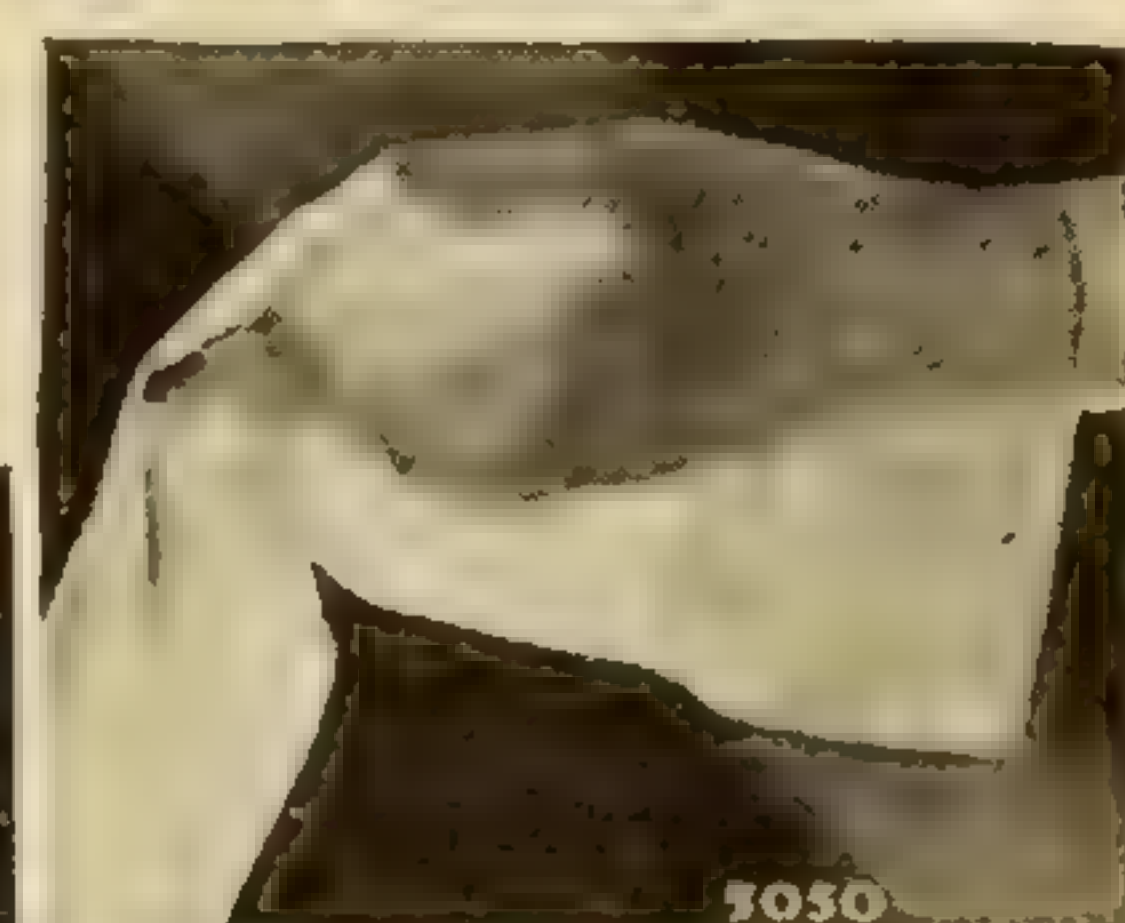
'LADDERS' they call them in England. But when a garter run occurs at the wrong time—as it usually does—it's apt to be called by many another name in every possible language.

All too often the sheer chiffons that look good to the eye don't stay long on the leg. They can't stand the punishment.

Rollins Runstops never let the strain on stockings become a strain on your purse—or your amiable disposition. Not even amid the arduous dawn-to-dawn activities that Spring lets us in for. Because Rollins positively draw the line on garter runs—a tiny red line at the hem. And though tight garters may jerk and pull them to the breaking point—no garter run can pass below the dainty red Runstop.

Inconspicuous. No more than a silken chiffon lock-stitch. Yet easy to recognize, it's the identifying mark of the *only genuine* Runstop Hosiery.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, INCORPORATED
New York • Chicago • Denver • Des Moines • San Francisco



2243

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2153

• LACE IS DOING WONDERS WITH HOSIERY

Rollins All-Over Laces are exquisite adaptations of fine old needlepoint and bobbin lace designs. Four numbers, each more lovely than the others.

1.65 — 1.95

Rollins Meshes simulating the patterns of original Mechlin laces, hand-made in Flanders. Three numbers including a petite point filet net.

1.35 — 1.65 — 1.95

Rollins Lace Top Chiffons. The original lace top hosiery now in complete variety of lace motifs. Six from which to choose.

1.00 — 1.35 — 1.50 — 1.65 — 1.95

Rollins Runstop Hosiery

NEW SPRING COLORS AT LEADING STORES AND SHOPS

When you take a Laxative play safe!

For your health's sake, take care! Don't gamble. Be safe instead of sorry in the selection of a laxative.

Many laxatives, the doctor will tell you, are violent in their action. Such laxatives are not good for you—they invite after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring. Other laxatives are habit-forming.

What Doctors demand of a Laxative

You will discover that the medical profession has a very definite standard of requirements for a laxative.

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative. That's why physicians everywhere approve of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Ex-Lax is safe and gentle —just like Nature

The next time you need a laxative, take an Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolaty flavor. And the following morning, you'll like the easy, complete way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax the perfect laxative for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores, in 10c, 25c, and 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
—the safe laxative
that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A 52

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

THEY say that strange things are happening near the crypt where the remains of Rudolph Valentino are interred.

Men and even women have recently been seen trying to crawl through the glass window in the rear and in some mysterious way chippings have been taken from the vault. Attaches of the cemetery declare several strange looking men have been seen loitering about the crypt. Fear has been expressed that ghouls may be trying to steal Valentino's remains.

Double watch has been placed over his vault.

RICHARD BENNETT had just had a tooth root extracted from his jaw. He was sitting, a couple of hours after the serious job was done, taking a sun bath when a servant came out in the patio and tried to get him to go to bed.

"Pulling a tooth like that is a terrible shock to the system," he urged.

"A system like mine is a terrible shock to a tooth like that," Bennett answered.

DOUG, JR., was all set for a tender love scene with Frances Dee. The lights were placed, the director ready, the sound bell had rung and Doug just opened his mouth to say "I love you, dear," when zowie, a telephone dropped off a prop mantel just above Doug's head and the hero lay cold on the floor. He was completely knocked out.

But love in the movies must go on like the show. They administered cold towels to the Fairbanks' brow and Doug went on. And when you see "Love Is a Racket," you'll think that slightly groggy look is a great interpretation of the grand passion.

PHOTOPLAY offers its most sincere apology to Mr. Wade Chance.

In an article in the February issue Eulalia Wilson wrote that "Michael Farmer became the protégé of Mr. Wade Chance, a well-known American who died a few years ago."

Very soon after the magazine was on the stands there came a letter from Mr. Chance explaining gently but firmly that he was not dead at all and that the report had caused his friends much pain.

We're sorry, Mr. Chance, and wish you a long, healthy and happy life.

SALLY EILERS and Hoot Gibson have given up their cozy, swanky little apartment they both loved so well. Sally decided Hoot's little eight-year-old girl, Lois (by a former marriage) needed a real home.

So Hoot and Sally have taken a bungalow in Beverly Hills and Lois can have a yard to make whoopee in and go to public school like the other kids. Sally, who isn't too old herself, and Lois are having a swell time together. Nice people, these Gibsons.



No, this is not the latest foreign arrival posing a la Dietrich—it is pretty little Joan Marsh showing off her new polka dotted mesh stockings. Such fancies as these are what the well-dressed leg will be showing this season

BY rights this little item belongs to Carolyn Van Wyck's department but maybe after all it's better if we tell it here.

Neil Hamilton was given the lead in "The Wet Parade." The hero is supposed to have curly hair. Neil's hair is as straight as Marlene Dietrich's gaze, so Neil reported to the hair dresser every morning and endured a marcel with ringlet ends.

Then came the California rainy season and the harder it rained, the straighter became Neil's hair.

So what? A permanent wave! Un-huh, Neil sat under the hot tubes for a couple of hours.

Presto! Hair nice and curly.

And then the sun shone and now everyone kids Neil about the permanent.

And still there are some people who want to be movie actors.

"IN a year he'll be as big as Clark Gable,"—that's what a lot of M-G-M money is saying about Nils Asther.

Over two years ago he was the greatest potential star of them all. Then came talkies and his accent hindered his career. Nils was determined to learn English so he got a job with an insurance firm and tackled small town business men. He had to speak understandable English, then, to keep from being laughed at.

So now he has a new contract and is knocking off one rôle after another, with betting high that he'll be a great success.

AND imagine the embarrassment of Nils Asther, the handsome Swede, when he discovered, after all these years, he was born in Denmark. Nils, whose parents are Swedes, was born in a little town near the Danish border as his mother was hurrying back to her home in Sweden. And Nils was only made aware of the fact when his birth certificate arrived recently in Hollywood.

WHEN the Spanish ambassador was invited to luncheon at the Paramount studios the executives, wanting to show their cordiality, ordered the dining room decked out with the flag of Spain.

But the flags used turned out to be the flag of the old monarchy.

The ambassador represents the new government.

Wow! Leave it to Hollywood.

BILL POWELL has a cook, valet, butler and chauffeur all combined in one small colored "Jimmy." But the best thing about Jimmy, according to Powell, is that he sings tenor, and evenings when Dick Barthelmess and Ronnie Colman gather at Bill's home for a little talk and a little song, Jimmy is routed out of bed to form the tenor end of a quartette. And so, far into the morning, these famous stars and a very black Jimmy send "Sweet Adeline" wafting out upon the California breezes, all very chummy and very gay.

THIS Garbo germ is catching.

Now it's Ann Harding. She has her telephone arranged so that she can call out but nobody can call her.

THE National Society of Chiropodists puts its stamp of approval on Greta Garbo. The pedal doctors say Garbo is a swell girl because she wears such nice big shoes.

THIS HALF-FACE

BEAUTY TEST CONVINCED THE
SCIENTISTS . . . IT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU

"612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces, and Woodbury's Facial Soap on other side, for 30 days."

By DR. ()
(Nationally known dermatologist)

"The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts:-

"For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods . . . soaps, creams, lotions—whatever they liked . . . The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"At the end of 30 days, the contrast on those faces was startling! The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury's was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

"The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist."

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's for the extra tonic effect it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days . . . perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvety soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Try then Woodbury's Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself. Woodbury's is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form.



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM
Tune in on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.
Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.



COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 817 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
I would like advice on my skin condition as checked,
and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's
Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also
copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.
Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

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City _____ State _____

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KURLENE

The Eyelash Grower



For Thrilling Eyes Grow Long Lashes

WHO said you can't have long dark lashes, with eyes that thrill and lure? Just try this amazing European discovery. Apply fragrant Kurlene to the lash roots at bed-time. See how quickly your lashes grow long and silky. Framed in such glorious natural lashes your eyes appear larger, darker—mysterious, winning. Thousands of delighted users advise Kurlene. At toilet counters everywhere. Sanitary tubes, 50c; for economy buy the dressing-table jar, \$1.00.

Curl Lashes Instantly with KURLASH



Only eye-lash curler made. Anyone can use it. No heat, no cosmetics. Simply place lashes between the curved bows of Kurlash and press. At once your lashes show a lovely curving sweep that lasts. Even short lashes appear long. Praised by movie stars and women everywhere. Toilet counters, \$1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara). \$1.

Shadette—intensifies eyes' natural color. \$1.

Lashtint—perfumed waterproof liquid mascara. \$1.

Tweezette—automatic painless tweezer. \$1.

Write for free booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

THE KURLASH COMPANY
ROCHESTER - N.Y.
THE KURLASH COMPANY OF CANADA
1475 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

CALLOUSES

Don't cut them and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quick, safe relief. Soothing, healing; remove pressure from sore spot. Loosen and remove callouses in 2 days. Cost but a trifle. At all drug and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



OUT in the Hollywoods the wise ones are pulling at their long white beards and murmuring faintly, "What to do? What to do?"

A man named Eugene O'Neill is the cause of all the trouble. In a spare moment, one day, O'Neill dashed off a little play called "Strange Interlude," in which he had his characters speak their subconscious minds in elaborate asides. Now O'Neill was writing for the theater and didn't dream that one day Miss Norma Shearer and Mr. Clark Gable would be immortalizing his effort in celluloid.

The problem of the studio is now, should these asides be spoken in long shots or is the subconscious mind worthy of a close-up? Oi, oi, such a business. And while everybody is making up his mind, they're shooting the scenes both ways, which is perfectly swell for everybody in the company, for there's no saying when the opus will be finished.

STRANGE are the ways of the Garbo.

Once upon a time she took no interest in the clothes she wore in pictures and her only comment upon the wardrobe tests of gowns—always made by her double was, "Gott, she looks like me!" The double fascinated her more than the clothes.

It is the right of every star to select materials

for screen gowns and to okay or reject the designs. Norma Shearer has every piece of material photographed before it is made up. But Garbo has never cared—until now.

Although she is between pictures, Garbo is at the studio every day getting her wardrobe in readiness for "As You Desire Me." Why the sudden change? Only God and Garbo know.

SWANKY 1932 model cars are displayed along Hollywood Boulevard in swanky show rooms. But Greta Garbo is still driving the 1927 Lincoln that has done more than 50,000 miles.

QUICK, folks. Man the machine guns. They're trying to take our Garbo and our Maurice from us.

A bill has recently been introduced in Congress to prohibit the importation of foreign motion picture stars. All future foreign stars, according to the proposed bill, must have merit and distinction to get in.

Yet Garbo hadn't a nickel's worth of merit to her name for all the American films knew. And now look. And Dietrich's greatest successes were made in this same land of the free.

Marie Dressler was no great shakes as an actress in Canada. But she won the Academy prize just the same.



High tide in beach pyjamas! The latest trick to pyjama trousers, according to Carole Lombard, is to wear them narrower and higher. She decoratively demonstrates the idea in this printed silk model with its "trou" legs cut twelve inches from the floor. White, black and yellow is the color scheme that catches the eye. Note the trick cutout effect on the bodice, too

A WRITER met Eugene O'Brien at the theater and noticed that at intermission time Eugene remained in his seat while all the stars traipsed outside to the lobby.

"Why not go out with the others?" the writer asked. "Afraid of that mob of fans?"

"No," Eugene sighed. "I'm afraid to go out for fear no one will ask me for my autograph."

Which is kind of pitiful, isn't it?

LEAVE it to Fanny Brice.

"Let's go to a picture," her husband, Billy Rose, suggested the other night.

"All right," Fanny agreed. "Let's go see 'Finklestein'."

And the funny part is Fanny was serious.

THAT spritely little trade paper, *The Hollywood Reporter* tells a beautiful yarn which comes all the way from London.

Joseph Schildkraut, it seems, was telling a beautiful girl that she should really go on the screen.

She smiled, looked Joe over and said he would be fine in pictures, too.

Quite taken a-back he answered, "But, my dear, I am Joseph Schildkraut."

To which the girl replied, "Oh, that's nothing, you could change your name."

YOU have noticed, of course, that most of the illustrations that advertise merchandise from the best shops are adorned with smart ladies all of whom look like Greta Garbo.

Watch the sketches from now on. Isn't that Lil Tashman's face beneath those chic hats and above those fine furs? The artists say it's because the fickle public has grown tired of Garbo's perfect features.

A LITTLE dark-eyed woman alighted from a train in Los Angeles dressed in the uniform of a Sister of Charity. A handsome young man met the train and reverently took the little Sister in his arms.

And all about a hurrying crowd of people paused a moment to wonder.

For the handsome young man was Ramon Novarro, famous screen star, but what they didn't know was that the Sister of Charity was Ramon's sister who had been in a convent in Spain and had arrived in Los Angeles to serve in a Los Angeles orphanage.

GATHER 'round, leetle keedies, and listen to the strange story of Ramon Novarro's dressing gown.

He's had it for years, got it in Europe, before he made "Ben Hur."

You figure out its age; we always got low marks in arithmetic.

The poor old thing is falling about the Novarro figure in shreds, but Ramon says the fringed effect brings him luck and he wouldn't give it up.

One day he was called into Louis B. Mayer's office to talk about a quarter of a million dollar contract.

When Mayer saw Ramon in the tattered robe he went right out and bought him a beautiful new one.

Ramon thanked him kindly, sir, and kept right on wearing Old Faithful.

But during his recent visit to Papeete the natives made him two new ones of extra heavy linen. Ramon has been persuaded to wear one of these—except on the first day of a new picture.

Then he drags out his old friend.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

LUPE VELEZ, SCREEN STAR, SAYS:

"Enrich YOUR BEAUTY with Really Natural Rouge"

YOU can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life. Any harsh, flat, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so

that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin. And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all eight shades.

get this Week End
Set—SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.



PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE a new sensation — nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible.

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-2065
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name (print)

Street

City and State



Cry all you like
-this new mascara is
WATERPROOF

EVEN the teariest talkie can't spoil your eye make-up if you use Liquid Winx. It is the one mascara that's really waterproof—that won't smudge or run—ever.

And how it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend it. . . 75c at all drug and department stores. . . Or send 10c for the Vanity Size. It's enough for at least a month.

winx

THE ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th St., New York City—Dept. P-7
I enclose 10c for Liquid Winx Vanity Size.

Black..... Brown.....

Name

Address



OLD TOWN CANOES are perfectly balanced . . . easy to handle . . . light . . . fast . . . strong. Honest Indian models are made of tough cedar, covered with leak-proof canvas. They wear for years!

It's easy to own an Old Town. 1932 prices lowered to \$63. Write for free catalog showing many models. Also outboard boats, dinghies, and rowboats. Old Town Canoe Co., 325 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"
Alviene SCHOOL OF THE **Theatre**

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development — Stage Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances and learning. For catalog 16 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

[Subscribe to Photoplay. Use blank]
provided on page 110 this issue.

Here's What Folks Think About Sylvia

IT isn't often that PHOTOPLAY pats itself on the back, but when we get a scoop like the series of Sylvia articles we think we can take a few bows. And when thousands and thousands of letters come from women all over the world, telling Sylvia and us just what miracles have been accomplished, we feel we are justified in passing the good word on to you. Here are just a few picked at random. Because of the personal nature of the letters and because the writers did not know they were going to be published, we have used initials only.

Articles by Sylvia, who is the most famous figure moulder of Hollywood, have already appeared in the February, March and April issues of PHOTOPLAY. There is one this month and others will follow, which will solve all reducing and building-up problems. Back copies of PHOTOPLAY may be had by writing the PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents apiece.

SYLVIA'S articles are an answer to our prayers. Her photo with the accusing finger has place of honor among our film star collection.

We had great results from the first month. Instead of spending our free time at tea parties, we now do exercises.

A. C., Menton, France

I can't thank Sylvia enough for her wonderful articles in PHOTOPLAY. All of us have wanted to know her secrets and even out here in the Middle West we have heard and read so much about her.

I have followed her directions and have lost about fifteen pounds and am nearly down to my normal weight. I do feel rather silly dancing around all by myself, and the whole family goes into hysterics, but I ignore it all and keep right on.

However, they have to admit that I never looked so well in my life.

Every time I get discouraged with the routine, I dig out the articles and read them again and go back to work with a giggle and a lot more determination.

The articles are not only life savers, but they are so cleverly written.

Nobody is paying me \$30,000 a week for my figure, but I'm getting almost that much satisfaction out of the melting of the spare tire.

Mrs. R. T., Minneapolis, Minn.

I am a student at college and am working my way through school and although I do tremendous amounts of work, I feel physically great—thanks to Sylvia.

R. M., San Diego, Calif.

I had been taking a size thirty girdle. The other day I had to buy a new one because now I take a size twenty-eight—thanks to Sylvia. Isn't that great?

E. R., Washington, D. C.

My clothes are all too loose since I went on Sylvia's routine.

J. A., New York City

Dainty footwear meant nothing to me until Sylvia, through PHOTOPLAY, took me in hand. Now, I confess, I no longer try to hide my ankles. Sylvia's exercises and diet have made them more shapely.

And I'm eighteen pounds airier.

J. F., Des Moines, Iowa

I want to say how smart I think PHOTOPLAY is to get Sylvia to write her articles in the magazine.

I am using the diet and exercises and have never felt so comfortable.

Mrs. L. M., New York City

One month ago I bought a copy of PHOTOPLAY. I weighed at that time 197 pounds, and am five feet one inch tall. I did everything exactly as Sylvia said and lost eighteen and a half pounds in one month. Now am I going to stop? I thank Sylvia from the bottom of my heart.

A. S., Orangeburg, S. C.

If heaven ever sent a good angel this way, it's Sylvia. Blessings on her. I only weighed 130 pounds but I'm now down to my normal weight—118. And do I feel elated!

I am sure we appreciate her as much as the wealthy stars did, perhaps more. I shan't miss a copy of PHOTOPLAY as long as her articles are in it.

G. D., New York City

I am one of the fat girls, but not as fat as I was a month ago. I really am proud of myself for being so sincere about following Sylvia's diet. I have a husband who likes pies and cakes and hot breads.

Of course, Sylvia gave me enough to eat but it was a little hard not to just taste the cake. But I didn't. I want Sylvia to know how much she has helped me.

All my friends are remarking on the wonderful improvement. I won't be ashamed of myself in a bathing suit this summer—thanks to Sylvia.

J. S., Okanogan, Wash.

Surely there is no other profession to rival Sylvia's in bringing happiness. For to feel oneself gradually become graceful and attractive brings more pleasure than any other thing.

A. M., Ontario, Canada

If I hadn't read Sylvia's articles I would still be putting off reducing.

E. A., Bound Brook, N. J.

Before taking Sylvia's exercises I was as stiff as a poker and weighed 160 pounds. It is amazing how supple I am now and I've lost weight, too.

P. T., San Diego, Calif.

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

the public will feel—that I am a heartless woman who never loved Kenneth.

"Could I ever explain that only because I loved Kenneth so much it is possible for me to love again? Don't you see what would happen? I know it is right. I know how I feel—inside. But could I explain? And I would die before I would do anything to hurt Kenneth's memory."

"A secret marriage?" I suggested.

"Do you think it possible to get away with that?"

"For a time, certainly," I answered. "At least to bridge whatever period your widowhood should last."

BUT Mary put off the secret marriage for several months after that. Eventually, she did marry the doctor secretly and it remained a secret until PHOTOPLAY printed the exclusive story. I have had that thing happen over and over again. And every time I have inadvertently stumbled on a story—just by sheer luck—it has been when some note of sympathy between the star and me has been sounded.

It is human to talk of our troubles. The stars are human.

The two of us were alone in her dressing-room when I heard from Edwina Booth a strange and fantastic tale of Africa, a tale full of misery and unrest, that only her most intimate friends knew. Yet we had been strangers a half hour before.

And from Bill Powell, that apparently suave and sophisticated man of the world, I learned a tragic little yarn about his first marriage, that would be a perfect short story plot.

But these are the high lights in an interviewer's life. Many times there is nothing a star has to give an interviewer. Perhaps it isn't the right interviewer or perhaps there is just nothing to tell. And if there be nothing to tell, PHOTOPLAY doesn't take up its space with a concocted story.

Again a story means just plenty of work and very little results. I remember once working on a yarn about the fathers of the stars.

Clara Bow's amazing dad was the first one I tackled.

Our appointment was set in the lobby of a florid stucco apartment house in which he lived. He looked fantastic in those rococo surroundings. He is a small man with eyes that seem to stop in his head. I don't know whether I can describe those eyes or not. They look like eyes, they are the shape of eyes—but they have no expression. You can search them and never get beyond them.

He began to speak at once. "So you want me to tell you something about Clara Bow, do you? Well, I could if I would. I've been everything to Clara Bow—father, mother, brother, sister—everything, I tell you. And Clara Bow's life would certainly be startling if I ever told it. Clara Bow has never told it straight. She doesn't mean not to tell the truth, but she doesn't know as much about her own life as I do. When Clara Bow tells her life story, it's as if I said to you, 'The man went out that door.' But you know the man couldn't go out the door because you had put ten men there to guard it."

Hurriedly, I said, "Yes, yes, oh yes, indeed, I agree with you, Mr. Bow," and the interviewer went out that door as quickly as possible.

Fortunately, for my own peace of mind, nobody had put ten men there to guard it.

FOR days I could not shake off the spell of that little man—with his strange eyes and his strange talk. He never called his famous

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child "Clara" or "my daughter." He spoke of her only as "Clara Bow," as if the name were something he must cling to. And it is my belief that in Robert Bow lies the keynote of Clara Bow's character, of which I shall tell you later on.

Buddy Rogers' dad was the last father I interviewed. I asked him to tell me interesting things about Buddy—the good as well as the bad. Gary Cooper's father had not hesitated to say that Gary, although a fine fellow, was a young fool about a lot of things. And Taylor Holmes, father of Phillips, had confided that Phil was far from being an angel. It made my story more human and therefore more interesting.

I expected the same frankness from Buddy's father.

Instead he repeated, bewildered, "The good as well as the bad?"

"Yes," I said, "surely Buddy has faults like any other boy."

HIS face began to work curiously. "Buddy has no faults," he said. "He has never given his mother or me one single moment's worry or un . . ."

The word was never finished. Tears filled the gentle eyes.

The gentle voice choked with emotion. He could not go on.

Embarrassed at witnessing this scene, I turned my face away and spoke about the weather. Mr. Rogers got control of himself and smiled sweetly upon me.

Presently I said, "What happened when Buddy knew he had been chosen to attend the Paramount school?"

"Well," said the father, brightening, "before they made tests the applicants were to furnish character references. Buddy got five or six letters—letters from the town banker, his high school teacher, his Sunday school teacher, his minister—and I wish you could have seen the beautiful letters they wrote. They said . . ." His voice trailed away. Tears again filled his eyes.

I saw how it was, so I arose to go. "Buddy is a fine, fine boy," he managed to say. And I agree with him.

SO much has been written about Clara Bow that I find it difficult to add anything to the saga, but I do think I have a fairly accurate picture of her. At the time when I first saw her—it was long before the Daisy De Voe trial—I thought her the most unhappy human being I had ever seen.

She could not keep her hands still and kept running them through that ridiculous mop of flaming red hair. She looked at me with frightened eyes—trying so hard to make out what manner of person I was, wondering if I were friend or foe.

Clara was searching, then, for something that until a few years before, she did not know existed.

It's a pretty ephemeral hunt. Remember her background—remember her, a little madcap on the streets of Brooklyn, remember her horror at home, nursing a mother who, when she was not in her right mind, threatened Clara with a knife.

Clara had never known anything but her pitiful surroundings. Then suddenly she was plunged into the rich and glamorous city of Hollywood. And after three or four years there, she was just beginning to realize that there were things she wanted and needed—spiritual things, if you will—that she did not know before were to be had.

ONCE Victor Fleming, in defending her, said, "I'd rather marry a woman like Clara Bow—a sophisticated woman of the world—than any other type."

Clara, sophisticated? Good Lord! The poor child didn't know the meaning of the word.

Oh, she did what she pleased, just as a little savage might. Once, at a smart swimming party (and Clara has attended very few for

she is not, my dear, taken up socially in Hollywood) the shoulder straps of her bathing suit cut into her shoulders. Without any ado at all, she dropped the straps. She sat there on the edge of the pool as completely oblivious of the—shall we say—social error, as a seven-year-old child would have been. And when her hostess explained that she must put up the straps, that that sort of thing wasn't done, not even in Hollywood, Clara demanded, wide-eyed, "But why? The straps hurt my shoulders."

Clara told me once, years ago, that she wanted a man who would think of her, a man who would give to her and not demand always, a man who was unselfish enough to love her—really.

I FIRMLY believe she has found that man in Rex Bell.

And I also know that this marriage is Clara's chance for happiness.

It is a broad leap from the child-like, really naïve Clara to C. B. De Mille, the director, but I know a story about him that is too good to keep.

It is De Mille's habit to call in various actors and actresses whom he thinks might be suitable for the picture he has in mind and recount the story in detail.

This is done with a great deal of showmanship and much seriousness. The idea is that De Mille enacts the story in every detail while the actress is supposed to sit by in wide-eyed wonder at his histrionic ability. Often the actress must listen to these recitals over and over again and be unrewarded for her attentive smiles and approval, for nine times out of ten she doesn't get the part.

De Mille interviews many actresses before he discovers the one who will exactly suit the rôle. He usually ends up by taking the one he first selected.

Before he started work on "Madame Satan," he called for Carlotta King, with whom he wanted to discuss the leading rôle. He told her the story from beginning to end. She listened carefully.

When he was finished he said, "Do you think you could play that rôle, Miss King?"

"Yes," said Carlotta.

"But are you sure? Are you sure?" he asked intensely.

"Yes, I feel sure, but in case you're in doubt, let's make a test."

"No," said De Mille, "not yet."

YOU see, he had only told her the story once. He would have been cut out of his fun if he had made the test then. So he called Carlotta back again and again to tell the story of "Madame Satan." At last he called her for a final interview.

He told her the plot again and this, in substance, is the story, in case you were lucky enough to have escaped seeing the picture. A plain little wife discovers she is losing the love of her husband, so she masquerades as a fast and gay vampire and meets her husband at a masked ball.

He falls desperately in love with her and they have a violent affair, and he actually doesn't know that she's the wife with whom he has lived for years.

Well, that's all right.

It's been done enough to give it at least the dignity of years, but you must admit that it is not exactly what you might call believable and natural.

De Mille told it to Carlotta for the nth time. He ended dramatically and again asked the question, "Do you think you could play that rôle?"

"Yes," said Carlotta, "yes, I think I could."

De Mille gave her a long, searching gaze. "No," he said, "on second thought, I don't believe you could. I think you are too affected—too artificial to play the woman in that drama."

Carlotta, who is anything but affected and artificial, ran screaming from the office, took two aspirin tablets, a music lesson and a train for New York!

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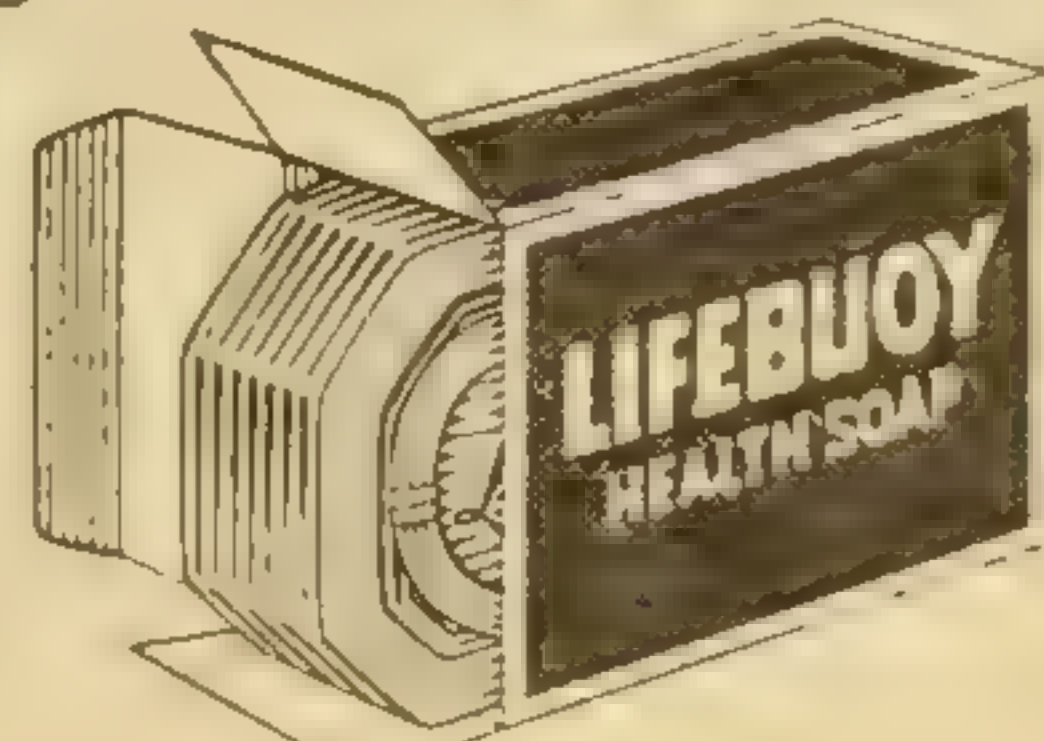


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Well sir, if it isn't little Alice White on her trick bike, dressed for the road and pedaling nowhere rapidly! Alice was keeping fit this way in New York, prior to a long personal-appearance tour at a paltry \$2,000 a week. Poor little Alice! Good luck, girl. And save your money!

The Story of the Girl Who Fought Odds

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

in a dark corner of the set, clapping encouragement. She'll always love Colleen for the one bit of help she received on a deadly day!

She finished the picture, and the first of her many blows fell. She was let out, fired, ditched! And soon came the first of the many astonishing upswings that have marked the remarkable career of this spirited sprite.

With the release of "The Sea Tiger," letters and wires poured in from exhibitors and fans. "My customers want more of that little White girl." "How about some bigger parts for Alice White? My people are wild about her." Once more fighting up! She was re-signed—at the same money.

Then followed one of Hollywood's strangest

PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITES

PHOTOPLAY'S readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars, and we are pleased to announce that PHOTOPLAY has just received new pictures of the following ten players:

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Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery
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Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich

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chapters. Stars began to loathe the sight of the young Alice in Wonderland. She became known as a picture-stealer of the worst stripe—no big shot was safe from her innocent thievery. And what a cute monkey she was! Finally, the issue was clear. Fire her, or make her a star. The fans doted on her, and the good old bounce was unthinkable. So stardom it was, and there was Alice White, dancing on the peak and shouting "Hey-hey!"

OUT went the White pictures, and up went the salary to \$2,000 a week. But the old saw began to bite in—the higher you go, the tougher it gets. Young White is honest, frank and outspoken—she calls a spade a dad-burned, gosh-hanged shovel. Trouble brewed and bubbled around the tousled head of the peppery starlet.

Smoothly, politely, suavely the slaughter began. The big boys whetted their daggers and looked for a good spot between her shoulder blades. Little by little, inch by inch, White was shouldered out of the picture. One of her last, "The Widow from Chicago," saw her not even billed outside theaters. The top name was that of one Edward G. Robinson, a Hollywood cypher.

It was his first big break—the road to "Little Caesar" and the bulging bankbook lay straight before him!

The head men wanted to buy off the rest of her contract. No dice, said Alice. Her ninety-six pounds of spirit threw them for a loss. So the contract staggered to its close, Alice made a couple of hurried films for independent companies—and a big black period seemed to mark the end of Alice White!

The end? Let's give that idea a rousing har-har! They just didn't know the White girl, that's all.

She had just begun to scrap.

Several courses were open. She could hang around Hollywood, branded as a first-rate flopperino, and pray and scramble for any part that reared its ugly head. She could go home to Grandma and live softly till little Mr. Right came along. She took No. 3. She would make a vaudeville tour among her fan friends—not just one of these bow-and-smirk things, but an act that would give them their money's worth.

Down—never out, for one fleeting eye-wink! With all the spunk that fought her to stardom, she hurled herself into the new venture, the fresh career! She practised dancing till her legs nearly fell off—she jumped the scope of her voice from a mere peep to a real noise.

The rest is show-business history!

WITH a hot band and a sleek dancing partner, she steps forth and goals the clients. She does a waltz, she sings a comic song, she does an acrobatic tango that threatens to tear her to pieces. She sizzles, she sparkles, she bubbles! Month after month she troupes—hopping up theater receipts and pleasing the yeomanry down front. She's on Broadway as I write this, and they love her.

Mail pours in after her broadcasts. Her fans are all-wool, a yard wide and true royal blue. Juvenile autograph hounds assail her at theatrical first-nights, and she always makes good, for Alice is as smart as she is gallant and vigorous—she nourishes and cherishes her army, and they, in turn, whoop it up for her!

So high-hearted Alice White dances happily up and down the land—Alice, and her half-pound portion of pup, "Skipper." She loves life and her labors and she's afraid of neither. She will make the world her oyster, or else. My few clinking kopecks are on this dashing little minx who will not and cannot be whipped. Her eyes peer over the Rocky Mountains in the direction of Hollywood. She's waiting for a first-rate part to poke up its head. Wham—she'll have it, and she'll do it up brown and piping-hot. That's my wager, and I'm for it! How do you feel, you White people? Could the talkies do well to grab this bit of a girl with the courage of a fire-snorting Nubian lion?

ALONG THE HIGHROAD OF LIFE

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Last-Minute Fashion News from Hollywood

by Seymour

TALA BIRELL has a new idea! If you can't get a costume in the color you want, dye white cloth to the desired shade. Clever, what? The other day this newest foreign star appeared in a sports suit in a blue that defied cataloguing. It wasn't any of the usual shades.

Questioned about it, Tala said it was an old French blue and that she had the material dyed to that exact shade. Maybe there's a tip in it for you.

Did you know that those polo coats and slouch felt hats of Garbo's are hobbies of hers? She collects them, has several at a time.

And speaking of Garbo, she practically created a riot in a smart Hollywood shop the other day when she went in to pick out a bathing suit.

If you see the beaches full of one-piece white suits, rib-knitted at the waistline and backless, you'll know that Garbo started it.

Incidentally, Garbo is going in heavily for white.

She appeared in a complete white outfit the other day—shoes and everything.

PRACTICALLY all of Hollywood has been to or through New York in the past few months. The Mayfair club and the new Pierette club are the great "reunion in New York" spots for everyone. On her way back from Europe, Janet Gaynor had a warm reception there. She looked charming in a pink lace dress that shades from a shell color to a deeper tone. Around her neck was a long lace scarf tied in a bow at the front with the ends hanging down—a new note in wearing these popular scarfs. A short lace jacket with short sleeves banded in sable was another part of the costume worn as she entered and later laid aside.

Believe it or not item—stockings with a five toe division are the latest thing to wear with cutout open sandals. The stockings are so sheer that the polished toenails gleam through them.

These are designed for women who do not like to go barelegged.

A RECENT rainy spell of weather has given the girls a chance to show off some trick raincoats. Marlene Dietrich, who is supposed to like to walk barefoot in wet grass, evidently believes in bundling up for rainy days. She stepped out in a tailored, brown

rubberized silk coat. A small brown leather hat topped the outfit.

Lola Lane has a white raincoat with a matching hat. The only touch of color is black buttons on the coat which make a striking accent.

White raincoats are increasingly popular in Hollywood.

And raincoats aren't the only things that point to a white vogue in town. White flowers and pieces of bric-a-brac point an increase of white in interior decorating. Mrs. Somerset Maugham, wife of the distinguished English novelist, who is a decorator herself, is going to have an exhibit of all white pieces while visiting in Hollywood. Both antiques and modern pieces will be shown.

HOW do you feel about Ann Harding's sex appeal? If you think she needs a bit more dash, more *je ne sais quoi*, you will be glad to know that she is being "done over" for her new picture. Oh, nothing drastic, mind you. Just a new hairdress, a touch more sophistication in make-up and a whole wardrobe of new clothes that have a certain something called chic.

Personally I believe nearly everyone thinks she is pretty grand as is!

How about a wool evening dress? It really isn't as fantastic as it sounds. Wools this season are as sheer and fine as silks. And paradoxically, silks are trying to look as rough as woollens! Very sheer wool evening dresses are fun if you like to try the unusual now and then.

Constance Bennett wears a black and white dotted Swiss blouse with a new tailored gray woolen suit. Her accessories are black which make a nice contrast with the gray.

Gray is one of those exclusive shades that more and more of the smart stars seem to be wearing.

MORE white notes—the tailored trend in screen wardrobes has brought a big vote for white pique vestees and scarfs. The pique scarfs, which lend a crisp touch to both silk and wool outfits, are worn loosely tied at the throat. Joan Crawford wears them with her tailored suits. Ruth Chatterton wears a clever pique vestee with a beige, fur trimmed suit.

The vest has crossed straps which button outside the jacket at the waistline.

Quit Those Cocktails—Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

absolutely reduce you fifteen pounds in one month. Never get more than seven hours' sleep!

To reduce hips. Get on the floor in the position of a Marathon runner, touching the hands to the floor and one knee. Stretch the other leg far back, toe pointed.

Draw that leg forward and put your weight on it.

Progress across the floor back and forth three times.

Gradually increase until you're walking across the floor six times.

Feel every muscle pull.

To reduce the stomach. Lie on the floor on your stomach with arms above your head and legs tight together.

Roll back and forth on your stomach, hitching yourself along on your stomach, feeling all the muscles pull.

Progress back and forth along the floor from three to six times.

If your room is small you will have to progress as far as you can and then start over.

Substitute these exercises for the first morning exercise but keep up the dancing.

Get up and walk around for ten minutes after meals.

FOR THIN GIRLS

General Building Up Diet

Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice.

Twenty minutes later

Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.

Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like.

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup.

(Cream of mushroom

or

Cream of tomato

or

Cream of celery

or

Thick vegetable soup

or

Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)

Green salad and often half an avocado.

Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire)

or

Egg noodles (with butter).

Chocolate or rice or bread pudding

or

Cup custard

or

Stewed fruits with cream.

Bottle of certified milk.

(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

Dinner

Fruit cocktail.

Soup (cream or clear).

Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it's hard to digest.

Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on *after* the vegetables are done. Use plenty).

Glass of milk.

Cup custard

or

Ice cream

or

Pudding.

(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

No hot baths. Get ten hours' sleep and get as many hours before midnight as possible. During a lukewarm shower in the morning rub your body briskly, concentrating on the spine with a brush and soap for five minutes. If you can, without feeling cold afterwards, take a cold shower, do so, and then rub your body hard with a rough towel for ten or fifteen minutes, concentrating on the spine.

Don't walk too much.

At night or afternoon lie on the floor, feet in air, and move legs back and forth in a scissors movement. With knees close to your nose pretend to be riding a bicycle.

To build up the bust take deep breathing exercises before an open window, bringing arms up across chest and out to right angles with body. Also, take exercises as if you were swimming, doing it hard, as if you were really cutting through the water. Hold your shoulders up.

Next month, when I give you more facial exercises, I will review the face exercises and massages I have already given you. For complete articles that appeared in February, March and April PHOTOPLAY write to the PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents apiece.

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Quick in application, action and
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LARGE ECONOMY SIZE - \$1.00

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Keep them there—or bring them back—this simple way!

Youthfulness—that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness—now you can keep it *always*, in your hair! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! Rich generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the “plus” that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* Only 25c at your dealers', or send for a free sample.

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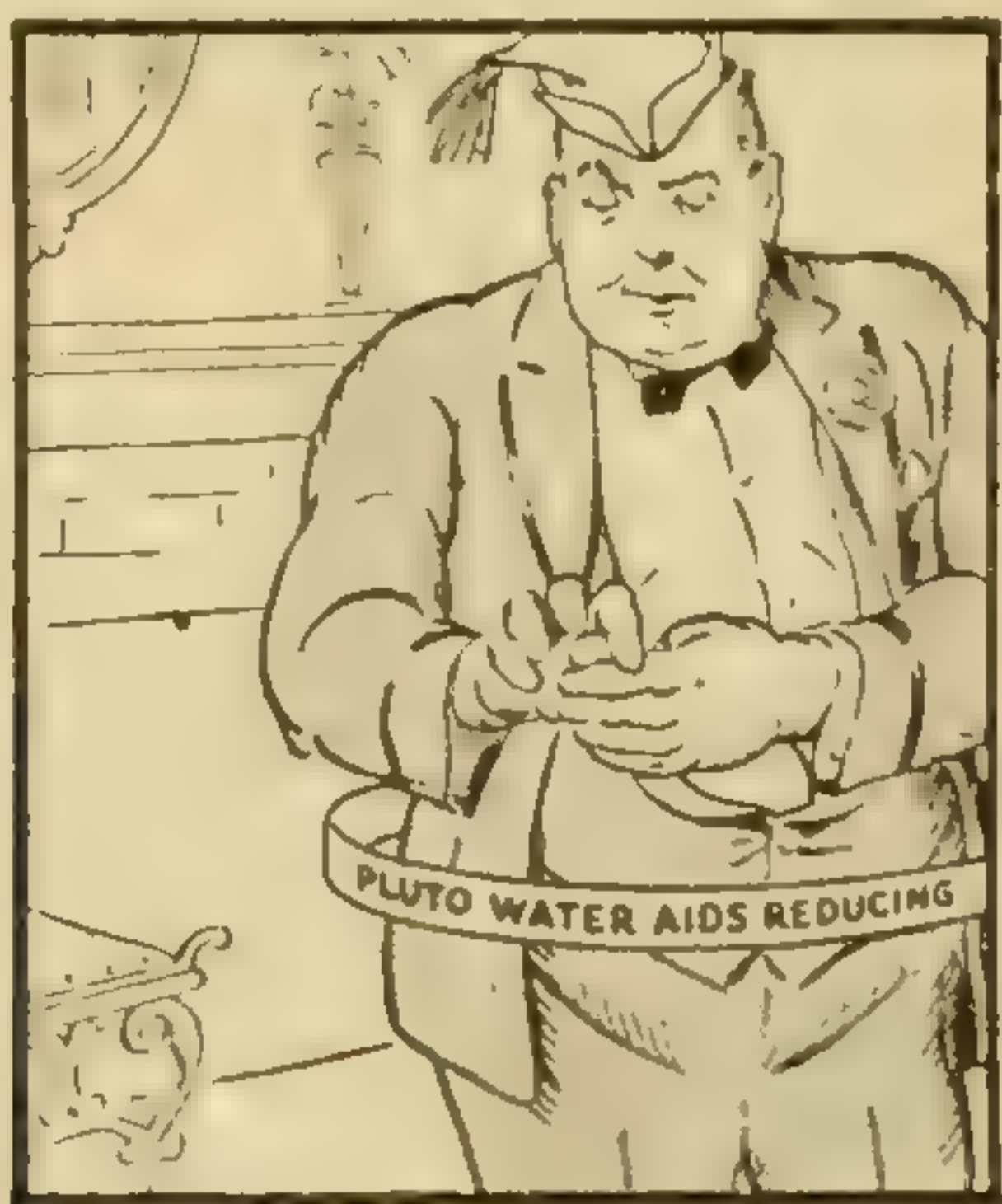
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Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____



An oversize comic strip!

A FAT man may think he's the life of the party—but, remember, people aren't laughing with you. They're laughing at you. And some people aren't laughing at all—not your wife or your doctor. Too well these two know that extra pounds are stealing valuable things from you, respect, ambition, even health! Your balloon-build is a handicap wherever you turn—but you can overcome it! Reduce with the 14-day Pluto Water treatment—including a quarter of an ordinary glassful of Pluto in a glass of hot water each morning. Your druggist has Pluto Water for you. Write French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind., for free reducing book, “Cutting Down the Waistline”, telling how moderate exercise, food selection and Pluto will help you.

PLUTO

America's Laxative Mineral Water

How Movie Babies Are Guarded

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Maria has her own personal bodyguard. And *what* a bodyguard! True, he's Marlene's, too, but in these days of danger, Marlene has instructed him to devote his full time to guarding little Maria.

The guard is one Harry Wright. He appears officially on the books of the Dietrich ménage as “chauffeur.” But he's over six feet tall, and built in proportion. He is never without his revolver—a revolver he has carried for years, which he can draw and shoot with the precision of a sideshow marksman. He learned it in British army days.

IT was while in the British service that he was chosen, because of his physique, his trustworthiness, his marksmanship, his bravery, to guard Lord Kitchener—“K of K”—and later, King Albert of Belgium when the British assigned him to that responsibility.

Wright holds many medals for bullet-accuracy. He has killed more men than he knows—you see, for a time, he was on sniping service in the World War. “And I'd rather snipe off a few kidnappers than to have won the war single-handed,” he grins. But there's danger behind that grin.

When little Maria plays, Wright is never far away. He stays by; guards the baby and the baby's nurse and governess, who is also never absent. When little Maria is at home, asleep, Harry Wright is in a room that immediately adjoins the child's, has immediate access to it. He sleeps lightly. Besides Wright, there are available the Dietrich butler—built along Wright's same physical proportions, and chosen for his guard-value as well as his butting, and also a nursemaid who never leaves the baby.

Perhaps the safest children in Hollywood are the Harold Lloyd's. Their children—the adopted one as well as the little boy, Harold Junior, who is the prize of the household—and his own daughter, too, are perhaps more thoroughly protected than any other children in

Hollywood. Or in America, for that matter.

But as to the intimate details of the protective system that guards the Lloyd tots, there is naturally absolute secrecy. Perhaps this is due to the rumored receipt of a recent note at the Lloyd home—subsequent to the Lindy case—wherein it was written that “your kids'll be next” or some such threat. Authorities class such notes, of course, as the work of cranks—but they are far from comforting to parents who are as crazy about their children as Harold and Mildred Lloyd.

These things are known, though—that there's always a husky, armed guard in sight when the Lloyd youngsters are at large. That there are armed watchmen at the gate of the Lloyd estate in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills. That special guards have been stationed on the grounds recently. And that Lloyd's dogs are famous—Great Danes, behemoths of canines who outweigh the average man, and whose leap and fangs would tear the throat out of any intruder they might be set on.

Of course, not *all* Hollywood's parents go to the extremes to which the more famous ones go. Chester Morris has three huge police dogs, trained more for watch service than as pets.

More, there's a special nurse in attendance on his two children all the time. Since the Lindy kidnapping she keeps closer watch on them than ever.

ANN HARDING isn't taking any chances with little Jane. Particularly not since the receipt of a note, a few weeks back, which threatened harm to the child. “Look out, they are watching little Jane and her nurse,” was the purport of the anonymous message. Whether from a crank, or whether the notes were from a person who had somehow gotten an inkling of a kidnap plot, the letter caused definite precautionary measures to be taken in that hilltop estate.

In the first place, as you can see from the air-



Any ambitious kidnapper who attempted to steal Tomasina Mix would be carried off horizontally and full of lead. Here's Tom teaching his girl to hit the bull's eye with her own special pearl-handled automatic. The other picture shows Jose, a crack shot and a tough *hombre* in a scrap, who guards one of the gates at Tom's house

plane pictures of the Harding house, it is accessible by only one road. And that, not until you've first climbed a tortuous mountain highway. To approach the house any other way would mean the almost impossible climbing of precipitous, brush-covered slopes. The house is situated like an old-time baronial castle.

NOW, on that one road that leads to the house, two armed guards have been stationed. They're tough! Their job is to keep anybody and everybody from getting to the house and they do their job well. A week or two ago, a newspaper photographer tried to take some pictures of the Harding-Bannister house, from a distance of several hundred feet. The guards espied him. They gave chase, brandishing guns. The photographer took to his heels. Heels and hillside didn't go well together—and when the to-do was over, the cameraman was in a heap of torn clothes, broken camera, and cuts and bruises at the foot of a hill—with *no* picture of the house.

And if that happened to a man who merely wanted to take a *picture*, what'd happen to one who wanted to take Ann's baby?

There's a gate on the road to the house, at which a guard is stationed. He has a telephone that leads to the house. No matter who comes, save Ann or her husband, they have to halt at the gate, identify themselves, wait while the guard phones the house and gets an okay, before they can go on. Even Ann's own sister has to halt here and be identified before she is allowed to enter.

At night, the ground can be illumined bright as day by a system of floodlights, controlled from the house. The slightest warning of any approach to the house would cause the lights to be turned on. No would-be intruder could escape their glare and the bullets that would rain on him should he ignore the command to halt.

And even beyond that, there is this ultimate protection for little Jane. Her room is barred-windowed, the steel bars deep-sunk in masonry!

The Malibu Beach homes are carefully guarded. Malibu has a special beach patrol, which aids its armed guards. And around the entire Malibu reservation, there's a patrolled fence to keep all strangers and intruders out unless they can state their business.

Three attendants protect Clive Brook's youngsters—Clive Junior, five, and Faith Evelyn, seven. Day and night, there's a nurse in attendance. The butler's room is next the children's. The third guard is the housekeeper. Moreover, there's a signalling device in the nursery, which can be set off by the nurse, the children themselves, or even automatically when an intruder tries to break in—and the din the signal sets up would wake up not alone the house, but the whole neighborhood.

JOE E. BROWN has a special section of his home allocated to his youngsters, one-year-old Elizabeth, and the two boys, Don and Joe, Junior. This part of the house can be entered only through a system of double doors, which are locked at night, so that none but members of the household can come in. The windows are covered with a heavy uncuttable steel wire netting which makes entrance impossible, except by use of a blowtorch or a Big Bertha. Besides all that, Joe employs a special guard to watch the property at night.

The Bennett children are well taken care of. Constance's adopted son is never seen in public; he is never allowed to play on the streets. Instead, there's a patio inside the Spanish-type house. It's an open-air patio, around which the house itself (not merely a wall) is constructed. Here is where the baby plays. And he's always watched by the household attendants, as well as by a special governess who never leaves him. Joan's little girl, Adrienne, likewise, stays at the Joan Bennett home, under special watch of her governess and household attendants, whose vigilance has been redoubled lately.

Neil Hamilton, for the added protection of his adopted daughter Patricia Louise, a year



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3rd Prize—\$50.00 in cash.

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And 100 additional prizes of \$1.00 each.

104 Prizes in all each week.

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- 1 Listen to the PHOTOPLAY radio program and hear the simple question.
- 2 Entries or letters must not exceed 50 words.
- 3 Write, print or type your entry clearly on plain paper. Do not decorate your letter or use expensive paper. Entries will not be returned.
- 4 To each letter must be attached the proper coupon below (or a facsimile or tracing of it). Otherwise your letter or entry will not be eligible. Each PHOTOPLAY Program will tell you which coupon to use in answer to the simple question asked.
- 5 In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

6 You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy or trace the coupon from the original in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago office of the publication, or at Public Libraries, free of charge.

7 The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relative or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication or its advertising agency, is eligible for this contest. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone anywhere.

COUPON No. 1

Clip this coupon or make a tracing or a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for

Photoplay Radio Contest No. 1

in answer to question asked in broadcast of Saturday, April 16th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, April 23rd, 1932.

Coupons for subsequent contests will be found in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine on sale May 15th. Be sure to get your copy early.

The Rockne Coupe and the 103 Cash Prizes will be awarded as soon after the close of each contest as possible. Names and addresses of principal prize winners will be printed in a future issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Mail your contest entries or letters to:

Radio Contest Editor,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Do not forget to enclose the proper coupon shown below or a tracing or facsimile of it, or your entry will not be eligible.

COUPON No. 3

Clip this coupon or make a tracing, or a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for
Photoplay Radio Contest No. 3

in answer to question asked in the broadcast of Saturday, April 30th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, May 7th, 1932.

COUPON No. 4

Clip this coupon or make a tracing, or a facsimile, and attach it to your entry for

Photoplay Radio Contest No. 4

in answer to question asked in the broadcast of Saturday, May 7th. Entries for this contest must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of Saturday, May 14th, 1932.



May showers won't find Anita Page with a ruined Spring bonnet. She fares forth in a trim rubberized corduroy coat and a tight fitting knitted cap. The coat cleverly disguises its practicality by looking exactly like the smart tailored topcoats of the season

old, has bought a gun. He bought it after the Lindy kidnapping had shocked parents into greater care. He would let anyone who tries to harm little Patricia have every bullet in it.

Many of Hollywood's babies, of course, are at private schools, where they are given the added protection of the school personnel and watchmen and all that sort of thing. Among the Hollywood tots who go to private school are Jackie Coogan who attends military academy at Ojai, some miles distant from cinema-land; the Swanson kiddies—and also Tomasina Mix, at such times as her dad is away.

AS for the child-actors themselves, they are well protected. Of course, Leon Janney and Mitzi Green are old enough so that no precautions have to be taken for them such as are taken for helpless babies. But Bobby Coogan, for instance, is only a baby yet. And so he's never out of sight of either his mother or father or a special nurse or teacher. Little Dickie Moore's dad, who accompanies him always on his trips to and from the studios and elsewhere, always carries a loaded pistol in the car, and knows how to use it. By night just one of Dickie's protections is a sharp voiced and toothed dog, who sleeps in Dickie's room. Any unusual noise, even the slightest awakens the dog.

The Lindy kidnapping has struck a measure of terror to the hearts of Hollywood's parents. More steel bars are being put up . . . !

Hollywood had a giggle, even if a nervous one, over the recently published story of a movie man notorious for his super-economy who phoned to a builder's office the day after the kidnapping.

"I want you to put iron bars over the windows of my baby's room," he ordered. "How much will it cost?"

The builder's office figured; quoted seventy-five dollars.

"I wouldn't pay a cent over fifty!" countered the movie man.

They're still arguing about the charge, and the windows, as yet, are unbarred.

But, back to seriousness—anyone who tried to play baby-stealer with a Hollywood baby, would have to combat one of the finest police networks in the country. Los Angeles and its surrounding populated district is covered by a fleet of radio-equipped police cars and sheriff's cars. The service extends to communities many miles from Los Angeles. All cars get instructions direct from a double transmitter operated by the Los Angeles police department, which broadcasts to the autos. Within a half minute after the news of a kidnapping, police, over a radius of a hundred miles would be warned and be on the lookout.

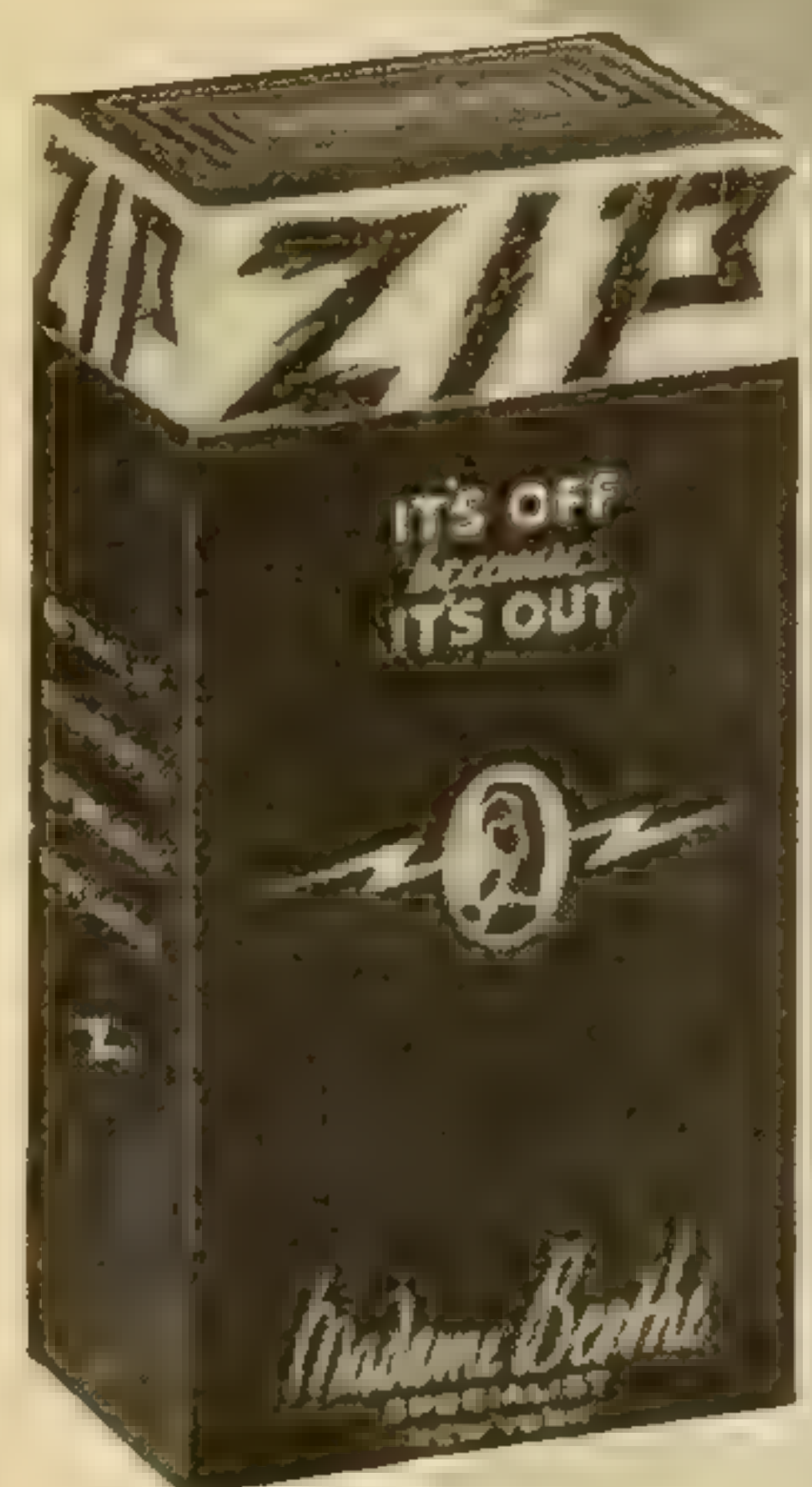
MOREOVER, the police radio is picked up by countless thousands of privately-owned short-wave sets in homes; every radio-owner would be a deputy searcher for such a child. Add to that the police teletype system, which interlinks all California police departments, up and down the entire Coast and the breadth of the state, over which the alarm can be flashed to all Western police officers within a matter of minutes.

Yeah—it'd be a swell job any kidnapper'd pick, trying to cash in on a movie-baby. He'd better fix things up with his mortician, first.



These stripes are a new camouflage for tennis players—their zig-zagging throws your opponent off his serve! Constance Cummings likes striped cottons for sports, and this one in white, red striped in a chevron motif, is very smart. Note the high buttoned neckline and the short sleeves

SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD BEEN SO CAREFUL-



WOULD HAVE ELIMINATED THE DARK SHADOW!

WHO WOULD have thought after all her care the dark shadow of superfluous hair would still show? Superfluous hair cannot be ignored; everyone sees it more clearly than the possessor. There is but one thing to do—ZIP it!

In twenty years ZIP Epilator has never failed. Its clean, scientific method of gently lifting out the hair and leaving the skin satin smooth remains unique and unchallenged. Instantaneous in action, fragrant and pleasant to use, sure in results, ZIP stands alone without competitors—the only Epilator available for permanently destroying unwanted hair on face, arms, legs and body.

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New package \$1.00
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AND NOW I offer you a safe Depilatory Cream as delightful as your choicest cold cream. Just spread my new ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful hair-free skin.

If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed, smooth cream; safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious.

ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, eliminates all fear of later stubble or stimulated growths.

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Twice the size—half the price
(Madame Berthé is the only superfluous hair specialist selling her products throughout the world.)



NEW!
This delightful AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant counteracts the odor of perspiration without impeding its normal action. Safe and easiest to use. Large tube 25cents

Madame Berthé, Specialist 5-PM
562 Fifth Ave., New York

☐ I enclose a dime for a liberal trial tube of ZiP Depilatory Cream.

☐ I enclose a quarter for a large tube of AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant.

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City & State.....



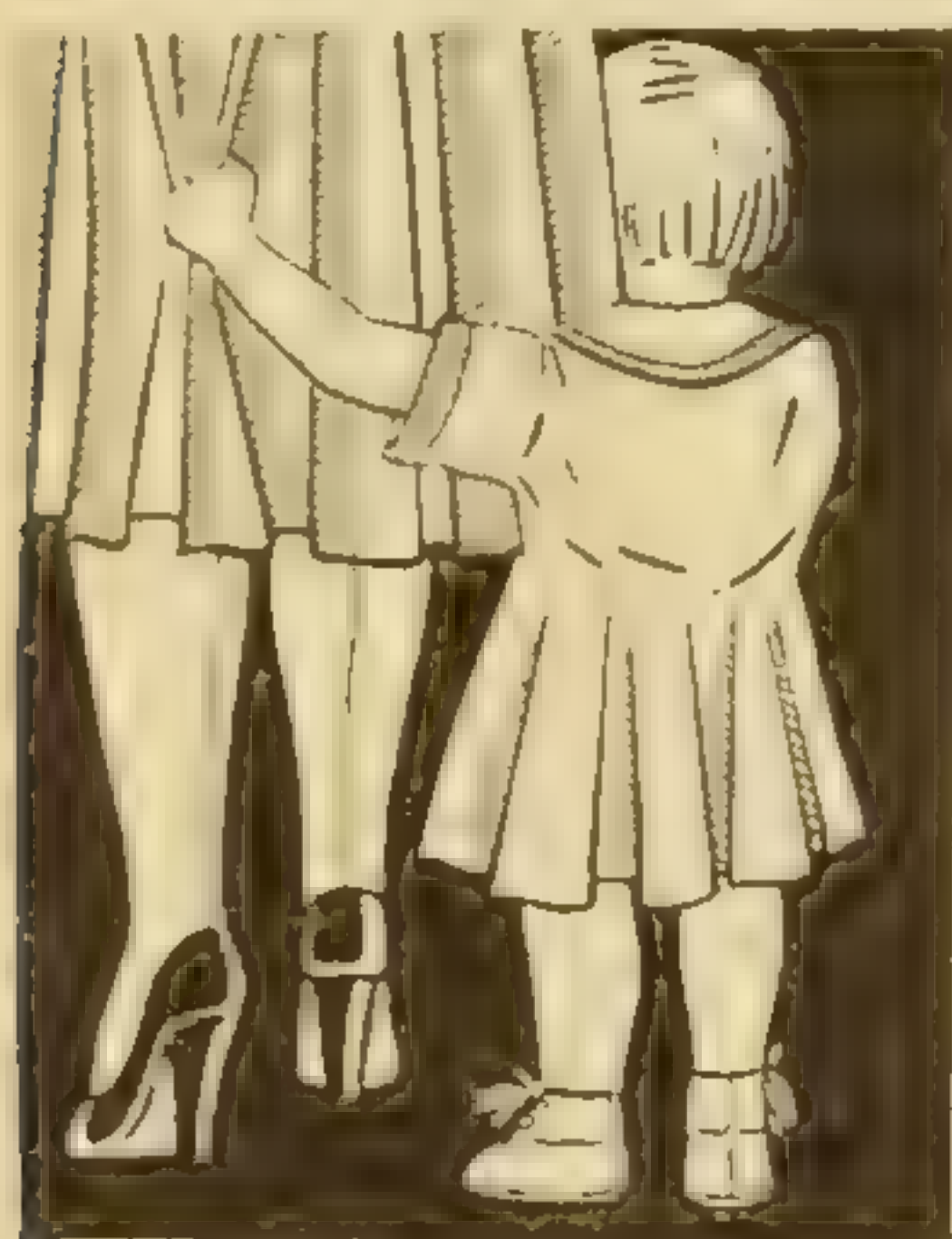
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9 inch... **\$5.00** pair.
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(not covering foot.)

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored.

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

\$3.50

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFTER TOMORROW"—Fox.—From the play by John Golden and Hugh S. Stange. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Peter Piper, Charles Farrell; Sidney Taylor, Marian Nixon; Elsie Taylor, Minna Gombell; Willie Taylor, William Collier, Sr.; Mrs. Piper, Josephine Hall; Malcolm Jarvis, William Pawley; Betty, Greta Granstedt; Mr. Beardsley, Ferdinand Munier; Florence Blandy, Nora Lane.

"AMATEUR DADDY"—Fox.—From the novel by Mildred Cram. Adapted by Doris Malloy and Frank Dolan. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: James Gladden, Warner Baxter; Sally Smith, Marian Nixon; Lottie Pelgram, Rita LaRoy; Fred Smith No. 2, William Pawley; Olive Smith, Lucille Powers; Sam Pelgram, David Landau; Bill Hansen, Clarence Wilson; Pete Smith, Frankie Darro; Nancy Smith, Joan Breslaw; Lily Smith, Gail Kornfeld; Sam Pelgram, Jr., Joe Hachey; Fat Hicks, Harry Dunkinson.

"ARE YOU LISTENING?"—M-G-M.—From the story by J. P. McEvoy. Adapted by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Bill Grimes, William Haines; Laura, Madge Evans; Sally, Anita Page; Alice, Karen Morley; Clayton, Neil Hamilton; Larry, Wallace Ford; George Wagner, Jean Hersholt; Honey, Joan Marsh; Russell, John Miljan; Carson, Murray Kinnell; Mrs. Peters, Ethel Griffies.

"BROKEN WING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Misleading Lady" by Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: Lolita, Lupe Velez; Capt. Innocencio, Leo Carrillo; Phil Marvin, Melvyn Douglas; Farley, George Barbier; Cross, Willard Robertson; Justin Bailey, Arthur Stone; Maria, Soledad Jimenez; Cecilia, Claire Dodd; Pancho, Pietro Sosso; Bassilio, Julian Rivero.

"BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"—M-G-M.—From the story "The Truth Game" by Ivor Novello. Adapted by Ivor Novello. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Max, Robert Montgomery; Rosine, Eleanor Greer; Lady Joan, Heather Thatcher; Sir George, Edward Everett Horton; Florian, C. Aubrey Smith; Prince Paul, Nils Asther; Duke of Hampshire, Frederick Kerr; Lady Ridgway, Eva Moore; Gooch, Forrester Harvey; Findley, Desmonds Roberts; Harris, Doris Lloyd.

"CARELESS LADY"—Fox.—From the story by Reita Lambert. Adapted by Guy Bolton. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: Sally Brown, Joan Bennett; Stephen Illington, John Boles; Yvette, Minna Gombell; Jud Carey, Weldon Heyburn; Ardis Delafeld, Nora Lane; Luis Pareda, Raul Roulien; Troubridge, J. M. Kerrigan; Hank Oldfield, John Arledge; Cop, William Pawley; Judge, James Kirkwood; Roderiguez, Fortunio Bonanova; Aunt Cora, Josephine

Hull; Aunt Della, Martha Mattox; Mrs. Cartwright, Maude Turner Gordon; Konstantos, Andre Cheron.

"CARNIVAL BOAT"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Marion Jackson and Don Ryan. Screen play by James Seymour. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Buck Gannon, Bill Boyd; Honey, Ginger Rogers; Hack, Fred Kohler; Jim Gannon, Hobart Bosworth; Babe, Marie Prevost; Baldy, Edgar Kennedy; Stubby, Harry Sweet; Lane, Charles Sellon; De Lacey, Walter Percival; Assistant to De Lacey, Jack Carlyle; Windy, Joe Marba; Jordon, Eddie Chandler; Bartender, Bob Perry.

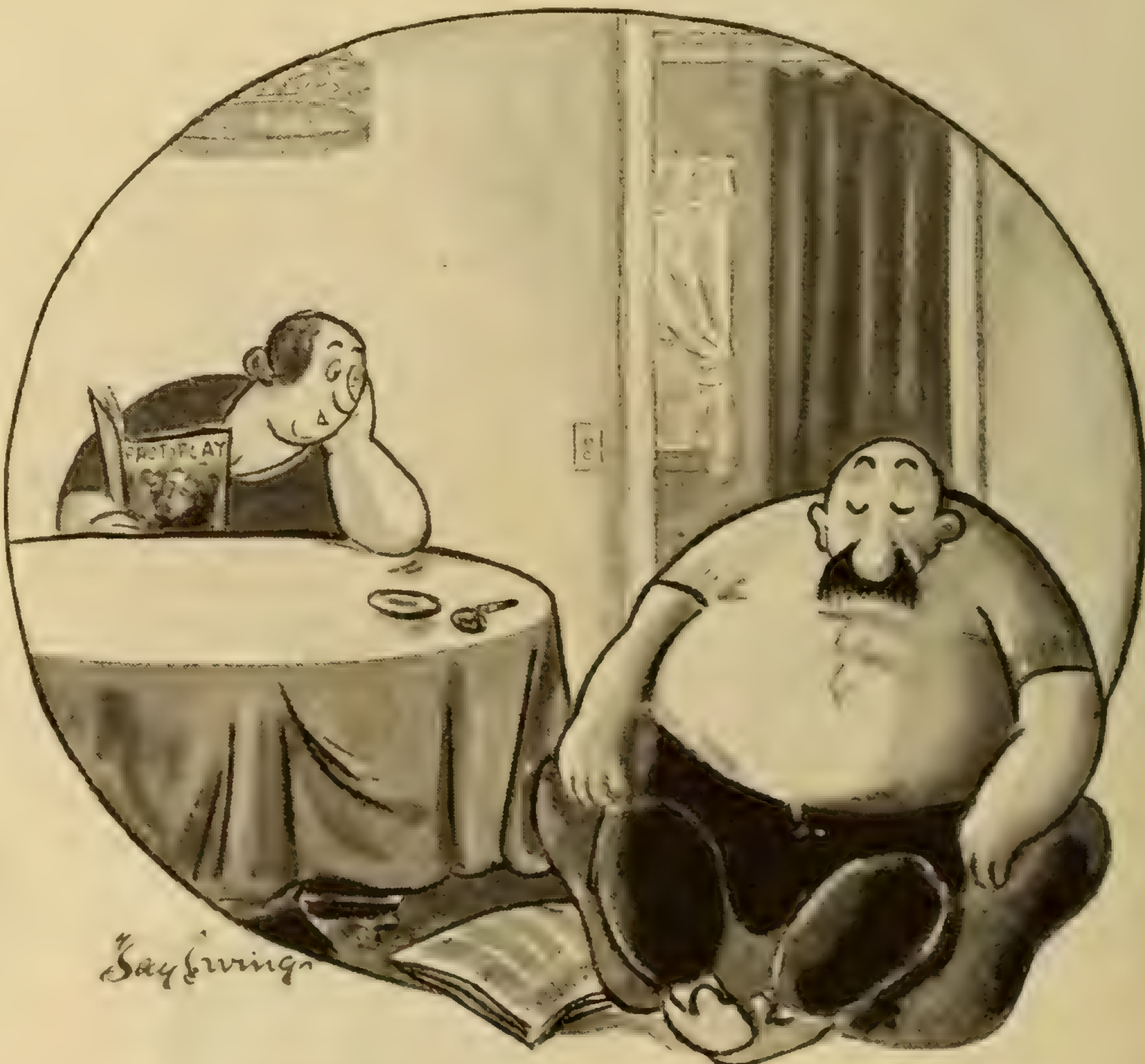
"CHEATERS AT PLAY"—Fox.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Michael Lanyard, Thomas Meighan; Mrs. Fay Crozier, Charlotte Greenwood; Maurice Parry, William Bakewell; Freddie Asquith, Ralph Morgan; Senno Crozier, Barbara Weeks; Tess Boyce, Linda Watkins; Wally, William Pawley; Secretary, Olin Howland; Detective Crane, James Kirkwood; Captain, Anders von Haden; Strong Arm Algy Dewey Robinson.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Mae Cohen, George Sidney; Michael Kelly, Charles Murray; Kitty Kelly, June Clyde; Maurice Cohen, Norman Foster; Mrs. Cohen, Emma Dunn; Mrs. Kelly, Esther Howard; Magazine Writer, Eileen Percy; Chauncey Chadwick, Edwin Maxwell; Mrs. Chadwick, Dorothy Christy; Solarisky, Luis Alberni; Gregory Gordon, John Roche; Chesterfield, Robert Greig.

"CROWD ROARS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Howard Hawks. Adapted by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: John Greer, James Cagney; Anne, Joan Blondell; Lee, Ann Dvorak; Eddie Greer, Eric Linden; Dad Greer, Gus Kibbee; Spud, Frank McHugh; Bill, William Arnold; Jim, Leo Nomis; Mrs. Spud Smith, Charlotte Merriam; Auto Drivers, Harry Hartz, Ralph Hepburn, Fred Guisno, Phil Pardee, Spider Matlock, Jack Brisko and Fred Frame.

"DANCERS IN THE DARK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by James Ashmore Creelman. Adapted by Brian Marlow and Howard Emmet Rogers. Directed by David Burton. The cast: Gloria, Miriam Hopkins; Duke, Jack Oakie; Floyd, William Collier, Jr.; Gus, Eugene Pallette; Fanny Lyda Roberti; Louis, George Raft; Max, Maurice Black; McGoady, DeWitt Jennings; Benny, Pat Fix; Spiegel, George Bickel; Ruby, Frances Moffett.

"DESTINY RIDES AGAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Max Brand. Screen play by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The



"OTTO, WHY DON'T YOU WAX YOUR MUSTACHE LIKE ADOLPHE MENJOU?"

cast: *Destry*, Tom Mix; *Sally*, Claudia Dell; *Brent*, Earle Foxe; *Wendell*, Stanley Fields; *Clifton*, Fredrick Howard; *Willie*, George Ernest; *Coach Passengers*, ZaSu Pitts, Andy Devine; *Judd Ogden*, Francis Ford; *Tony*, Tony, the wonder horse.

"DEVIL'S LOTTERY"—Fox.—From the novel by Nalbro Bartley. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Evelyn*, Elissa Landi; *Jim Meech*, Victor McLaglen; *Stephen Alden*, Alexander Kirkland; *Beresford*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mailland*, Ralph Morgan; *Joan*, Barbara Weeks; *Mrs. Meech*, Beryl Mercer; *Butler*, Herbert Mundin; *Lord Litchfield*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Maid*, Ruth Warren; *Pearson*, Wyndham Standing; *Inspector Avery*, Lumsden Hare; *Whittaker*, Montague Shaw.

"FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Granville Moore and Courteney Terrett. Adapted by Harvey Thew and Courteney Terrett. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Maizie Dickson*, Joan Blondell; *Bruce Foster*, Tom Brown; *Tony Martin*, Adrienne Dore; *Cedric Works*, Walter Miller; *Perrin*, Leslie Fenton; *Mrs. Marcia Ferguson*, Vivienne Osborne; *Claude Wright*, J. Carroll Naish; *Ferguson*, Purnell Pratt; *Rusty Callaghan*, Russell Hopton; *Parks*, Kenneth Thompson; *Martin Collins*, Grant Mitchell; *Dad Sipes*, William Burress; *Kaplan*, Maurice Black; *Craig*, Russell Simpson; *Judd Brooks*, Leon Waycoff; *Lindsay Jamieson*, Clark Wallis; *O'Toole*, Dick Curtiss; *Mrs. Brooks*, Miriam Seegar; *Fire Chief*, S. Charters; *County Attorney*, Clarence Wilson; *Sheriff*, Willard Robertson; *Bridges*, Fred Burton; *Minnie Moody*, Jean Barry; *Eddie Klein*, Bert Hanlon; *Jigger Bolton*, George Meeker.

"GIRL CRAZY"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by John McGowan and Guy Bolton. Adapted by Herman Mankiewicz. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Jimmy Deegan*, Bert Wheeler; *Slick Foster*, Robert Woolsey; *Danny Churchill*, Eddie Quillan; *Patsy*, Dorothy Lee; *Tessie Deegan*, Mitzi Green; *Kate Foster*, Kitty Kelly; *Molly Gray*, Arlene Judge; *Ivan Borloff*, Brooks Benedict; *Lank Sanders*, Stanley Fields; *Mary*, Lita Chevre; *Pete*, Chris Pin Martin.

"GRAND HOTEL"—M-G-M.—From the story by Vicki Baum. Continuity by Hans Kraly. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Grusinskaya*, Greta Garbo; *Flaemmchen*, Joan Crawford; *Preysing*, Wallace Beery; *Baron*, John Barrymore; *Kringelein*, Lionel Barrymore; *Doctor*, Lewis Stone; *Senf*, Jean Hersholt; *Meirheim*, Robert McWade; *Zinnowitz*, Purnell Pratt; *Pimenov*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Suzette*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Chauffeur*, Morgan Wallace; *Gerstenkorn*, Tully Marshall; *Rohna*, Frank Conroy; *Schweiman*, Murray Kinnell; *Dr. Waltz*, Edwin Maxwell.

"HEART OF NEW YORK, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "Mendel, Inc." by David Freeman. Adapted by Arthur Caesar and Houston Branch. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Shtrudel*, Joe Smith; *Schnaps*, Charles Dale; *Mendel*, George Sidney; *Mrs. Mendel*, Anna Appel; *Lillian*, Ruth Hall; *Bessie*, Aline MacMahon; *Mimi*, Marion Byron; *Mrs. Nussbaum*, Ann Brody; *Jakie*, Harold Waldridge; *Milton*, Donald Cook; *Gassenheim*, Oscar Apfel; *Marshall*, George MacFarlane; *The Butler*, Charles Coleman.

"IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary McCall, Jr. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Scolty*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Janel*, Mary Brian; *Edna*, Lilian Bond; *Sanford*, Terrance Ray; *Boynlon*, Oscar Apfel; *Moms*, Emma Dunn; *Chapin*, Walter Catlett; *Lieut. Blake*, J. Carroll Naish; *Steve*, David Landau; *Sutler*, Harold Minjir; *Mrs. Porter*, Claire McDowell; *Ada*, Louise Beaver; *Ole Olafson*, Ivan Linow.

"KEEPERS OF YOUTH"—BEST INTERNATIONAL PICTURES.—From the story by Arnold Ridley. Adapted and directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *Knox*, Gary Marsh; *Gordon Duff*, John Turnbull; *David Lake*, Robin Irvine; *Slade*, O. B. Clarence; *Sullivan*, Herbert Ross; *Jarvis*, Vaughan Powell; *Millicent*, Ann Todd; *Matron*, Ethel Warwick; *Henry Venner*, John Hunt; *Mrs. Venner*, Mary Clare; *Mr. Venner*, Mathew Boulton.

"LAW AND ORDER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by W. B. Burnett. Adapted by John Huston. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Framie Johnson*, Walter Huston; *Ed. Brant*, Harry Carey; *Deadwood*, Raymond Hatton; *Judge Williams*, Russell Simpson; *Walt Northrup*, Harry Woods; *Poe Northrup*, Ralph Ince; *Kurt Northrup*, Richard Alexander; *Fin Elder*, Alphonse Ethier; *Johnny Kinsman*, Andy Devine; *Ed. Deal*, Dewey Robinson; *Lanky Smith*, Walter Brennan; *The Parker Bros.*, Nelson McDowell and D'Arcy Corrigan; *George Dixon*, Arthur G. Wanner.

"LAW OF THE WEST"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Robert N. Bradbury. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *Bob Carruthers*, Bob Steele; *Sally Tracy*, Nancy Drexel; *Lee Morgan*, Ed. Brady; *Dan Carruthers*, Hank Bell; *Tracy*, Charles West; *Bulch*, Earl Dwire; *Buck*, Dick Dickinson; *Mrs. Carruthers*, Rose Plummer.

"MIRACLE MAN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Helen Smith*, Sylvia Sydney; *John Madison*, Chester Morris; *Bobbie*, Robert Coogan; *The Frog*, John Wray; *Harry Evans*, Ned A. Sparks; *The Patriarch*, Hobart Bosworth; *Thornton*, Lloyd Hughes; *Margaret Thornton*, Virginia Bruce; *Nikko*,



Brimming with energy!
Photo specially posed by
Mr. Larry Regan

Once thin —easily tired

... now runs upstairs *two at a time!*

Read how he gained
new flesh, new pep—*quick!*

HE KNOWS what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he *runs* up them—*two at a time!*

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

Reveals his secret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained 11 pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time." Mr. Leroy Leimbach, Chief Engineer, School No. 213, Baltimore, Md. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

A money-saving tonic

In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimply. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured "beer yeast"—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound

of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironizing is the second great process in making Ironized Yeast. The dried yeast concentrate is treated with three distinct kinds of iron. This strengthening tonic element helps make weak, watery blood rich and red—enabling it to better carry strength and nourishment to the tissues and poisons and wastes from the tissues!

Triple-tested

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

GUARANTEED: If you want to put on firm, healthy flesh, to clear your complexion—to gain steady nerves, good digestion and regular elimination—try Ironized Yeast. If your very first package does not help you as it has helped *thousands*—its cost will be promptly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Insist on *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I. Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form



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Boris Karloff; Henry Holmes, Irving Pichel; Hiram Higgins, Frank Darien; Betty, Florine McKinney; Old Lady, Effie Ellsler; Parker, Lew Kelly; Ticket Seller, Sherry Hall.

"MY WIFE'S FAMILY"—BEST INTERNATIONAL PICTURES.—Screen adaptation by Fred Duprez and Val Valentine. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: Jack Gay, Gene Gerrard; Peggy, his wife, Muriel Angelus; Arabella, his mother-in-law, Amy Veness; Noah Nagg, his father-in-law, Charles Paton; Ima, his sister-in-law, Dodo Watts; Willie, his brother-in-law, Tom Helmore; Sally, Molly Lamont; Dolly White, Ellen Pollock; Doc Knott, Jimmy Godden.

"PLAY GIRL"—WARNERS.—From the story by Frederick Hazlett Brennan. Adapted by Maude Fulton and Brown Holmes. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Buster, Loretta Young; Georgine, Winnie Lightner; Wallie, Norman Foster; Finkelwald, Guy Kibbee; Martie, Noel Madison; Ethel, Polly Walters; Ruth, Dorothy Burgess; May, Mae Madison; Rose, Eileen Carlisle; Arlene, Rene Whitney; Elmer, James Ellison; Moffat, Edward Van Sloan; 19-cent Woman, Elizabeth Patterson; The Reno Girl, Adrienne Dore; Bridesmaid, Velma Gresham; The Carpenter, Jack Curtis; Mrs. Braddock, Betty Barrington; Floor Boy, Robert Bennett; Messenger, Harold Waldrige; Floorwalker, Charles Coleman; Dance Hall Plumber, Nat Pendleton.

"SCARFACE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Armitage Trail. Screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Tony Camonte, Paul Muni; Cesca, Ann Dvorak; Poppy, Karen Morley; Lovo, Osgood Perkins; Guarino, C. Henry Gordon; Rinaldo, George Raft; Publisher, Purnell Pratt; Angelo, Vince Barnett; Mrs. Camonte, Ines Palange; Costello, Harry J. Vejar; Chief of Detectives, Edwin Maxwell; Gaffney, Boris Karloff; Managing Editor, Tully Marshall; Pietro, Henry Armetta; Epstein, Bert Starkey.

"SHADOW BETWEEN. THE"—BEST INTERNATIONAL PICTURES.—From the story by Dion Titheradge. Scenarist Norman Walker. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: Paul Haddon, Godfrey Tearle; Margaret, Kathleen O'Regan; Nell Baker, Olga Lindo; Wincher, Henry Caine; Detective-Sergeant Blake, Henry Wenman; "Pug" Wilson, Arthur Chesney; Mrs. Maddox, Mary Jerrold; Rev. Simon Maddox, Hubert Harben.

"SO BIG"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander and Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: Selina Peake, Barbara Stanwyck; Roelf, George Brent; Dirk (as a boy), Dickie Moore; August Hemple, Guy Kibbee; Dallas O'Mara, Bette Davis; Julie Hemple, Mae Madison; Dirk (grown), Hardie Albright; Simeon Peake, Robert Warwick; Jan Steen, Arthur Stone; Perus Dejong, Earle Foxe; Klaas Pool, Alan Hale; Maartje, Dorothy Peterson; Selina (as a little girl), Dawn O'Day; Roelf (14 years), Dick Winslow; Adam Ooms, Harry Beresford; Mrs. Hemple, Eulalie Jensen; Mrs. Tebbits, Elizabeth Patterson; Paula, Rita LaRoy; Widow Paarlensburg, Blanche Frederici; The Doctor, Willard Robertson; Maiden Aunts, Martha Mattox, Emma Ray; Jacob,

Olin Howland; The General, Andre Charon; Country Doctor, Harry Holman; Reverend Dekker, Lionel Belmore.

"STOWAWAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Norman Springer. Directed by Phil Whitman. The cast: Mary, Fay Wray; Tommy, Leon Waycoff; Groder, Montagu Love; Mackie, Lee Moran; Steward, Roscoe Karns; Captain, James Gordon; Tony, Maurice Black; Madge, Betty Francisco.

"TEMPEST" (STÜRME DER LEIDENSCHAFT)—UFA.—Directed by Robert Siodmak. The cast: Gustav Bumke, Emil Jannings; Anny, Anna Sten; Willy, Franz Nicklisch; Ralph, Anton Pointner; The Detective, Otto Wernicke; Paul, Julius Falkenstein.

"VANITY FAIR"—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the story by William M. Thackeray. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: Becky Sharpe, Myrna Loy; Rawdon Crawley, Conway Tearle; Amelia Sedley, Barbara Kent; George Osborne, Walter Byron; Dobbin, Anthony Bushell; Joseph Sedley, Billy Bevan; The Marquis of Steyne, Montagu Love; Mrs. Sedley, Mary Forbes; Mr. Sedley, Herbert Bunston; Sir Pitt Crawley, Lionel Belmore; Polly, Lilyan Irene.

"WET PARADE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Upton Sinclair. Screen play by John Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Maggie May, Dorothy Jordan; Paw Tarleton, Walter Huston; Mr. Chilcote, Lewis Stone; Kip, Robert Young; Roger, Neil Hamilton; Abe Schilling, James Durante; Jerry, Wallace Ford; Eileen, Myrna Loy; Doleshals, John Miljan; Evelyn, Joan Marsh; Mrs. Tarleton, Clara Blandick; Mrs. Chilcote, Emma Dunn; Judge Brandon, Frederick Burton; Major Randolph, Reginald Barlow; Mr. Fortesque, Forrester Harvey; Dick, Ben Alexander; Mrs. Twombey, Cecil Cunningham; Tibbs, Clarence Muse; Moses, John Larkin.

"WHISTLIN' DAN"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Dan, Ken Maynard; Carmelita, Joyzelle; Karloff, Georges Renavent; July, Harlan E. Knight; Bob, Don Terry.

"WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME"—BEST INTERNATIONAL PICTURES.—From the story by J. W. Drawbell and Reginald Simpson. Adapted by Lupino Lane and Leslie Arliss. Directed by Lupino Lane. The cast: Percy Lloyd, Henry Kendall; Betty Woods, Betty Norton; Lil, Margot Grahame; Peg Guinan, Binnie Barnes; Tony Costello, Bernard Nedell; Spike Guinan, Ben Weldon; Gangsters, Wallace Lupino, Cyril Smith, Ernest Sefton, Peter Bernard, Charles Farrell, Maurice Beresford, Val Guest.

"YOUNG BRIDE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the stage play by Hugh Stanislaus Stange. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Allie Smith, Helen Twelvetrees; Charlie Riggs, Eric Linden; Maisie, Arlene Judge; Pete, Cliff Edwards; Mike, Roscoe Ates; Daisy, Polly Walters; Miss Gordon, Blanche Frederici; Skeets, Allan Fox.



Bert Longworth

Once upon a time Florine McKinney was a Fort Worth, Texas, high school girl who had nothing to worry about but passing her algebra examination. But now that she's a Paramount contract player and will have the lead in "Horse Feathers," the new Marx Brothers' comedy, she has to worry her head thinking up goofy poses for the cameraman. A cute little trick

“Annie, the Moom-Pitcher Star”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Havana from the air. But a revolution of sorts was in progress that morning and it was deemed too dangerous to try. But Ann wanted to go up.

“Well, I’ll tell you,” an official finally said. “You go up between 10:30 and 11, and I promise no one will shoot at you.”

SO at 10:30 Ann was flying over Havana and to her intense disappointment not a shot was fired. Even once.

“Calm, isn’t she?” a writer remarked the other day after watching Ann sit quietly at her book.

Calm! This calmness of Ann’s is just on the outside.

Inside she lives. Grand, tumultuous adventure.

A friend tells her of going to a far-off country.

“And it’s an odd thing,” Ann says, “but instantly I can see the strange faces. Feel the breeze, smell the queer smells. I’ve been there. Inside.”

“Let’s hurry to the field,” Harry will say. “Fifty airplanes are coming, in formation.” And Ann hears the whir of the motors, the planes coming by threes, by fours, feels the excitement. And lives it. Inside.

Calm! Huh!

Trouble was brewing before the shooting of “Devotion.” Robert Milton, the director, was sent to Ann’s home as a sort of ambassador. Ann says, not knowing just which side of the fence Mr. Milton may have parked his hat, she

decided to be ill. She grabbed a bed jacket, coughed as no dying person ever managed to cough before, and in came Mr. Milton. Impressed no end.

“So sorry your mummy’s sick,” he said to little Jane who was standing by her mother’s bedside.

“Oh, she isn’t sick,” Jane replied. “She’s only acting.”

And Ann said she sank back in a complete state of coma. But she did gain her precious lines of dialogue.

Ann Harding today is in a spot. She knows it. And frankly and openly says the picture career of Ann Harding as a person is over. Just movies with Ann Harding will complete her career.

The little word “shall” in a contract that Ann thought ironbound in the matter of story choice, has turned out to be a “may.” Against her pleadings, her begging, “Prestige” was made. And here, more than in any other instance I know, comes to light the fair, square and honest good sportsmanship of Ann Harding.

Loathing it, disbelieving it, she went into “Prestige” and gave every ounce of talent and ability she had. Those who know watched the hours and hours of overtime, the rehearsing for hours with Melvyn Douglas, taking tests with minor players so they might get the “feel” of the action.

Thus, Ann Harding came to “Prestige.” All stories to the contrary.

More than just cases of cool drinks on hot

afternoons for all the helpers, of taking ill friends to her own home to nurse—more than all these does Ann Harding prove her splendid good sportsmanship by her giving and giving to something in which she has no heart.

And so, with the little “may” instead of “shall,” Ann has come to the crossroads of her life as a moving picture actress. Others, as great as Ann Harding, have come to the same crossroads. Some have held on. Some have gone.

But the strangest thing of all is Ann’s ability to see the other side.

“OF course they must make money. Of course,” Ann says, “I understand how they feel. But I wanted people to feel that an Ann Harding picture story was something Ann Harding felt. And now that I can’t, I feel as if I had let them down.”

And so to her knitting. Pink bedjackets, pale blue sweaters, anything, she knits. To keep from thinking.

A certain producer sent for Ann recently. “What do you think of this story, Miss Harding?” he asked.

Ann read it carefully.

“Well, pine trees just can’t grow from petunia seeds,” she announced.

“Well,” he shrugged, “after all, we own the property Ann Harding, you know.”

“Oh, no,” Ann answered quietly. “You don’t own it. You merely lease it. Ann Harding belongs to me.”

And Ann jumped into her roadster, pressed

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It’s the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world’s finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That’s why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that’s what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy.*

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After you have been smoking all evening! A stick of Beech-Nut Gum! It will make that next smoke taste ever so much better... as good as the first smoke of the day.



“Makes the
next smoke
taste better”



OUR readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars and we are pleased to announce that we have just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett
Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
James Dunn
Clark Gable

Greta Garbo
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Robert Montgomery
Norma Shearer

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her foot on the throttle, flew up the hillside. And there, perched high above Hollywood, she looked down at the waving palm trees, the old rose and the peppermint green stucco houses, the winding roads, the grotesque theaters, the false fronts of the elaborate picture studios. And with that million-dollar-voice, Ann murmured:

"Aw, nerts."

And goes on with her knitting.

Down to Two Cents!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

to overflowing. Only then was she truly and completely happy. At home in a lovely New York apartment, with the man she loved and who loved her. It was the complete fulfillment of a girl's dreams.

Only experience could teach her of the compensating tragedy—the loss of all these things that she held so precious. And it did, of course.

AS time passed, Wynne sensed rather than knew that their love was becoming overclouded.

Least of all did she suspect that one of her best women friends was an agent in the demolition of her dreams—yes, her story is that conventional! She had always thought of the "other woman" as the stage and screen painted her—an obvious vampire, a surface siren. But deadly poison was seeping through the veins of their romance.

"Perhaps, if I return to the stage, he will miss me terribly—will want me home again," she thought.

So Wynne went back to the theater—left the battlefield without even suspecting the identity of her mortal enemy.

While she was on tour, her maid would call her from New York—and then would talk trivialities. Wynne felt that the servant was trying to warn her, and yet was inarticulate when the moment came. She gave up the part—left the show—hurried home. Then she knew.

The apartment was empty. Her husband was gone—with the "best friend," of course. It was that obvious—and that appalling.

The next few months were Wynne Gibson's black days. She walked through the valley of the shadow—today she can hardly remember incidents of that lonely, lost period. At last, emerging from the darkness, she thought of work. Would that break the spell of despair that had held her so long?

She was indifferent about what she did. And chance, which had cast her in her girlhood in musical comedy, led her toward the dramatic stage! She was given a fine, showy part in "Jarnegan"—in which Richard Bennett introduced his young daughter, Joan, to the world of the theater.

How Wynne played it! Critics noticed her—and so did certain picture potentates. She was handed a rôle in Paramount's "Nothing But the Truth"—and her feet were on the first rungs of the photoplay ladder.

NEW faces—new places—work which was twice as hard because it was new and untried. She plunged into her new labors with a high heart, burning bridges and looking forward to new and brighter times.

She quietly secured a divorce, and headed for Hollywood without a contract. Within a week she was working for Metro in "Children of Pleasure." Then she astounded the lot by refusing to play in "Madame Satan" for De Mille. She thought you could refuse a picture part as you could a play rôle. She learned differently—at the expense of her contract.

She landed with Paramount—bits, and more bits. For two years she has built herself toward featured rôles. Her masterful handling

of that small but unforgettable part in "Ladies of the Big House" set all eyes upon her. Audiences wanted more Wynne—and when she gave Miriam Hopkins stiff competition in "Two Kinds of Women," she was ready. Potential star material, everybody said—and she won the lead in "Clara Deane." Now Wynne Gibson's pretty head is poking about among the stars!

BUT it's another Wynne than the crushed girl whose life dropped away in a forsaken New York apartment.

The new Gibson girl is the one who has built a brave and laughing spirit upon the ruins of the old.

She gives smiles to a world where there are too many sighs, just now.

And I guess I may be pardoned when I smile slyly to myself when people say:

"Rush over to Paramount and get a load of that Wynne Gibson! Is she a card! What a sketch!"

I know the price she paid for being able to trade laugh for laugh—the price that the maddest and merriest nifty-makers always seem to have to pay.

And now, if you have stayed with me, you know, too!



Corded and ribbed effects are tremendously smart in silks, wools and cottons this year. And to prove it, Ann Harding wears a stunning black and white ensemble with wool coat in a corded weave and a white silk dress echoing the same idea. Trick hat, too, don't you think? Note those white buttons on the coat



IN times like these, who can afford to risk his job and have his pay check robbed by aching muscles that may lay him up for days?

That's why, at the first sign of soreness, you want to depend upon Absorbine Jr., because only the finest preparation that science or money can produce is good enough to bring relief in time. Rub its soothing kindness on those ailing parts, and within a few moments the pain begins to ease away as your muscles warm with a peaceful, gentle glow.

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For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W.F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.*

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So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. We have prepared a 28-page booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book and in it telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it write name and address on margin and mail with 10 cents to

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames	Miriam Hopkins
Richard Arlen	Lenita Lane
George Bancroft	Carole Lombard
Tallulah Bankhead	Paul Lukas
George Barbier	Jeanette MacDonald
Clive Brook	Fredric March
Eleanor Boardman	Sari Maritza
William Boyd	Marx Brothers
John Breeden	Frances Mottett
Chas. D. Brown	Rosita Moreno
Nancy Carroll	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Eugene Pallette
Juliette Compton	Ramon Pereda
Jackie Coogan	Irving Pichel
Robert Coogan	Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Frances Dee	Jackie Searl
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Claire Dodd	Charles Starrett
Junior Durkin	Lilyan Tashman
Stuart Erwin	Kent Taylor
Marjorie Gatenon	Regis Toomey
Tamara Geva	Allen Vincent
Wynne Gibson	Judith Wood
Phillips Holmes	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson	Una Merkel
John Arledge	Don Jose Mojica
Warner Baxter	Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Bellamy	Ralph Morgan
Joan Bennett	Greta Nissen
El Brendel	Marian Nixon
Joan Castle	George O'Brien
Paul Cavanagh	Lawrence O'Sullivan
Virginia Cherrill	Cecelia Parker
William Collier, Sr.	William Pawley
Roxanne Curtis	Yvonne Pelletier
Jesse DeVorska	Gaylord Pendleton
Donald Dillaway	Howard Phillips
Allan Dinehart	Terrance Ray
James Dunn	Manya Roberti
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Charles Farrell	Peggy Ross
Janet Gaynor	Raul Roulien
Minna Gombell	Rosalie Roy
Olin Howland	Peggy Shannon
Warren Hymer	George E. Stone
J. M. Kerrigan	James Todd
James Kirkwood	Spencer Tracy
Elissa Landi	Marjorie White
Helen Mack	Charles Williams
Kenneth MacKenna	Elda Vokel
Thomas Meighan	

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor	Kitty Kelly
Roscoe Ates	Geoffrey Kerr
Evelyn Brent	Rita LaRoy
Joseph Cawthorn	Dorothy Lee
Lita Chevre	Eric Linden
Ricardo Cortez	Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lily Damita	Lord
John Darrow	Joel McCrea
Dolores Del Rio	Ken Murray
Richard Dix	Edna May Oliver
Irene Dunne	Laurence Olivier
Jill Esmond	William Post
Noel Francis	Lowell Sherman
Roberta Gale	Ned Sparks
Morgan Galloway	Polly Walters
John Halliday	Ruth Weston
Hugh Herbert	Bert Wheeler
Leyland Hodgson	Hope Williams
Rochelle Hudson	Robert Woolsey

RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong	Pola Negri
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
Bill Boyd	Marion Shilling
James Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Ann Harding	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Evelyn Laye
Ina Claire	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Melvyn Douglas	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge
Jean Harlow	Barbara Weeks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell	Buck Jones
Richard Cromwell	Loretta Sayers
Susan Fleming	Barbara Stanwyck
Ralph Graves	John Wayne
Jack Holt	

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther	William Haines
William Bakewell	Helen Hayes
John Barrymore	Hedda Hopper
Lionel Barrymore	Leila Hyams
Wallace Beery	Dorothy Jordan
Charles Bickford	Buster Keaton
Herbert Braggiotti	Myrna Loy
John Mack Brown	Joan Marsh
Jackie Cooper	John Miljan
Joan Crawford	Ray Milland
Kathryn Crawford	Robert Montgomery
Marion Davies	Polly Moran
Reginald Denny	Karen Morley
Marie Dressler	Conrad Nagel
Jimmy Durante	Ramon Novarro
Cliff Edwards	Ivor Novello
Madge Evans	Maureen O'Sullivan
Wallace Ford	Anita Page
Clark Gable	Ruth Selwyn
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
John Gilbert	Lewis Stone
Charlotte Greenwood	Lawrence Tibbett
Eleanor Gregor	Ernest Torrence

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Oliver Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd
Stan Laurel	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres	Rose Hobart
Tala Birell	Boris Karloff
John Boles	Bela Lugosi
Lucile Browne	Slim Summerville
June Clyde	Sally Sweet
Bette Davis	Genevieve Tobin
Sidney Fox	Lois Wilson

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss	Walter Huston
Richard Barthelmess	Leon Janney
Joan Blondell	Evalyn Knapp
Lilian Bond	Ben Lyon
Joe E. Brown	Mae Madison
Anthony Bushell	David Manners
Charles Butterworth	Marian Marsh
James Cagney	Vivienne Osborne
Ruth Chatterton	Dorothy Peterson
Donald Cook	William Powell
Lil Dagover	James Rennie
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Edward G. Robinson
Kay Francis	Chas. "Chic" Sale
Ruth Hall	Loretta Young
Ralf Harolde	Warren William

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Discover Yourself Through the Movies You Like

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

immigrant Scotch girl battling her way in America had anything directly to do with himself or the woman who had given him birth and had been left behind in the old country.

The story did, however, remind this particular onlooker of the day he had landed at Ellis Island forty years before. It awoke a chain of memories.

He recalled his promise to his mother to send her a monthly allowance.

It also reminded him that he had been selfish and careless about this of late. Indirectly, but just as surely as though it had been written especially for him, this picture went straight to his heart.

He, too, discovered something about himself by the picture *he* liked!

If a feature appeals to you, you may rest assured that it is striking a responsive cord somewhere within your emotional make-up. If, on the other hand, a film does not interest you—barring, to be sure, badly acted and badly produced ideas—you may be equally certain that there is nothing inside of you to match what you see on the screen.

THE factor of interest, of course, is based on that very psychology. What has an interest for you, what attracts or holds the attention, does so only by virtue of your particular emotional pattern.

Personally, "Cimarron," which led all other productions as the best, according to the film critics' poll for 1931, left me quite unmoved. Undoubtedly that is because I am not of an

adventurous disposition and historical, pioneering stories have always left me cold. But to the filming of "Arrowsmith" I reacted like lightning. The answer is easy—I'm a physician!

Women who like "Min and Bill" are not only impressed because of the superior work of Marie Dressler. For if Dressler were in a picture about a theme foreign to their own emotions—they would say, "Oh, yes, she's fine, as usual, but it went flat so far as I was concerned. The story had no meaning for me." What makes "Min and Bill" one of the very finest ever sent out is the fact that it deals so effectively with sacrifice, a universal emotion that has always been placed upon a pedestal and worshipped.

To be sure, since human nature is so very complex, I would not, psychologist though I am, attempt to make a final analysis of anyone's character by the reactions which he or she showed to any given screen play and that alone.

Nevertheless, even here, certain general deductions at least can be formulated.

If, for instance, you liked "Politics," I would say that you are not very repressed because you haven't forgotten how to laugh. If "Mata Hari" fascinated you I would judge that it was not the story that held you but rather Garbo herself and because you are still youthful enough, at least in thought, to be intrigued by her mysterious, baffling and indefinable sex attraction.

If you responded to "Frankenstein" or to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" I would guess you

to be seeking mental relaxation because you need it, just as do so many of the world's great men when they read detective thrillers. If "Private Lives" held your interest you surely are not naïve, but sophisticated rather, in the manner of my friend Miss K, spoken of in the beginning.

But you can do that very thing for yourself. Make a list of the pictures which, let us say, have specially appealed to you within the past year.

I AM sure that, first of all, you will be surprised at the similarity of the themes that you liked. If you liked "Min and Bill" you probably also liked "Forbidden." The majority of your pets probably will have dealt with the same general emotions, whether they be love, sex, heroism, sacrifice, pity or the overcoming of obstacles.

Secondly, I feel convinced that by analyzing the one or two or more pictures which do not correspond to the motivation true of the majority you liked, you will discover many facts about yourself which will surprise you.

But be sure to do one thing more. Resolve after this not only to attend the film showings you think you will like but make it your business to attend as many different kinds of pictures as possible.

After all, the human being is made up of many components of forces and merely because one special set is prominent—so much so that the individual recognizes it—this does not mean at all that he or she, as the case may be,

"NO KISS . . . until you wipe off that PAINT"



"THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have you that painted look? Perhaps you don't even notice it yourself! . . . Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on *your* lips!

Correct this fault! Forget ordinary lipsticks . . . from now on, *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It changes color *on your lips* to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

It's permanent—won't smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Get Tangee today at any druggist or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. And it ends that painted look!

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Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . Tangee Rouge always keeps your cheeks from looking painted. When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. End that "painted look"!

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Among all Nature's gifts, none is more temptingly delicious, more heavily laden with healthful properties than the *whole* tomato. And nowhere is its glory so reflected as in original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail.

It's the utmost in full-bodied, full-flavored tomato juice; made from the finest *whole* tomatoes; hand picked—and then blended into an invigorating, spicy cocktail. It's packed by the new, exclusive Hi-Vita process; preserves all the original delicate flavor and vitamins.

Always put up in glass containers—you see what's inside—and the new cap is amazingly easy to take off.

Insist upon original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Compared to most *canned* juices it's like fresh, rich, creamy, whole cream instead of thin, watery milk.

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is not capable of experiencing emotional reactions of entirely different varieties.

If a woman with a strong mother instinct, let us say, keeps on seeing only pictures of this type she undoubtedly will miss a lot of real enjoyment from pictures involving other ideas. And particularly will she miss a real thrill when a picture stirs up some unsuspected feeling or reveals some new truth about herself.

Yes, discovering yourself even by the pictures you think you may *not* like is fascinating. Asking yourself *why* you did *not* like them can be equally as revealing as in the other case.

For there is a reason for everything. Your mind, your emotions, are not strung together in a careless, makeshift arrangement. No machine is quite so orderly as the brain. Therefore, where there is an effect there must be a cause.

Where the "effect" is enjoyment of a certain picture the "cause," when hunted for, not only becomes a valuable asset when discovered, but the search itself—the act of doing a piece of detective work on your own self—yields even a greater thrill than the film that fascinated you.

Hollywood's New Lover

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

clubbed the customers, clubbed each other. It was grand.

On to big shows. "Show Girl," "The New Yorkers," where Donald Ogden Stewart, Percy Hammond, Chevalier and others gathered weekly to enjoy the earthquake. Then on to Hollywood and "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford," "The Cuban" and "The Passionate Plumber"!

AND clumsy! Schnozzle is just as dainty as a rhinoceros on the loose. It keeps Jimmy's right hand man paying the damage bills as they go along.

On the road, when Jimmy was through with a piano, the piano stayed through.

It was wrecked. The piano stool was a mere shadow of its former self. Props mashed. Bass drums punctured. Just like an ostrich stepping out.

No grace at all. No style or charm. And still they fall for him. What do you make of it?

He'll attend the swankiest of luncheons at the Ritz or Waldorf and order ham and eggs every time.

And he goes in for pie crust in a big way. He'll eat everyone's pie crust for tables and tables around him.

For the first time in twenty-five years Jimmy found himself out of a cafe on last New Year's Eve. "And where was I?" Jimmy asks. "Where was I? On a desert. On a desert, mind you. Sure, they got a big desert down at a place called Palm Springs and I was on it. And was it unexcitin'? Cheeze. Nuttin' doin', see, and all them swells and stars and things and everybody actin' sedate 'n' everyting, so I start a little playin' and singin' and say, in fifteen minutes they wuz all playin' Farmer in the Dell and grabbin' hands and goin' around in circles, and then everyone wanted to sing and play and the place was a riot. De manager come over and wit tears in his eyes he said, 'Jimmy, you've saved the day. The place is yours. Any time you care to come.'"

AND did the beauties flock around Jimmy with, "Oh, please, Mr. Durante, won't you dance with me next? Please do."

"You see," Jimmy confides, "it's just because they wuz seein' me in pusson."

James!

We sat across the luncheon table from Jimmy at the M-G-M commissary the other day.



Have You A BOY FRIEND WHO NEEDS A JOB?

YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

They can work right in their own home towns, and are offered an amazing variety of quick-selling novelties and high grade merchandise which every home must have.

Go right out today and invest ten cents in a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE. It's on all newsstands. Give it to him and say, "Boy, there's your chance. Don't say I never gave you a start in life. Some day you may come to me and thank me for starting you in a real business career."

Even if he has never sold anything—if he has the gumption and any personality at all, he can make a success of direct selling.

OPPORTUNITY tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obeys your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

If your newsstand is sold out of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE, send us 10 cents, and we will mail a copy to him immediately. Address Dept. B.

OPPORTUNITY

The Magazine That Finds Jobs
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919 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO

About us sat all the handsome heroes of the screen, Gable, Montgomery, John Barrymore and others.

Suddenly, in the doorway stood a vision of blonde loveliness. Young and beautiful. Every eye was on her. Her lips parted in greeting.

Every eye smiled in return. Every masculine face beamed welcome.

Jimmy went right on eating his apple puddin'. With ice cream.

SUDDENLY, the young woman darted forward. The men, almost as one, half rose to their feet.

"Jimmy," she cried, and made straight for him. "You lamb," she cooed and kissed him smack on the top of his head before Jimmy even knew she was there.

To this day he's trying to figure out who she is.

You see, half the time he doesn't even see them. And they go for him just the same.

I told you. He's the biggest sensation in years. Jimmy, he goes his way and they go his way.

He might, this Durante person, "do wit out Hollywood, but could Hollywood do wit out Jimmy?"

How mortifyin'.

Ladies and Gents, That's Love!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

It is another afternoon before the great Palace Theater. But on the billboards there is but one name in big, eye-filling type—Barbara Stanwyck!

Midway in his second week as bill-topper Frankie had dropped from the picture, and Barbara reigned for the family.

So Barbara's generosity—her sacrifice for Frankie—was in vain. Love's labor was lost—as it so often is.

It is hard to restrain the tremolo stop, at this point, what with Barbara giving her best to help Fay in his Broadway comeback.

Now, to raving beauty and fine young actress must be added another description of this gorgeous one—great sport! For the first time a shining star has given up pride, billing, dignity and ease for the man she's mad about. It's a riddle.

When is a star not a star?—when she's as much in love as Barbara Stanwyck!

AND that's the dot at the end of the latest chapter in the love story of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay—a sad one, from which Babs emerges with new honor and fresh bouquets of admiration!

Now they'll be off to Hollywood, hand in hand!

Warners are happy that they have Barbara for more pictures—Columbia counts itself lucky to have her under lock and key for one more.

Once back in Filmland, Stanwyck will again be the leading lady, the headliner, the star of the piece.

And Frank? Perhaps he'll find a niche in the talkies.

We hope so. But whether or no, he'll have Barbara! What a lucky bird!

And all that will remain of this strange Broadway interlude—when a blazing star happily played second fiddle to a vaudeville wisecracker—will be a fast fading memory.

As far as I am concerned, it can't fade too fast.

A sad, unhappy business—save for Barbara's brave rôle as sacrificial doe.

What remains is Love—with a capital L, and spelled out in flames. And now—the next chapter in Hollywood's most romantic love story?

The World's Most Beautiful Women wear BonTon Foundations

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the new Bon Ton Patent Diaphragm Control is a feature of this lovely Tea Rose Girdle for average figures
..... at your dealer \$5



Super Models

says Correct Foundations are Absolutely Necessary. I find the most satisfactory Foundation Garment is

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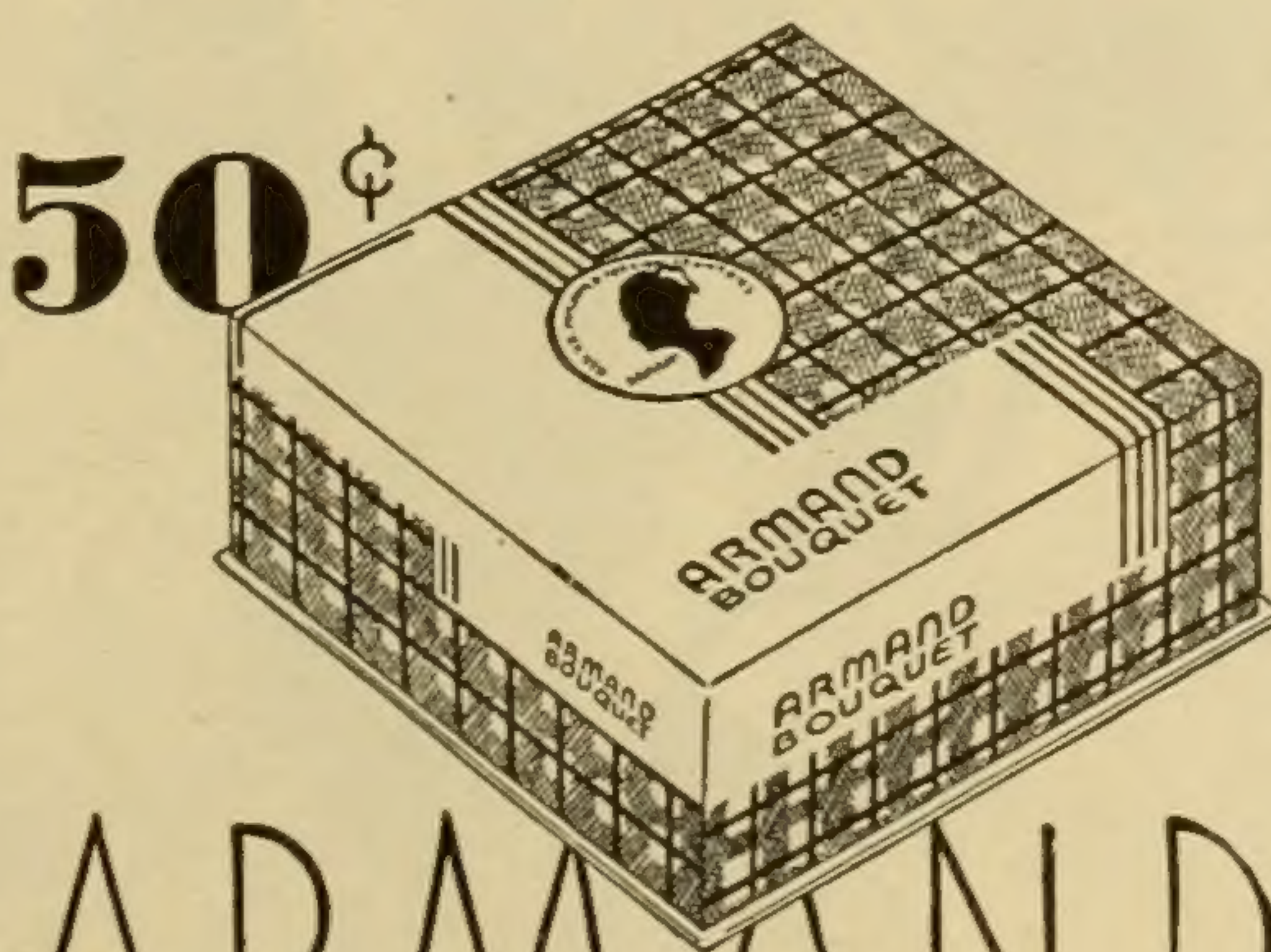
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Armand also makes a finer
Cleansing Cream

—the only kind, in fact, with *double* cleansing-action. First, there are fragrant oils to melt into the pores and gently purge them. Then, there's an added liquid cleanser with welcome tonic action. Your face has never felt so fresh, so cool, with any other cream. No extra price—just 50c a jar. But be sure to ask for **ARMAND Cleansing Cream**.



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VALUE OUR DOLLARS!

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Please send me dainty free sample of Armand Bouquet, the incomparable face powder.

Name _____ PHO-5-2-B
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I buy my cosmetics at _____

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107]

RAMON NOVARRO may cling to the same dressing gown, but he has a brand-new philosophy of life that he thought up all by his little self. Ramon used to be a believer in astrology. Marie Dressler got him interested and unless Venus was rising or Taurus setting or all the aspects were okay he wouldn't give a party or start a new picture.

And then the stars told him that on a certain twentieth of a certain month he was going to die. Alarmed, Ramon fortified himself on the night of the nineteenth. On the twenty-first he awoke with such a bad headache that he wished he were dead. But he wasn't.

So that convinced him that the solar system had nothing to do with his system.

So now he has it all doped out that everything that happens is meant in some way for good. Mistakes and troubles may be benefits all dressed up in dark robes. And the idea is not to feel badly over mistakes and disappointments, for somehow it will all work out all right and this is the best of all possible worlds.

RAMON NOVARRO sent a lovely plain gold ring to the grandmother he adopted, after they had struck up an acquaintance via fan mail. She says she'll be buried with it on. And on her birthday Ramon wired her flowers and sent her presents. She won't let him send her very expensive ones, but at Christmas-

time she gave him a cigarette case and lighter—the most gorgeous set that could be bought.

TULLY MARSHALL is one of those actors who drive directors crazy. He can never be found when he's wanted. They had searched the lot for him one day when somebody suggested, "Look in Lionel Barrymore's dressing room. He probably went over to chat with Lionel and they fell asleep together."

SCORE another one for Sylvia whose articles in *PHOTOPLAY* preach the doctrine that you must have a well balanced and nourishing diet to keep your health while you're reducing.

You remember that Kathryn Crawford got the lead in "Flying High" by losing ten pounds in one week on an orange juice diet.

But her resistance was so lowered that she has been almost constantly ailing and, because production can't be held up for illness, her name has been taken off the M-G-M contract list, so what success she gained by losing weight, she has now lost. All for one picture.

MANY strange requests arrive in Hollywood, but one cabled from Doug Fairbanks' yacht on its way to the South Seas had everyone guessing.

"Send two dog harness at once," it read.

The dog harness was duly dispatched, but

curiosity got the better of the folks at the studio so they wired back asking why Doug wanted a dog harness with no dog on board.

The answer came back stating that the mascot of the ship, a pet monkey, had turned rascal on them and went about turning on faucets, almost draining the ship of fresh water. And as soon as he found he was in disgrace, he went scurrying from aft to fore. So before any more monkey business went on, Doug wanted him in harness.

THE story of one of Tom Mix's Westerns at Universal demanded that Tom shoot at the head of a criminal until he confesses to a crime, beginning at wide range and making each succeeding shot six inches closer to the head.

Edward Peale played the criminal. Tom began his shooting and did not stop until the last shot was one inch and a half from Peale's head. As Peale stumbled from his position, his lips white and trembling, he jittered, "And they'll say it was faked, anyway!"

HERE'S something else Clark Gable has to answer for.

Mrs. Madrienne M. Roath told the judge that one night she came home from a movie and said she thought Clark Gable was a wonderful actor. So her husband gave her a black eye and said she couldn't see Clark on the screen any more.

